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THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.
VOL. VII.

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SHAKESPEARE.
VOL. VII.

THE

23

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

TROILUS and CRES-		HAMLET, Prince of
SIDA.		Denmark.
ROMEO and JULIET.		OTHELLO.

LONDON:

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TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

VOL. VII.

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TROLLS

AND

CRESSIDA.

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THE PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene : from Isles of Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens sent their Ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their Crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy ; within whose strong Immures,
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' Queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps ; and That's the Quarrel.
To Tenedos they come —
And the deep-drawing Barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan Plains,
The fresh, and yet unbruised, Greeks do pitch
Their brave Pavillions. Priam's six Gates i' th' City, (1)
(Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian,
And Antenorides,) with massy staples

And

(1) ——— Priam's six-gated City
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenoridan, with massy Staples
And correspondve and fulfilling bolts

Stirre up the Sons of Troy.] This has been a most miserably mangled Passage, thro' all the Editions : corrupted at once into false Concord, and false Reasoning. *Priam's six-gated City stirre up the Sons of Troy ?* — Here's a Verb plural govern'd of a Nominative singular. But that is easily remedied. The next Question to be asked, is, In what Sense a City having six strong Gates, and those well barr'd and bolted, can be said to *stir up* its Inhabitants ? unless they may be suppos'd to derive some Spirit from the Strength of their Fortifications. But this could not be the Poet's Thought. He must mean, I take it, that the Greeks had pitch'd their Tents upon the Plains before Troy ; and that the Trojans were securely barricaded within the Walls and Gates of their City. This Sense my Correction restores.

*And corresponſive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperre up the ſons of Troy.—
 Now expectation tickling ſkittish ſpirits
 On one and other ſide, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on bazard. And hither am I come
 A Prologue arm'd, (but not in confidence*

————Priam's Six Gates i'th' City,
 —————

Sperre up the Sons of Troy.

Why they might be call'd *Priam's Six Gates*, will be ſeen in the Sequel of this Note. To *sperre*, or *spar*, (from the old *Teutonic* Word, *sperren*) ſignifies, to ſhut up, defend by Barrs, &c. And in this very Senſe has CHAUCER uſed the Term in the 5th Book of his *Troilus* and *Creſide*.

*For when he ſaw her Doorés ſperred all,
 Well nigh for Sorrow adown he 'gan to fall.*

But now for the Six Gates, the very Names of which our Editors have barbarouſly demolish'd; and which Mr. *Pope*, tho the Tranſlator of *Homer*, had not the Skill to reediſy, till I chalk'd out the Materials for him. We find them enumerated by *La Cerda*, (from *Dares Phrygius*, as he informs us;) in his Note upon this Paſſage of *Virgil*:

——Hic Juno Scæas ſæviſſima portas
 Prima tenet.

Æneid. ii. v. 612.

Trojanæ urbis portas ſex enumerat Dares; Antenoridem, Dardanien, Iliam, Scæam, Catumbriam, Trojanam. This Liſt is again given us by *Tiraquellus* in a Note upon *Alexander ab Alexandro*, (lib. iv. cap. 23.) and from theſe two copied by Sir *Edward Sherburne* in his Commentary upon the *Troades* of *Seneca* tranſlated by him. But even in theſe three Paſſages we have to deal with Error: *Catumbria* is a very odd Word; and, I am well ſatiſfied, a depraved one. I'll endeavour to account for the Blunder, and give the true Reading. We are to remember, there was near old *Troy* a Plain call'd *Thymbra*; a River, that run thro' it, call'd *Thymbrius*; and a Temple to *Apollo Thymbraeus*. The Gate, that we are ſpeaking of, was probably deſcrib'd in the *Greek* Author (ſuppos'd to be *Dares Phrygius*, and now long ſince loſt) to be κατὰ Θύμλεον: the Gate that ſac'd, or was in the Neighbourhood of, the aforeſaid Plain and River. And from thence, as I ſuſpect, by the Negligence or Ignorance of the Tranſlator, the two *Greek* Words were join'd, and corrupted into *Catumbria*. The correſter Editions of *Dares Phrygius* (I mean the *Latin* Verſion, which goes under that Name;) neither read as *Cerda*, *Tiraquellus* or Sir *Edward Sherburne* have given us this Paſſage; but thus:—*Illo portas fecit (ſcil. Priamus) quarum Nomina hæc ſunt, Antenorida, Dardania, Iliæ, Scææ, Thymbraæ, Trojanæ.* This exactly ſquares with my Emendation, as well as aſſigns the Cauſe why our Poet might call the Six Gates *Priam's*, who was the Builder of them.

PROLOGUE.

5

Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our Argument;) *TO TELL YOU,*
To tell you, (fair Beholders) that our Play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning i'th' middle: starting thence away, (2)
To what may be digested in a Play.
Like, or find fault,—do, as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

(2) *Beginning in the middle, starting thence away,*] Thus all the Editions, before Mr. Pope's. He, in the Purity of his Ear, has cashier'd the last Word, because the Verse was longer than its fellows. I have chose to retain it; (because, I am persuaded, the Poet intended a Rhyme) and reduce the Line to Measure by an *Apocope* so frequent in his Writings.



A 3

Dramatis

PROLOGUE

Dramatis Personæ.

PRIAM,	}	TROJANS.
Hector,		
Troilus,		
Paris,		
Deiphobus,		
Helenus,		
Æneas,		
Pandarus,		
Antenor,		

A bastard Son of Priam.

Agamemnon,	}	GREEKS.
Achilles,		
Ajax,		
Menelaus,		
Ulysses,		
Nestor,		
Diomedes,		
Patroclus,		
Thersites,		
Calchas,		

Helen, Wife to Menelaus, in Love with Paris.

Andromache, Wife to Hector.

Cassandra, Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.

Cressida, Daughter to Calchas, in love with Troilus.

Alexander, Cressida's Man.

Boy, Page to Troilus.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, Troy; and the Grecian Camp, before it.



Troilus and Cressida.

ACT I.

SCENE, the Palace in Troy.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

TROILUS.

C ALL here my varlet; I'll unarm again. (3)
Why should I war without the walls of Troy;
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.

But

(5) ——— I'll unarm again.

Why should I war without the Walls of Troy,

That find such cruel Battle here within?] I won't venture to affirm, that this Passage is founded on *Anacreon*, but there is a mighty Consonance both of Thought and Expression in both Poets; particularly, in the Close of the Sentence.

Μάρτυρ δ' ἔχω βοῶντι
Τὶ γὰρ βαλόμεθ' ἔξω,
Μάχης ἵνα μ' ἔχουσιν;

8 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulding; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must

'Tis in vain that I have a Shield: for wherefore should I wear that outward Defence, when the Battle rages all within me? I hope, my Readers will forgive me, if I take Notice on this Occasion that the Learned *Tanaquil Faber* quite mistook *Anacreon's* Sense in this Line, *Τὸ γὰρ βαλόμεθ' ἔξω*, — He has render'd it; *Quid enim extrâ, aut forâs, telâ mittamus, cum intus pugna sit?* This is absolutely foreign from the Poet's Meaning. *Madam Dacier* seems to have understood it in her French Version, but is repugnant to herself, when she gives it us in Latin. — *C'est donc en vain que j'ay un bouclier, car à quoi sert de se défendre au dehors, lorsque l'ennemi est au dedans?* — I am surpriz'd, after so just a Translation as to the Meaning, that she could subjoin this Remark. *Les Interpretes Latins n'ont pas bien entendu ce vers qu'ils traduisent, Nam cur petamur extrâ; & il falloit traduire tout au contraire, nam cur petamus extrâ. Petere hostem, is, to attack an Enemy; which is not Anacreon's Meaning. But Mons. De la Fosse has genteely animadverted upon this Lady's Error. Anacreon ne songeoit qu'au se défendre, & non pas à offenser. Ainsi petamus, qui est une Action offensive, n'estoit pas si juste que petamur.*

In my Opinion, the Passage should be thus render'd;

Frustrâ gero Clypeum;

Quid enim [illum] extrinsecus objiciam,

Cum Pugna intus omnino ardeat?

The Translators do not seem to have remember'd, that *βάλλομαι* (as its Compounds, *ἀμφιβάλλομαι, ἐπιβάλλομαι, περιβάλλομαι*) may sometimes signify actively, *induo, injicio, impono*. Authorities are so obvious, that it is unnecessary to alledge any.

TROLLUS and CRESSIDA. 9

stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience her self, what Goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance, than I do:
At *Priam's* royal table do I sit;
And when fair *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,
So, traitor!—when she comes? when is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I
saw her look, or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest *Hector* or my father should perceive me;
I have (as when the Sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth Fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than
Helen's—well, go to, there were no more comparison
between the women. But, for my part, she is my
kinswoman; I would not (as they term it) praise her—
but I would, Somebody had heard her talk yesterday,
as I did: I will not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit,
but—

Troi. O *Pandarus*! I tell thee, *Pandarus*—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd, (4)
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

(4) *When I do tell thee, there my Hopes lye drown'd,
Reply not in how many Fathoms deep
They lye intrench'd.*] This is only the Reading of the modern Editors:
I have restor'd that of the old Books. For besides that, *intrench'd* in
Fathoms, is a Phrase which we have very great Reason to suspect; what
Consonance, or Agreement, in Sense is there betwixt *drown'd* and *in-*
trench'd? The first carries the Idea of Destruction, the latter of Security.
Indrench'd corresponds exactly with *drown'd*; and signifies, *immers'd* in
the Deep, or, as our Poet in another Place calls it, *enteep'd*.
So in his *Venus and Adonis*;

O, where am I, (quoth she) in Earth, or Heav'n?
Or in the Ocean drench'd?

And in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* we again find the Terms coupl'd.
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd.

10 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

In *Cressid's* love. Thou answer'st, she is fair;
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gate, her voice;
 Handlest in thy discourse——O that! her hand!
 (In whose comparison, all whites are ink
 Writing their own reproach) to whose soft seizure
 The cignet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'st me;
 (As, true thou tell'st me;) when I say, I love her:
 But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st, in every gash that love hath given me,
 The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she
 is, if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not,
 she has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought
 on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and
 between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so
 fair as *Helen*; an she were not kin to me, she would be as
 fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I?
 I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one
 to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do, or no. She's a
 fool to stay behind her father: let her to the *Greeks*, and
 so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll
 meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*,——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*,——

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all
 as I found it, and there's an end.

[Exit *Pandarus*.]

[Sound *Alarum*.]

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude
 sounds!

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 11

Fools on both sides.—*Helen* must needs be fair,
 When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
 I cannot fight upon this Argument,
 It is too starv'd a subject for my sword:
 But *Pandarus*—O Gods! how do you plague me!
 I cannot come to *Cressid*, but by *Pandar*;
 And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
 As she is stubborn-chast against all sute.
 Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne's* love,
 What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
 Her bed is *India*, there she lyes, a pearl;
 Between our *Ilium*, and where she resides,
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
 Our self the merchant, and this sailing *Pandar*,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. How now Prince *Troilus*? wherefore not i'th' field?

Troi. Because not there; this woman's answer forts,
 For womanish it is to be from thence:

What news, *Æneas*, from the field to day? (2)

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus'* horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to day?

Troi. Better at home, if would I might, were may—
 But to the sport abroad—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

12 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

SCENE changes to a publick Street, near the Walls of Troy.

Enter Cressida, and Alexander, her Servant.

Cre. WHO were those went by?

Ser. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Ser. Up to th' eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the fight. *Heſtor*, whose patience
Is, as the Virtue, fix'd, to day was mov'd: (5)
He chid *Andromache*, and struck his armorer;
And like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the Sun rose, he was harness-dight, (6)
And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw,
In *Heſtor*'s wrath.

(5) ——— whose Patience

Is as a Virtue fix'd,] What's the Meaning of *Heſtor*'s Patience being fix'd as a Virtue? Is not Patience a Virtue? What Room then for the Similitude? The Poet certainly wrote, as I have conjecturally reform'd the Text; and this is giving a fine Character of it, to say, *His Patience is as steadfast as the Virtue of Patience itself*; or the Goddess so call'd: for the Poets have always personaliz'd the Quality. So we find *Troilus* a little before saying;

Patience herself, what Goddess ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at Sufferance than I do.

Mr. Warburton.

(6) Before the Sun rose, he was harness light,] Why, harness light? Does the Poet mean, that *Heſtor* had put on light Armour? Or that he was sprightly in his Arms, even before Sun-rise? Or is a Conundrum aim'd at, in Sun rose, and harness light? A very slight Alteration makes all these Constructions unnecessary, and gives us the Poet's Meaning in the properest Terms imaginable.

Before the Sun rose, he was harness-dight,
i. e. compleatly dress'd, accoutred, in Arms. It is frequent with our Poet, from his Masters *Chaucer* and *Spenser*, to say dight for deck'd; pigbr, for pitch'd; &c. and from them too he uses *Harnesi* for Armour. So, again, in *Macbeth*;

——— blow, Wind! come, Wrack!

At least we'll die with Harnesi on our Back.

Cre.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 13

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Ser. The noise goes thus ; There is among the *Greeks*
A lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Heſtor*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good ; and what of him ?

Ser. They ſay, he is a very man *per ſe*, and ſtands
alone.

Cre. So do all men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or
have no legs.

Ser. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their
particular additions ; he is as valiant as the lyon, churliſh
as the bear, ſlow as the elephant ; a man into whom Na-
ture hath ſo crouded humours, that his valour is cruſht
into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion : there is no
man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpe of ; nor any
man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is
melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair ;
he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out
of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no
uſe ; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile,
make *Heſtor* angry ?

Ser. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Heſtor* in the battle
and ſtruck him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof
hath ever ſince kept *Heſtor* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here ?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Heſtor*'s a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that ? what's that ?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, couſin *Creſſid* ; what do you talk
of ? (7) Good morrow, *Alexander* ;—how do you, cou-
ſin ? when were you at *Ilium* ?

Cre.

(7) Good morrow, couſin *Creſſid* ; What do you talk of ? Good morrow,
ALEXANDER ;—How do you, couſin ?] Good morrow, *Alexander*—
is added in all the Editions, ſays Mr. Pope, very abſurdly, *Paris* not
being

14 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Heſtor* arm'd and gone, ere ye came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. *Heſtor* was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en ſo; *Heſtor* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays, here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too: he'll lay about him to day, I can tell them That; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them That too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*?—*Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh, *Jupiter*! there's no compariſon.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Heſtor*? do you know a man, if you ſee him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I ſay, *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you ſay, as I ſay; for, I am ſure, he is not *Heſtor*.

Pan. No, nor *Heſtor* is not *Troilus*, in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt to each of them, he is himſelf.

Pan. Himſelf? alas, poor *Troilus*! I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

being on the Stage.—Wonderful Acuteness! But, with Submission, this Gentleman's Note is much more absurd: for it falls out very unluckily for his Remark, that tho *Paris* is, for the Generality, in *Homer* call'd *Alexander*; yet, in this Play, by any one of the Characters introduc'd, he is call'd nothing but *Paris*. The Truth of the Fact is this. *Pandarus* is of a busy, impertinent, insinuating Character; and 'tis natural for him, ſo ſoon as he has given his Couſin the good Morrow, to pay his Civilities too to her Attendant. This is purely *ειρηνιστης*, as the Grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable Touch of *Pandarus*'s Character. And why might not *Alexander* be the Name of *Cressid*'s Man? *Paris* had no Patent, I ſuppoſe, for engroſſing it to himſelf. But the late Editor, perhaps, becauſe we have had *Alexander* the Great, Pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander Pope*, would not have ſo eminent a Name prostituted to a common *Valet*.

Cre.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 215

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself; would, he were himself! well, the Gods are above; time must friend, or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would, my heart were in her body!—no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't: *Hector* shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twou'd not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, Neice; *Helen* her self swore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess) not brown neither—

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* should have too much; if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen's* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure, she does. She came to him th' other day into the compass-window; and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan.

16 *TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?—

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno*, have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his smiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then—but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*,—

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. *Troilus*? why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin; indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confes.

Cre. Without the Rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing. *Queen Hecuba* laugh, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With millstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laugh.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laugh.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* spied on *Troilus*'s chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh too.

Pan. They laugh not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that: one and fifty hairs, (8) quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. *Jupiter!* quoth she, which of these hairs is *Paris*, my husband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck it out and give it him: but there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blush'd, and *Paris* so chaf't, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing Yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in *April*. [Sound a retreat.

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass towards *Ilium*? (9) good neice, do; sweet neice *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark *Troilus* above the rest.

(8) Two and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white Hair is my Father, and all the rest are his Sons.] The Copyists must have err'd here in the Number; and I have ventur'd to substitute one and fifty, I think, with some Certainty. How else can the Number make out *Priam*, and his fifty Sons?

(9) Hark, they are coming from the field; shall we stand up here and see them, as they pass towards *Ilium*?] This Conduct of the Poet, in making *Pandarus* decypher the Warriors as they pass, seems an Imitation of *Homer's Helen* on the Walls, where she shews the *Greeks* to *Priam*. This Incident was borrow'd by *Euripides*, in his *Phonisse*; and again copied by *Statius*, in the 9th Book of his *Thebais*, where he makes *Phorbas* shew to *Antigone* the Chiefs of the *Theban Army*.

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Æneas passes over the stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over the stage.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o'th' soundest judgment in *Troy* whosoever, and a proper man of person; when comes *Troilus*? I'll shew you *Troilus* anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me,

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, neice: O brave *Hector*! look, how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good,——look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godslid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder, neice, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who said, he came home hurt to day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen's* heart good now, ha? would, I could see *Troilus* now; you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 19

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's *Helenus*. I marvel, where *Troilus* is :
that's *Helenus*——I think, he went not forth to day ;
that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. *Helenus*, no——yes, he'll fight indifferent well——
I marvel, where *Troilus* is? hark, do you not hear the
people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*!
there's a man, neice——hem——brave *Troilus*! the
prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus*! look
well upon him, neice, look you how his sword is
bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector's*, and
how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he
ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go
thy way; had I a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a
Goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man!
Paris?——*Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant *Helen* to
change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and
bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th'
eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are
gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather
be such a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks* *Achilles*, a better man
than *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well——why, have you any discretion?
have you any eyes? do you know, what a man is? is
not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood,
learning,

20 *TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt, that seasons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out,——

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecie, to defend mine honesty; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these; and at all these wards I lye, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt, he be hurt. Fare ye well, good neice.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, neice, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle——

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the same token, you are a bawd. [*Exit Pan.*]
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thousand-fold I see,
Than in the glass of *Pandar's* praise may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done; the soul's joy lyes in doing:
That She belov'd knows nought, that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That She was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, so sweet, as when Desire did sue:

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 21

Atchievement is Command; ungain'd, beseech.
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
 That though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of That shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.]

SCENE *changes to Agamemnon's Tent in the
 Grecian Camp.*

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. **P** R I N C E S,
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your
 cheeks?

The ample proposition, that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness: Checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
 As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our Suppose so far,
 That after sev'n years siege, yet Troy-walls stand;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, tryal did draw
 Bias and thwart; not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you Princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our Works?
 And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive tryals of great Jove,
 To find persifive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found:
 In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin;
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,

22 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
And what hath mass, or matter by it self,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike Seat, (10)
Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of Chance
Lies the true proof of men : the Sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk ?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Tbetis*, and anon, behold,
The strong-ribb'd Bark thro' liquid mountains cuts ;
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like *Perseus'* horse : Where's then the sawcy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatness ? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for *Neptune*. Even so
Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune. For in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger : but when splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under shade ; the thing of courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize ;
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. *Agamemnon*,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up : hear, what *Ulysses* speaks.
Besides th' applause and approbation

(10) *With due Observance of thy goodly Seat,*] *Goodly* is an Epithet carries no very great Compliment with it ; and *Nestor* seems here to be paying Deference to *Agamemnon's* State and Preheminence. The old Books have it, — *to thy godly Seat ; godlike*, as I have reform'd the Text, seems to me the Epithet design'd ; and is very conformable to what *Aeneas* afterwards says of *Agamemnon* ;

Which is that God in Office, guiding Men ?

TROILUS and CRESSIDA:

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The which, most mighty for thy place and sway,

[To Aga.

And thou, most rev'rend for thy stretcht-out life,

[To Nest.

I give to both your speeches; which were such,

As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*

Should hold up high in brass; and such again,

As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in silver)

Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree

On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecians* ears

To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please Both

(Thou great, and wise) to hear *Ulysses* speak.

Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*: we less expect,

That matter needless, of importless burthen,

Divide thy lips; than we are confident,

When rank *Thersites* opes his mastiff jaws,

We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. *Troy*, yet upon her basis, had been down,

And the great *Hector's* sword had lack'd a master,

But for these instances.

The speciality of Rule hath been neglected;

And, look, how many *Grecian* Tents do stand

Hollow upon this Plain, so many hollow factions,

When that the General is not like the hive,

To whom the foragers shall all repair,

What honey is expected? degree being vizarded,

Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center,

Observe degree, priority and place,

Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,

Office and custom, in all line of order:

And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*

In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd

Amidst the rest, whose med'cinable eye

Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,

And posts like the command'ment of a King,

Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander,

What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?

What raging of the Sea? shaking of earth?

4 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend, and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixure? Oh, when *degree* is shaken,
 (Which is the ladder to all high designs)
 The enterprize is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogeniture, and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, lawrels,
 (But by degree) stand in authentick place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
 In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid Globe:
 Strength would be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son would strike his father dead:
 Force would be Right; or rather, Right and Wrong (11)
 (Between whose endless jar Justice resides)
 Would lose their names, and so would justice too.
 Then every thing includes it self in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite (an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power)
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last eat up it self. Great *Agamemnon*!
 This Chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choaking:
 And this neglect of degree is it,
 That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
 It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,

(11) ——— *Right and Wrong,*
Between whose endless jar Justice resides,
Would lose their Names;] This is not a bad Comment upon what *Horace*
 has said on this Subject;

——— *sunt certi deniq; fines*
Quos ultra citraq; nequit consistere rectum.

Exampled

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 25

Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his Superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.
And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a Tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is sick.

Ag. The nature of the sickness found, *Ulysses*,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns,
The sinew and the fore-hand of our Host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topless Deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting Player, (whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage)
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested Seeming
He acts thy Greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd:
Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large *Achilles*, on his prest-bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause:
Cries——excellent!——'tis *Agamemnon* just——
Now play me *Nestor*——hum, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being drest to some oration.
That's done——as near as the extremest ends (12)

(12)——as near as the extremest Ends
Of Parallels;] i. e. vastly distant; for parallel Lines, tho they run all
the way equi-distant, yet their Extremities are as far off from each other
as the Points of East and West.

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Of parallels ; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife :
 Yet good *Achilles* still cries, excellent !
 'Tis *Nestor* right ! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
 Arming to answer in a night-alarm :
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
 And with a palfie fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies ; cries “ O !—enough, *Patroclus*—
 Or “ give me ribs of steel, I shall split all
 “ In pleasure of my spleen.” And, in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
 (Whom, as *Ulysses* says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect :
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a pace,
 As broad *Achilles* ; and keeps his tent like him ;
 Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an Oracle ; and sets *Thersites*
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How hard soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardise,
 Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
 Fore-stall our prescience, and esteem no Act
 But that of hand : The still and mental parts,
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness call them on, and know by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies weight ;
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity ;
 They call this bed-work Mapp'ry, closet war : (13)

So

(13) *They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, closet War,]* The Poet in my
 Opinion would say, This is planning out Action and War, as a Man
 might

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 27

So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horse
Makes many *Tbetis'* sons. [Tucket sounds.]

Aga. What trumpet? look, *Menelaus.*

Men. From *Troy.*

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekish* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken Reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful *Phæbus*:

Which is that God in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

Aga. This *Trojan* scorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending Angels; that's their fame in peace:

might do on his Pillow and in his Closet. If so, *bedwork* must be the
Epithet to *Mappery*, as *closet* is to *War*: and therefore I have ex-
pung'd the Comma, which separated the First from its Substantive.
So *Guiderius*, in *Cymbeline*, speaking of an unactive Life, says it is

A cell of Ignorance; travelling a-bed.

But

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But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls, (14)
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, *Jove's*
Accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Aeneas*;
Peace, *Trojan*; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If he, that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that praise sole pure transcends.

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you your self *Aeneas*?

Aene. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Aene. Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon's* ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.

Aene. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whisper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his Ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon's* sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

(14) But when they would seem Soldiers, they have Galls,
Good Arms, strong Joints, true Swords, and *Jove's* Accord,
Nothing so full of heart.] Can the Poet be suppos'd to mean, that the
Trojans had *Jove's* Accord whenever they would seem Soldiers? No;
certainly, he would intimate that nothing was so full of Heart as they,
when that God did but shew himself on their Side. This Circumstance,
added, brings no Impeachment to their Courage: Valour would be-
come Presumption and Impiety in them, if they had trusted to it when
Jove manifestly declared himself on the other Side. My Regulation of
the Pointing fixes the Poet's Sense; and 'tis every where his Manner to
mention the Concurrence of the Deity suppos'd.

Our Coronation done, we will accite

(As I before remember'd,) all our State,

And (Heav'n consigning to my good intents,) &c.

2 Henry IV.

— for, God before,

We'll chide this Dauphin at his Father's Door.

Henry V.

Yet, God before, tell him, we will come on.

Ibid.

That by the Help of These, (with Him above
To ratify the Work)

Macbeth.

&c. &c. &c.

Aene.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 19

Aeneas. Trumpet, blow loud:

Send thy brass voice thro' all these lazy tents;
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[The trumpet's sound.]

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A Prince call'd *Hector*; (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongst the fair'st of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips, he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him, this Challenge.

Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, (or do his best to do it)
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compass in his arms;
And will to morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rowze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* shall honour him:
If none, he'll say in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* Dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance; — even so much.

Agamemnon. This shall be told our lovers, lord *Aeneas*.
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none else, I'm he.

Nestor. Tell him of *Nestor*; one, that was a man
When *Hector's* Grandfire suckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* Host
One Nobleman that hath one spark of fire,

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To answer for his love: tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'n's forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Aga. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our Pavillion shall I lead you first:
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:
Your self shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [Exit.

Manent Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulyss. *Nestor*,—

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how now?

Ulyss. This Challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as Substance, (15)
Whose grossness little characters sum up.

And

(15) *The Purpose is perspicuous even as Substance,
Whose Grossness little Characters sum up,
And in the Publication make no Strain:]* The modern Editors, 'tis plain,
have lent each other very little Information upon this Passage: *Τὸ πᾶν
τοῦ πᾶν ὁδηγός*, as the Proverb says; *the Blind have led the Blind*.
As they have pointed the Passage, 'tis strange Stuff, and how they sold it

it

And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Libya*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else oppose,
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles*? though a sportful combat,
Yet in this tryal much opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taste our dear'st Repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, *Ulysses*,
Our imputation shall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant-mass
Of things to come, at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets *Hector*, issues from our Choice;
And Choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,

it to themselves, is past my Discovery. That little Characters, or Particles, sum up the Grossness of any Substance, I conceive: but how those Characters, or Particles, *make no Strain in the Publication*, seems a little harder than *Algebra*. My Regulation of the Pointing brings us to clear Sense; "The Aim and Purpose of this Duel is as visible as any gross Substance can be, compounded of many little Particles." And having said thus, *Ulysses* goes on to another Observation; "And make no Difficulty, no Doubt, when this Duel comes to be proclaim'd, but that *Achilles*, dull as he is, will discover the Drift of it." This is the Meaning of the last Line. So afterwards, in this Play, *Ulysses* says,

I do not strain at the Position,

i. e. I do not hesitate at, I make no Difficulty of it,

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In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my Speech;
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better, yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not then consent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What Glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he scape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry;
And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
The Sort to fight with *Hector*: 'mong our selves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physick the great *Myrmidon*,
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His Crest, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax, imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.

Nest. *Ulysses*, now I relish thy advice,
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*; go we to him streight;
Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
Must tar the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [Exit.

ACT



ACT II.

SCENE, the Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Therfites.

A J A X.



HERSITES,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boiles—
full, all over, generally. [*Talking to himself.*]

Ajax. Therfites,—

Ther. And those boiles did run—say so—
did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!—

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him:
I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
feel then. [*Strikes him.*]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel
beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, you unwinnow'd'st (16) leaven,
speak; I will beat thee into handsomness.

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C

Ther.

(16) *Speak then, you unsalted Leaven, speak;*] This is a Reading obtruded upon us by Mr. Pope, that has no Authority or Countenance from any of the Copies; nor that approaches in any Degree to the Traces of the old Reading, you *whinid'st* Leaven. This, 'tis true, is corrupted and unintelligible; but the Emendation, which I have coin'd out of it, gives us a Sense apt and consonant to what *Ajax* would say.—“Thou Lump of sow'r Dough, kneaded up out of a Flower unpurg'd and unsifted, with all the Dross and Bran in it.”—*Kent*, in *Lear*, uses the same metaphorical Reproach to the cowardly Steward;

I will tread this unbolted Villain into Mortar.

i. e. This Villain of so gross a Composition, that he was not sifted thro' the

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Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doeſt thou think, I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee the loathſom'ſt ſcab in Greece.

Ajax. I ſay, the proclamation——

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and rail'eſt every hour (on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his Greatneſs, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina's* Beauty: I, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Ajax. Miſtreſs *Therſites*!——

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him.

Ajax. Cobloaſt!

Ther. He would pound thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a ſailor breaks a biſket.

Ajax. You whorſon cur!——

[Beating him.]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a witch!——

Ther. Ay, do, do, thou ſodden-witted lord; thou haſt no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *Aſſinego* may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou art here but to thrash *Trojans*, and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* ſlave. If thou

the *boulting-Cloth*, before he was work'd up into *Leaven*. So *Pandarus* ſays to *Troilus* in the firſt Scene of this Play.

Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leavening.

I cannot without Injuſtice paſs over another Conjecture, propos'd by my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*;—— you windieſt *Leaven*. An Epithet, as he ſays, not only admirably adapted to the Nature of *Leaven*, which is made only by *Fermentation*, but likewise moſt juſtly applied to the loquacious *Therſites*.—— And, indeed, in ſeveral Counties of *England*, an idle Prater is call'd, a windy Fellow.

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use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this? How now, *Thersites*? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whosoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. I say, this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helen's* needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I shall——

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Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Pat. Good words, *Thersites*.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Ev'n so—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. *Hector* shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Ulysses* and old *Nestor*, (whose wit was mouldy ere your Grandfires had nails on their toes,) (17) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good sooth; to, *Achilles*! to, *Ajax*! to—

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Thersites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace, when *Achilles'* brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your Tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.]

(17) *There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, whose Wit was mouldy ere their Grandfires had Nails on their toes,*] This is one of these Editors wise Riddles. This is no Folly of *Thersites'* venting. What! Was *Nestor's* Wit mouldy, before his Grandfire's Toes had any Nails? that is, was the Grandson an old Man, before the Grandfather was out of his Swathing-cloaths? Preposterous Nonsense! and yet so easy a Change, as one poor Derivative Pronoun for another, sets all right and clear.

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our Host,

That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the Sun,
Will with a trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and *Troy*,
To morrow morning call some Knight to arms,
That hath a stomach, such a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'tis trash, farewell.

Ajax. Farewel! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwise
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Priam's Palace in *Troy*:

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. **A**fter so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says *Nestor* from the *Greeks*:
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else

(As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war)

Shall be struck off. *Hector*, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the *Greeks* than I,

As far as touches my particular, yet

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*

Than *Hector* is. The Wound of Peace is Surety, (18)

Surety secure; but modest Doubt is call'd

(18) *The Wound of Peace is surety;*] i. e. the great Danger of Peace is too much Security; the Opinion of our being least in Danger. Therefore, as our Author says in his *Hamlet*;

Be wary then; best Safety lies in Fear.

Velleius Paterculus, speaking of *Arminius's* Treachery, has left us a Sentiment, that might very well have given Rise to our Author's. *Haud imprudenter speculatus, neminem celerius opprimi, quam qui nihil timeret; & frequentissimum Initium esse Calamitatis Securitatem.*

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The beacon of the wise ; the tent that searches
To th' bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Ev'ry tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dismes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean, of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten ;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother :
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread father) in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The vast proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a Waste most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons ;
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother Priest,
You sur your gloves with reasons. Here are your reasons.
You know, an enemy intends you harm ;
You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous ;
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Or like a star dis-orb'd!—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but sat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hel. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hel.

Hect. But Value dwells not in particular will;
It holds its estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of it self,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the God;
And the Will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously it self affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.

Troi. I take to day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my Will;
My Will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will and Judgment; how may I avoid
(Although my Will distaste what is elected)
The wife I chuse? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have spoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective place,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the *Greeks*:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the Ports desir'd;
And for an old aunt, whom the *Greeks* held captive,
He brought a *Grecian Queen*, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles *Apollo's*, and makes stale the morning. (19)

(19) ——— whose Youth and Freshness
Wrinkles *Apollo's*, and make pale the morning.] This is only Mr. Pope's
Reading; all the other Editions have, *stale*; which seems the Poet's
Antithesis to *Freshness*. So in his *Winter's Tale*;

————— so shall I do
To th' freshest Things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present.

This old Aunt, who is only hinted at by our Poet, is *Hesione*, the
Daughter of *Laomedon* and Sister of *Priam*. She was borne away Captive
to *Greece* by *Hercules*, when he sack'd *Troy*; and was given to *Telamon's*
Bed, by whom she bore *Teucer*. — *Spenser* mentions her subduing *Tela-*
mon to her Charms, in his Version of *VIRGIL's Gnat*.

For th' one was ravish'd of his own Bond-maid,
The fair *Ixionè*, captiv'd from *Troy*.

For here we must read, *Hesione*. The Particulars of her Story are to be
found in *Hyginus's* 89th Fable.

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Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants——
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd, go, go:)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
And cry'd, inestimable!) why d' you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggard that estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base!
That we have stoln what we do fear to keep!
But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
Who in *their* country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*!

Hect. It is *Cassandra*.

Enter Cassandra, with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come:

Cry, *Trojans*, cry; practice your eyes with tears.

Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilium* stand:

Our fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.

Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a wo;

Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or else let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not these high strains
Of Divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?

Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because *Cassandra's* mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam's* sons;
And, *Jove* forbid! there should be done amongst us
Such things, as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the Gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? yet I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights;
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So, to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to my self
The pleasures such a Beauty brings with it:
But I would have the soil of her fair Rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? can it be,
That so degenerate a strain, as this,

Should

Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our Party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When *Helen* is defended: none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 When *Helen* is the subject. Then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and *Troilus*, you have Both said well: (20)
 But on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glöz'd but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought (21)
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

The

(20) Paris and *Troilus*, you have both said well;
 And on the Cause and Question now in hand

Have glöz'd, but superficially.] I can never think that the Poet express'd himself thus: 'Tis absurd to say, that People have talk'd well, and yet but superficially at the same Time. I have ventur'd to substitute a *Disjunctive* instead of the *Copulative*, by which we gain this commodious Sense: " You have argued very well in the general, but have glöz'd too superficially upon the particular Question in Debate.

(21) ————— not much

Unlike young Men, whom graver Sages thought

Unfit to hear moral Philosophy.] This is a sophisticated Reading first of Mr. *Rowe*, and afterwards of Mr. *Pope*. I had objected, that this was an Exception to Mr. *Pope's* Rule laid down in his Preface, that the Various Readings are fairly put in the Margin, so that every one may compare them: and those he has preferr'd into the Text are CONSTANTLY ex fide Codicum, upon Authority. For graver Sages, I said, was preferr'd into the Text without any Authority, and that all the printed Copies read the Passage, as I have restor'd it in the Text. To this Mr. *Pope* cavil'd, that Mr. *Rowe* had made the Alteration, so that I was mistaken in saying no Edition had it so. — But is an arbitrary, undefended Alteration an Authority? I would not have Mr. *Pope* take it as too high a Compliment, when I tell him, I look upon his and Mr. *Rowe's* Editions of *Shakespeare* of one and the same Authority. But to come to the Justification of the Text.

'Tis certain, indeed, that *Aristotle* was at least 800 years subsequent in Time to *Hector*: and therefore the Poet makes a remarkable Innovation upon Chronology. But Mr. *Pope* will have this to be one of those palpable Blunders, which the Illiteracy of the first Publishers of his Works has father'd on the Poet's Memory; and is of Opinion, it could not be of our Author's penning, it not being at all credible that these could be the Errors of any Man who had the least Tincture of a School, or the least Conversation

with

The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,

All

with such as bad.—'Twas for this Reason, and to shelter our Author from such an Absurdity, that Mr. Pope expung'd the Name of *Aristotle*, and substituted in its Place Mr. Rowe's—graver Sages. But, with Submission, even herein he made at best but half a Cure. If the Poet must be fetter'd down strictly to the Chronology of Things, it is every whit as absurd for *Hector* to talk of *Philosophy*, as for him to talk of *Aristotle*. We have sufficient Proofs, that *Pythagoras* was the first who invented the Word *Philosophy*, and call'd himself *Philosopher*. And he was near 600 Years after the Date of *Hector*, even from his beginning to flourish. 'Tis true, the thing, which we now understand by *Philosophy*, was then known: but it was only till then call'd *Knowledge* and *Wisdom*. But, to dismiss this Point; I believe, this Anachronism of our Poet (and, perhaps, the greatest Part of the others he is guilty of;) was the Effect of Poetic License in him, rather than Ignorance.

It has been very familiar with the Poets, of the Stage especially, upon a Supposition that their Audience were not so exactly inform'd in Chronology, to anticipate the mention of Persons and Things, before either the first were born, or the latter thought of. *Shakespeare*, again in this Play, compares the Nerves of *Ajax* with those of bull-bearing *Milo of Crotona*, who was not in being till 600 Years after that *Greek*; and was a Disciple of *Pythagoras*. Again, *Pandarus*, at the Conclusion of the Play, talks of a *Winchester-Goose*: indeed, it is in an Address to the Audience, and then there may be an Allowance, and greater Latitude for going out of Character. In *Coriolanus*, as I have observ'd in the proper Place, *Menenius* talks of *Alexander the Great*, and *Galen*. And the very Hero of that Play complains of the Grievance, that he must stoop to, in begging Voices of *Dick* and *Hob*; Names, which, I dare say, Mr. Pope does not imagine that *Shakespeare* believ'd were ever heard of by that *Roman*. From his many Plays founded on our *English* Annals, and the many Points of History accurately transmitted down in them, I suppose it must be confess'd, that he was intimately vers'd in that Part of Reading. Yet in his *King Lear*, he has ventur'd to make *Edgar* talk of the *Curfew*, a thing not known in *Britain* till the *Norman* Invasion. In his *King John* he above fifty times mentions Cannons, tho Gunpowder was not used by the *English*, till above a Century and half after the Death of that Monarch: And what is yet more singular, (as he could not be a Stranger to the Date of a remarkable Man, who liv'd so near his own Time;) twice in the Story of *Henry VI.* he makes mention of *Machiavel* as a subtle Politician, who was alive in the 20th Year of *Henry VIII.*

Nor

44 TROILUS and CRESSIDA

All dues be render'd to their owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? If this law

Nor have these Liberties been taken alone by *Shakespeare*, among our own Poets: In the *Humorous Lieutenant* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, all the first Characters of which Play are the immediate Successors of *Alexander* the Great, *Demetrius*, Prince of *Macedon*, comes out of his Chamber with a Pistol in his Hand, above 1500 Years before Fire-Arms were ever thought of. So, in the *Oedipus* of *Dryden* and *Lee*, there is a mention of the Machines in the Theatre at *Athens*: tho neither Plays, nor Theatres were so much as known to the World till above 500 Years after that Prince's Death. And yet I dare say, neither *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* ever suppos'd, or thought to make their Audiences believe, that Pistols were used in *Demetrius's* Time; nor were *Dryden* and *Lee* so ignorant in Dramatic Chronology, as to suppose Tragedy of as early a Date as *Oedipus*.

But that the Poets of our own Nation may be justified in these Liberties by Examples of the Antients, I'll throw in a few Instances of the like sort from their Predecessors in the Art at *Greece* and *Rome*. The *Anachronisms* of *Æschylus* I shall reserve to my Edition of that Poet. The Great *Sophocles*, in his *Electra*, supposes, that *Orestes* was thrown from his Chariot and kill'd at the *Pythian Games*; which Games, as the Scholiast tells us, were not instituted till 600 Years afterwards by *Triptolemus*. And *Euripides* in his *Phœnisæ*, (the Subject of which is the Invasion of *Thebes* by *Polynices* and the *Argives*) makes *Tiresias* talk of his giving the Victory to *Athens* against *Eumolpus*; tho *Eumolpus's* War against *Erechtheus* was no less than four Generations elder than the *Theban War*. Frequent Instances occur in *Athenæus*, that shew, beyond Exception, how free the Comic Poets made with Chronology. *Alexis*, in his Comedy call'd *Hesione*, introduces *Hercules* drinking out of a *Thericlean Cup*. Now, this was a Species of Cups, invented by *Thericles* a *Corinthian Potter*, who was Contemporary with *Aristophanes* above 800 Years after the Period of *Hercules*. *Anaxandrides*, in his *Protesilaus*, a Hero that was kill'd by *Hector*, brings in *Hercules* again, and talks of *Iphicrates* the *Athenian General*, and *Cotys* the *Thracian King*, both living in the Poet's own days. And *Diphilus*, in his *Sappho*, makes *Archilochus* and *Hipponax* both address that poetical Lady; tho the first was dead a Century before she was born, and tho she was dead and rotten before the latter was born. To add but two Instances from the *Latin Poets*: *Seneca*, in his Tragedy call'd *Hercules Furens*, makes the Chorus talk of People flocking to the Entertainments of a new Theatre: tho, 'tis evident, no Theatres were as then built or thought of: And *Plautus* in his *Amphitryon*, makes *Blepharo* talk of golden *Philipps*, a Money coin'd by *Alexander's* Father near 900 Years after the Days of *Amphitryon*.

If these Instances of voluntary Transgression in Time may go any way towards acquitting our Poet for the like Inconsistencies, I'll at any time engage to strengthen them with ten times the Number, fetch'd from the Writings of the best Poets, antient and modern, foreign and domestick.

Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd Nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.

If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* King,
(As, it is known, she is) these moral laws
Of Nature, and of Nation, speak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep *Helen* still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several Dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not Glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a theam of Honour and Renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For, I presume, brave *Hector* would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd Glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this Action,
For the wide World's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant Off-spring of great *Priamus*;
I have a roisting Challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious Nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits.
I was advertiz'd, their great General slept,
Whilst Emulation in the Army crept.
This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,

46 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

SCENE, *before Achilles's Tent, in the Grecian Camp.*

Enter Therfites solus.

HOW now, *Thersites*? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and, *Mercury*, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have; which short-arm'd ignorance it self knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that, methinks, is the Curse dependant on those that war for a Placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my lord *Achilles*!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Thersites*? Good *Thersites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou could'st not have slip'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thy self upon thy self! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair coarse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen. Where's *Achilles*?

Patr.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 47

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Thersites*, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? why, my cheefe, my digestion——why hast thou not served thy self up to my table, so many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy lord, *Thersites*: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy self?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell,——

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr. You rascal——

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Thersites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Thersites* is a fool, and, as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Thersites* is a fool to serve such a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that Demand to thy Creator;—it suffices me, thou art.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?——

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll speak with no body: come in with me, *Thersites*.

[Exit.
Ther.

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Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.]

Aga. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent our messengers, and we lay by (22)

Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so, lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place;

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

[Exit.]

Ulys. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why?—let him shew us the cause. A word, my lord. [To Agamemnon.]

Nest. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulys. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, *Thersites*?

Ulys. He.

Nest. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

(22) *He sent our Messengers;*] Who sent, in the Name of Accuracy? What! did *Achilles* send the Messengers, who were sent by *Agamemnon*? I make no doubt, but the Poet wrote;

He shent our Messengers;

i. e. rebuked, ill-treated, rated out of his Presence. As, in *Anthony*, *Augustus* complains of the like Treatment from that Prince;

Did pocket up my Letters, and with Taunts

Did gibe my Missives out of Audience.

The word *shent*, disgraced, shamed, (from *αἰσχρολογία*, as some Etymologists tell us;) is frequent both in *Chaucer* and *Spenser*; and occurs more than once again in our Author.

Clown. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I am shent for speaking to you,

Twelfth-night.

*How in my Words soever she be shent,
To give them Seals never my Soul consent.*

Hamlet.

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Ulys. No, you see, he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles*.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction; but it was a strong counsel, that a fool could disunite.

Ulys. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nest. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulys. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesie; His legs are for necessity, not flexure.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me say, he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your Greatness, and this noble State, To call on him; he hopes, it is no other, But for your health and your digestion-sake; An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus*;
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outflie our apprehensions.
Much Attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues
(Not virtuously on his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
And, like fair fruit in an unwholesom dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say, we think him over-proud,
In self-assumption greater than in note
Of judgment: say, men worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And under-goe in an observing kind
His humourous predominance; yea, watch
His course and times, his ebbs and flows; as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,

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That if he over-hold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lye under this report,
"Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a sleeping gyant; tell him so.

Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently. [Exit.

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him. *Ulysses*, enter.

[Exit Ulysses.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? do you not think, he thinks
himself a better man than I am?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say, he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant,
as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether
more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? how doth pride
grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues
the fairer; he, that is proud, eats up himself. Pride is
his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and
whatever praises it self but in the deed, devours the deed
in the praise.

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering
of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Ulyf. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyf. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Un-tent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyf. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: he's possess'd with Greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters down himself; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis said, he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulyf. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.
We'll consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,) shall he be worship'd
Of That, we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
(As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,) by going to *Achilles*:
That were t' inlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles* go to him!

Nest. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him—with my armed fist
I'll pass him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride;
let me go to him.

Ulyf. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow—

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Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Uly. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. And all men were o'my mind——

Uly. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat swords
first : shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Uly. He would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple,——

Nest. He's not yet through warm: (23) force him
with praises ; pour in, pour in ; his ambition is dry.

Uly. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Uly. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.

Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Uly. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorson dog ! that palter thus with us——

Would he were a *Trojan* !

Nest. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——

Uly. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Uly. Ay, or surly borne.

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected.

Uly. Thank the heav'ns, lord, thou art of sweet
composure ;

(23) *Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him supple, he is not yet through
warm.

Nest. Force him with praises ; &c.] The latter Part of *Ajax's* Speech
is certainly got out of Place, and ought to be assign'd to *Nestor*, as I have
ventur'd to transpose it. *Ajax* is feeding on his Vanity, and boasting
what he'll do to *Achilles* ; he'll pass him o'er the Face, he'll make him
eat Swords ; he'll knead him, he'll supple him, &c. *Nestor* and *Ulysses*
silly labour to keep him up in this Vein ; and to this End *Nestor* crantly
hints, that *Ajax* is not warm yet, but must be cram'd with more Flattery.

Praise

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:
 Fam'd be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
 Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
 But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
 Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
 And gave him half; and for thy vigor,
 Bull-bearing *Milo* his Addition yields
 To sinewy *Ajax*; I'll not praise thy wisdom,
 Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
 Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's *Nestor*,
 Instructed by the Antiquary times;
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:
 But pardon, father *Nestor*, were your days
 As green as *Ajax*, and your brain so temper'd,
 You should not have the eminence of him,
 But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyf. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord *Ajax*.

Ulyf. There is no tarrying here; the Hart *Achilles*
 Keeps thicket; please it our great General
 To call together all his State of war;
 Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*: to morrow, friends,
 We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast:
 And here's a lord, come Knights from East to West,
 And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* shall cope the best.

Ag. Go we to Council, let *Achilles* sleep;
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
 [Exeunt.]





A C T III.

SCENE, Paris's *Apartments in the Palace, in*
Troy.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [Musick within.]

PANDARUS.



RIEND! you! pray you, a word: do not
you follow the young lord *Paris*?

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I must
needs praise him.

Ser. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better, I am the lord *Pan-*
darus.

Ser. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace? not so, friend: honour and lordship are
my titles:

What musick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan.

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Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Ser. That's to't, indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the request of *Paris* my lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.

Pan. Who, my cousin *Cressida*?

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out That by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady *Cressida*. I come to speak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complemental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Ser. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair Desires in all fair measure fairly guide them; especially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broken it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord; well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear Queen; my lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

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Pan. Well, sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me; but, marry thus, my lord;—my dear lord, and most esteemed Friend, your brother *Troilus*—

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*, honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet Queen, go to—

Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet Queen, I'faith—

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sower offence. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no—

Pan. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*,—

Pan. What says my sweet Queen, my very very sweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? my cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer *Cressida*:

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord; why should you say, *Cressida*? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy—

Pan. You spy, what do you spy? come, give me an instrument now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My neice is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, she'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen.

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Helen. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now; by my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more:

For O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore:

These lovers cry, oh! oh! they dye:

Yet That, which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn, oh! oh! to ha, ha, he:

So dying love lives still.

O ho a while, but ha, ha, ha;

O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha——bey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor,* and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would fain have arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not have it so. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; you know all, lord *Pandarus*.

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Pan. Not I, honey sweet Queen: I long to hear how they sped to day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your neice:

Pan. I will, sweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*]

Par. They're come from field; let us to *Priam's* Hall, To greet the warriors.—Sweet *Helen*, I must woo you To help unarm our *Hector*: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers toucht, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of *Greekish* sinews: you shall do more Than all the island Kings, disarm great *Hector*.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, *Paris*: Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, over-shines our self.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, an Orchard to Pandarus's House.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus's Man.

Pan. **N**OW, where's thy master? at my cousin *Cressida's*?

Ser. No, Sir, he stays you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus*: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the *Stygian* banks Staying for waftage. O, be thou my *Charon*, And give me swift transportance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the lilly beds Propos'd for the deserfer! O gentle *Pandarus*, From *Cupid's* shoulder pluck his painted wings, And fly with me to *Cressid*.

Pan.

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA. 39

Pan. Walk here i'th' orchard, I will bring her straight.
[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Tro. I'm giddy ; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense ; what will it be,
When that the watry palates taste, indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar ? death, I fear me ;
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my rude powers ;
I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys ;
As doth a battel, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-Enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight ;
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were fraid with a
sprite : I'll bring her. It is the prettiest villain, she
fetches her breath as short as a new ta'en sparrow.
[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Troi. Ev'n such a passion doth embrace my bosom :
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse ;
And all my pow'rs do their bestowing lose,
Like Vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of Majesty.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come ; what need you blush ? Shame's
a baby. Here she is now : swear the oaths now to
her, that you have sworn to me. What, are you
gone again ? you must be watch'd ere you be made
tame, must you ? come your ways, come your ways ; if
you draw backward, we'll put you i'th' files : (24) Why
do you not speak to her ? Come, draw this curtain, and
let's

(24) *If you draw backward, we'll put you i'th' files.] Pandarus here threatens her with military Discipline. It was a Custom, we find, as old as Homer's Time, for them, in drawing up a Battle, to place such,*

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let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss the mistress; how now, a kiss in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: (25) go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of deeds too, if she call your activity in question: what, billing again? here's, in witness whereof the parties interchangeably—come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [Exit Pandarus.]

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus?

Cre. Wisht, my lord! the Gods grant—O my lord.

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubins, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

as they suspected would misbehave. (desert, or decline Fighting;) in the mid Ranks; so that they might be watch'd on every hand.

—— καὶ δ' ἐς μέσσον ἔλασσε,
Ὅφρα καὶ ἐκ ἐθέλων τις ἀναγκαίῃ πολεμίζῃ.

Iliad. Δ. 299.

This Method the short Scholiast explains thus; μεταξὺ δύο ἀνδρῶν ἑκατέρωθεν ἑκάλλην. i. e. he threw one bad Man in betwixt two approv'd one's, brave Soldiers. This is what we now call *putting in the Files*. *Ælian* has taken Notice, that *Homer* was the first who seems to have been acquainted with *Tactics*.

(25) *The Falcon has the Tercel, for all the Ducks i'th' River.*] This Reading first got Place casually, as I presume, in Mr. *Rowe's* Edition; and was implicitly follow'd by Mr. *Pope*. But they Both deprave the Text. *Pandarus*, seeing *Troilus* kiss with Fervour, and *Cressida* meet his Kisses with equal Zeal, means, that he'll match his Neice against her Lover for any Bett. The *Tercel* is the male Hawk; by the *Faulcon*, we generally understand the Female.

Troi.

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Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all *Cupid's* Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our Undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able; and yet reserve an ability, that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monstrous?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant,

62 *TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

stant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart: Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day, For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord, With the first glance that ever——pardon me—— If I confess much, you will play the tyrant: I love you now; but not till now, so much But I might master it——in faith, I lie—— My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown Too headstrong for their mother; see, we fools! Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to our selves? But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not; And yet, good faith, I wisht my self a man: Or that We women had mens privilege, Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue; For in this rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent; see, see, your silence (Cunning in dumbness). from my weakness draws My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

[*Kissing.*]

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me; 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss: I am asham'd;——O heav'ns, what have I done!—— For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet *Cressid*?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to morrow morning——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun your self,

Cre. Let me go try:

I have a kind of self resides with you:

But an unkind self, that it self will leave,

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 63

To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I speak, I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,
Or else you love not: To be wise and love, (26)
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her constancy in plight and youth
Out-living Beauties outward; with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!

(26)———To be wise and love,
Exceeds Man's Might, and dwells with Gods above.] This Sentiment has
strongly the Air of Imitation. Our Author seems partly to have borrow'd
it from this Verse falsely father'd on Seneca;

Amare & sapere vix Deo conceditur.

and partly from what Terence has left us upon the same Subject.

Here, quæ Res in se neq; consilium neq; modum
Habet ullum, eam Consilio regere non potes.

———nihilò plus agas,

Quàm si des Operam ut cum ratione insanias.

Eunuch. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Horace has borrow'd a good Part of his Argument concerning a Lover's
mad Behaviour, from this Scene of Terence; and follow'd the Stage-
Poet's very Words, as far as he could make them conform to the Difference
of Numbers. (*Serm.* lib. ii. 3.) Pliny the Younger, among some other
Verses from Sentiùs Augurinus, quotes one much to our Subject;

I nunc, qui sapias, amare noli.

And gives it the Praise of being acute, apt, and exprefs. *Book* IV.
Epist. 27.

A Lover, in the Greek Epigram, declining to marry his Mistress because
she was poor, yet professing to love her, is said by the Poet to be a Lier,
not a Lover, for that right Reasoning cannot belong to a Spirit in Love.

———Ου φιλάεις ἐλεύσσω. πῶς δύναις γοῦ

Ψυχὴ ἐρωμανίην ὀρθὰ λογιζομένη;

But Menander has left us the smartest Piece of Satire upon Lovers being
mad, that I can any where else remember.

'Αλλ' ὅταν ἐρῶντα νῦν ἔχεις τις ἀξιοῖ,

Παρεῖναι τὸ ἀνόνισον ἔτος ὀφείτῃ;

But when any one will allow a Lover to be in his Wits, whom will such a
Man allow to have the Symptoms of Madness?

Or,

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Or, that perswasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love :
How were I then up-lifted ! but alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight !

When Right with Right warrs who shall be most right.
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by *Troilus* ; when their rhimes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similies : truth, tired with iteration,
As true as steel, as Planets to their Moons, (27)
As Sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center :
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
(As truth's authentick author to be cited)

(27)———*as Planets to the Moon.*] *Plantage* is certainly very
justly thrown out, as a Reading of no Sense or Truth : and yet the Text
is a little corrupted, and must be help'd thus ;

—————*as Planets to their Moons.*

He fetches here his Comparisons of true Love from the Sympathy or
Affection of the several Parts of Nature. *As true as Steel*,——I know,
by this Phrase, Men generally mean as true as a well-temper'd Sword is
to the Hand of the Warrior : but I am persuaded, the Phrase had another
Original ; and that was, from observing its strange Affection to the
Loadstone.——But other *Planets*, besides the *Earth*, (before the Time of
our Author,) were discover'd to have their *Moons* which revolv'd round
them. *Jupiter* has four *Moons*, and *Saturn* five. The Astronomers
sometimes call'd these, *Moons* ; and sometimes, *Satellites*. Sometimes,
when they spoke of the Moon, they call'd it the *Earth's Satellite* : and
when they spoke of the *Satellites* of the other Planets, they call'd them
Jupiter, or *Saturn's Moons*. Their constant unerring Attendance on
their respective Planets made this *Phænomenon* very proper for Com-
parison : Tho, properly speaking, as it is here put, it is inverted ; for
it should be, *as true as Moons to their Planets*.——Because the Moons
depend on their Planets, not the Planets on their Moons. But that this
inverted Order is nothing with *Shakespeare*, is plain from many Places of
his Works, and particularly from the immediate following Words, *As*
Sun to Day ;——which is likewise in the same manner inverted : for
the Day depends on the Sun, and not the Sun on the Day.

Mr. Warburton.

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As true as *Troilus* shall crown up the verse,
And sanctifie the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it self,
When water-drops have worn the stones of *Troy*,
And blind Oblivion swallow'd Cities up,
And mighty States characterless are grated
To dusty Nothing; yet let Memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said, as false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as *Cressid*.—

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it, I'll be
the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here my cou-
sin's; if ever you prove false to one another, since I have
taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful
Goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my
name; call them all *Pandars*: let all constant men be
Troilus's, all false women *Cressida's*, and all brokers-
between *Pandars*: say, Amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-
chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your
pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,

Bed, chamber, and *Pandar* to provide this Geer!

[*Exeunt.*]

VOL. VII.

E

SCENE

66 *TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

SCENE *changes to the Grecian Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. **N**OW, Princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense : appear it to you, (28)
That, through the sight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd my self,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes ; sequestred from all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature :
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many registred in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, *Trojan* ? make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* prisoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yesterday took : *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore ;)

(28) ———— *appear it to you,*
That, through the Sight I bear in Things to come,
I have abandon'd Troy,] *Calchas* is here pressing for some Reward from
the *Grecian* Princes, for his having come over to them : But does it in
any kind add to his Merit with them, to say, “ Gentlemen, by my
“ Power of Prescience I found my Country must be subdued and ruin'd ;
“ and therefore I have left House and Home in Time to [save myself,
“ and] come and serve you.” — And yet this is the Drift and Hinge
upon which his Argument turns, and his Hopes and Pretence for Re-
compense are form'd. I own, the Motives of his Oratory seem to me
somewhat perverse and unartful : nor do I know how to reconcile it,
unless our Poet purposely intended to make *Calchas* act the Part of a
true Priest ; and so from Motives of Self-Interest insinuate the Merit of
Service.

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Desir'd my *Cressid* in right-great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd: but this *Antenor*,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his Manage; and they will almost
Give us a Prince o' th' blood, a son of *Priam*,
In Change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Cressid* hither: *Calchas* shall have
What he requests of us. Good *Diomede*,
Furnish you fairly for this enterchange;
Withall, bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be answer'd in his Challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. [Exit.]

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their Tent.

Ulys. *Achilles* stands i'th' entrance of his Tent,
Please it our General to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last; 'tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him?
If so, I have decision medicinable
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: Pride hath no other glass
To shew it self, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to speak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst *Troy*.

Aga. What says *Achilles*? would he ought with us?

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Nest. Would you, my lord, ought with the General?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax*.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exe.*

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not
Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall: for men, like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by those honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, (as being slipp'ry standers)
The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Dye in the Fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulysses*.
I'll interrupt his Reading.—Now, *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. Now, *Thetis*' son!

Achil. What are you Reading?

Ulyss.

Ulyf. A strange fellow here
Writes me, that Man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in Having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have That which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, *Ulysses*.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends it self
To others eyes: nor doth the eye it self
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold it self
Not going from it self; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to it self,
'Till it hath travell'd; and is marry'd there
Where it may see its self; this is not strange.

Ulyf. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Tho' in, and of, him there is much consisting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for ought,
'Till he behold them formed in th' applause
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverb'rates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax*——
Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horse,
That has he knows not what. Nature! what Things
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use?
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth? Now shall we see to morrow
An Act, that very Chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! Oh heav'ns, what some men do,

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While some men leave to do!
 How some men creep in skittish Fortune's Hall,
 While others play the ideots in her eyes;
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
 To see these *Grecian* lords! why ev'n already
 They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,
 As if his foot were on brave *Hector's* breast,
 And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. This I do believe;
 For they passed by me, as misers do by beggars,
 Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
 What! are my deeds forgot?

Ulys. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion:
 (A great-siz'd monster of Ingratitudes)
 Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done: Perseverance keeps Honour bright:
 To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
 Like rusty Mail in monumental mockery.
 For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;
 For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue; if you give way,
 Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,
 Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindermost; and there you lye,
 Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 For pavement to the abject near, o'er-run
 And trampled on: Then what they do in present,
 Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.
 For time is like a fashionable Host,
 That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th' hand;
 But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer; Welcome ever smiles,
 And Farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin ;
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born Gawds,
 Tho' they are made and moulded of things past ;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt, (29)
 More laud than they will give to Gold o'er-dusted :
 The present eye praises the present object.
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax* ;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The Cry went once for thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thy self alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy Tent ;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
 And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulys. 'Gainst your privacy
 The Reasons are more potent and heroical.
 'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
 With one of *Priam's* daughters.

Achil. Ha ! known !

Ulys. Is that a wonder ?
 The providence, that's in a watchful State,
 Knows almost every grain of *Pluto's* Gold ;
 Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive Deep ;
 Keeps place with thought ; and almost, like the Gods,
 Does ev'n our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles :
 There is a mystery (with which relation
 Durst never meddle) in the Soul of State ;
 Which hath an operation more divine,

(29) *And go to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More Laud than Gilt o'er-dusted.*] In this mangled Condition do we find
 this truly fine Observation transmitted in the old *Folio's*. Mr. *Pope* saw it
 was corrupt, and therefore, as I presume, threw it out of the Text ; be-
 cause he would not indulge his private Sense in attempting to make Sense
 of it. I owe the Foundation of the Amendment, which I have given to
 the Text, to the Sagacity of the ingenious Dr. *Thirley*.

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Than breath, or pen, can give expresse to.
 All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord,
 And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
 To throw down *Heſtor*, than *Polyxena*.
 But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
 When Fame ſhall in his iſland ſound her trump;
 And all the *Greekeſt* girls ſhall tripping ſing,
 Great *Heſtor*'s ſiſter did *Achilles* win;
 But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
 Farewel, my lord—I, as your lover, ſpeak;
 The fool ſlides o'er the ice, that you ſhould break.

[Exit,

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
 A woman, impudent and mannish grown,
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of act.—I ſtand condemn'd for this;
 They think, my little ſtomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse your ſelf; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
 Shall from your neck unloofe his am'rous fold;
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be ſhook to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Heſtor*! —

Patr. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake;
 My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware:
 Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves:
 Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
 Seals a Commiſſion to a Blank of Danger;
 And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
 Even then, when we ſit idly in the Sun.

Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus*:
 I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
 T'invite the *Trojan* lords, after the Combat,
 To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a woman's Longing,
 An appetite that I am ſick withal,
 To ſee great *Heſtor* in the Weeds of peace;
 To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,

Ev'n

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Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour fav'd!

Enter Therites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politick regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head, if 'twou'd out; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, good morrow, *Ajax*: And he replies, thanks, *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Therites*.

Ther. Who I? — why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus* — tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe Conduct for his Person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd captain general, of the Grecian army, *Agamemnon*, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great *Ajax*!

Ther.

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Ther. Hum —

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum —

Patr. And to procure safe Conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*! —

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven o' clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus; what musick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler *Apollo* get his sinews to make Catlings on.

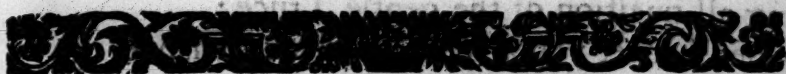
Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd, And I my self see not the bottom of it. [Exit.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [Exit.

ACT



ACT IV.

SCENE, a Street in TROY.

Enter at one door Æneas, with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes; Grecians, with Torches.

PARIS.



EE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long,

As you, Prince Paris, nought but heav'nly Should rob my bed-mate of my company. [business

Dio. That's my mind too: good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand;

Witness the process of your speech, wherein (30)

You told, how Diomedes a whole week, by days,

Did haunt you in the field.

(30) Witness the Process of your Speech wherein

You told, how Diomedes a whole Week by days

Did haunt You in the Field.] Allowing this Circumstance to be mere Invention in the Poet, it is a very artful Complement to Diomedes, and a brave Confession of his Worth from the Mouth of an Enemy. Homer, in the 5th Book of his Iliad, makes Diomedes rush upon Æneas, tho' he knew him protected by Apollo; and assault him four times, in spite of that God's Interposition:

Ἄνεϊας κλέϊνας, &c.

I own, I have a Suspicion, our Poet had Virgil in his Eye; and meant to copy that fine Praise which Diomedes pays to Æneas's Valour, where Venus comes from the Latines to solicit Diomedes's Aid against Æneas.

Stetimus tela aspera contra,

Contulimusq; manus: experto credite, quantus

In clypeum adsurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.

Æneid. xi.

Æne.

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Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all question of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and th'other *Diomed* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion that will flie (31)
With his face back.—In human gentleness,
Welcome to *Troy*—now, by *Anchises'* life,
Welcome, indeed!—by *Venus'* hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a fort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize.—*Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my sword his Fate be not the Glory)
A thousand compleat courses of the Sun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despicable, gentle greeting;
The noblest, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

(31) *And thou shalt hunt a Lion that will fly
With his Face back in humane gentleness.*] Thus Mr. Pope in his great
Sagacity pointed this Passage in his first Edition. What Conception he
had to himself of a Lion flying in human Gentleness, I won't pretend to af-
firm: I suppose, he had the Idea of as gently as a Lamb, or as what our Vul-
gar call an *Essex* Lion, a Calf. If any other Lion fly with his Face turn'd
backward, it is, fighting all the way as he retreats: And in this Manner
it is, *Æneas* professes that he shall fly when he's hunted. But where
then are the Symptoms of human Gentleness? My Correction of the Point-
ing restores good Sense, and a proper Behaviour in *Æneas*. As soon as
ever he has return'd *Diomed's* Brave, he stops short and corrects himself
for expressing so much Fury in a Time of Truce; from the fierce Soldier
becomes the Courtier at once; and remembering his Enemy to be a Guest
and an Ambassador, welcomes him as such to the *Trojan* Camp. — I
made this Regulation in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE restor'd,
and Mr. Pope reform'd the Text from thence in his last Edition.

Par.

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Par. His purpose meets you; 'twas, to bring this
Greek

To *Calchas'* house, and there to render him
(For the enfreed *Antenor*) the fair *Cressid*.
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste thee before. I constantly do think,
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night.
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof; I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Aene. That assure you.

Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to *Greece*,
Than *Cressid* borne from *Troy*.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord, we'll follow you.

Aene. Good morrow all.

[Exit.

Par. And tell me, noble *Diomedes*; tell me true,
Ev'n in the soul of good sound fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* most?
My self, or *Menelaus*?

Dio. Both alike.

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
(Not making any scruple of her foilure,)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a letcher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her Country: hear me, *Paris*,
For ev'ry false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,

78 *TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

A *Trojan* hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not giv'n so many good words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* suffer'd death.

Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to Pandarus's House.*

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troi. D E A R, trouble not your self; the morn is cold.
Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle
He shall unbolt the gates. [down:

Troi. Trouble him not —
To bed, to bed——sleep seal those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Cressida*! but that the busie day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she
stays,
Tedious as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry——you men will never tarry——
O foolish *Cressida*——I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.

Pan. within] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a life——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
Hear you, maid; where's my cousin *Cressida*?

Cre. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beshrew your heart; you'll never
be good; nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor *Capocchia*,—
(32) hast not slept to night? would he not (a naughty
man) let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [One knocks.

Cre. Did not I tell you?——would, he were knock'd
o'th' head!——who's that at door?——good uncle, go
and see.——My lord, come you again into my chamber:
——you smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troil. Ha, ha——

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such
thing.

How earnestly they knock——pray you, come in.

[Knock.

I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here.

[Exeunt.

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat
down the door? how now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

(32) *A poor Chipochia,*] This Word, I am afraid, has suffer'd under
the Ignorance of the Editors, for it is a Word in no living Language that
I can find. Pandarus says it to his Neice, in a jeering Sort of Tenderness,
upon her having made wanton the Night with *Troilus*, as our Author ex-
presses it in his *Othello*. He would say, I think, in *English*,——Poor In-
nocent! Poor Fool! *hast not slept to Night?* These Appellations are very
well answer'd by the *Italian* Word *Capocchia*: for *Capocchio* signifies the
thick Head of a Club; and thence metaphorically, a Head of not much
Brain, a Sot, Dullard, heavy Gull; *un balordo, lourdaus, tête sans cer-
velle*; or *cabeça fin feso*, as the *Spaniards* express it.

Pan.

80 **TROILUS and CRESSIDA.**

Pan. Who's there? my lord *Aeneas*? by my troth,
I knew you not; what news with you, so early?

Aene. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Aene. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him.
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn; for my own part, I came in late: what
should he do here?

Aene. Pho! — nay, then: — come, come, you'll
do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be so true to him,
to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go
fetch him hither, go. [*As Pandarus is going out,*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Aene. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomede*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Cressida*.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Aene. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy*.
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my lord *Aeneas*)

We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Aene. Good, good, my lord; the secret'st things of
Nature (33)

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

(33) ——— The Secrets of Nature

[*Have not more Gift in Taciturnity.*] This is the Reading of both the
Elder *Folio's*; but the first Verse manifestly halts, and betrays its being
defective. Mr. *Pope* substitutes

The Secrets of Neighbour Pandar.

If This be a Reading *ex fide Codicum* (as he professes all his various
Read-

Enter Cressida to Pandarus.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost: the Devil take *Antenor*! the young Prince will go mad: a plague upon *Antenor*! I would, they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would, I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; would, thou hadst ne'er been born: I knew, thou would'st be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor*! —

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou must go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father.

I know' no touch of Consanguinity:

Readings to be) it is founded on the Credit of such Copies, as it has not been my Fortune to meet with. I have ventur'd to make out the Verse thus;

The Secret'st Things of Nature, &c.

i. e. the *Arcana Natura*, the Mysteries of Nature, of occult Philosophy, or of religious Ceremonies. Our Poet has Allusions of this Sort in several other Passages.

Plutus himself,

That knows the Tinct and multiplying Medicine,

Haib not in Nature's Mystery more Science, &c.

All's Well, &c.

Cats, that can judge as sly of his Worth,

As I can of those Mysteries which Heav'n

Will not have Earth to know.

Coriolanus.

There are more Things in Heav'n and Earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your Philosophy.

Hamlet.

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No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet *Troilus*. O you Gods divine!
Make *Cressid*'s name the very Crown of falshood,
If ever she leave *Troilus*. Time, Force, and Death, (34)
Do to this body what extreams you can;
But the strong Base and Building of my Love
Is, as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it.—I'll go and weep,——

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding *Troilus*. I'll not go from *Troy*. [Exe.]

SCENE, before Pandarus's House.

*Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and
Diomedes.*

Par. IT is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her Delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes fast upon us: good my brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the Lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk into her house:
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know, what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you, walk in, my lords. [Exeunt.]

(34) ——— Time and Death
Do to this Body, &c.]

The first *Folio* reads,
Time, force and Death

When the Second Impression came to be publish'd, the Editors, I presume,
were at a Loss, and so sunk the Word upon us which they could not
make out. There is no Doubt, but the Poet wrote;

Time, Force, and Death,

i. e. The Compulsion of Fate; That, which the Latines call'd *Serua
Necessitas*.

SCENE,

SCENE, an Apartment in Pandarus's House.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. **B**E moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?

The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And in its sense is no less strong, than That
Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief;
My love admits no qualifying dross.

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—a, sweet duck!—

Cre. O Troilus, Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! let me embrace too:

Oh heart, (as the goodly saying is;)

O heart, O heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again;

Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strange a purity,
That the blest Gods, as angry with my fancy,
(More bright in zeal than the devotion, which
Cold lips blow to their Deities) take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Troi. A hateful truth!

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Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Cre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly : while injury of chance
 Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
 Of all rejoyndure, forcibly prevents
 Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows,
 Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs
 Each other bought, must poorly sell our selves
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
 Injurious Time now, with a robber's haste,
 Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
 As many farewels as be stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
 He fumbles up all in one loose adieu ;
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æneas within.] My lord, is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark ! you are call'd. Some say, the Genius so
 Cries, come, to him that instantly must die.
 Bid them have patience ; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears ? rain, to lay this wind, or
 my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cre. I must then to the *Grecians* ?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful *Cressid* 'mongst the merry *Greeks* !
 When shall we see again ?

Troi. Hear me, my love ; be thou but true of heart—

Cre. I true ? how now ? what wicked Deem is this ?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
 For it is parting from us :—

I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee :
 For I will throw my Glove to Death himself,
 That there's no maculation in thy heart ;
 But, be thou true, say I, to fashion in
 My sequent protestation : be thou true,
 And I will see thee.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 85

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent : but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* Centinels
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! be true, again?

Troi. Hear, why I speak it, love :
The *Grecian* youths are full of subtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gift of nature
Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;
How novelties may move, and parts with person——
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heav'ns, you love me not !

Troi. Die I a villain then !——

In this, I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high Lavolt ; nor sweeten talk ;
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are most prompt and pregnant,
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive Devil,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.

But something may be done, that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to our selves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Aeneas within.] Nay, good my lord,——

Troi. Come kiss, and let us part.

Paris within.] Brother *Troilus*,——

Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Aeneas* and the *Grecian* with you.

Cre. My lord, will You be true?

86 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Troi. Who I? alas, it is my Vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion;
I, with great truth, catch meer simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and by my soul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.

Diom. Lady *Cressid*,
So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to *Diomede*
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition towards thee, (35)
By praising her. I tell thee, lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my Charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

(35) *To shame the Seal of my Petition tow'rd's thee*
By praising her.] There is great Room for hesitating at this Expression.
To shame the Seal of a Petition, carries no sensible Idea that I can find
out. The Change of a single Letter makes *Troilus's* Complaint apt and
reasonable; and the Sense is this: " *Grecian*, you use me discourteously;
" you see, I am a *passionate* Lover, by my Petition to you; and there-
" fore you should not shame the Zeal of it, by promising to do, what I
" require of you, for the Sake of her *Beauty*: when, if you had good
" Manners, or a Sense of a *Lover's* Delicacy, you would have promised
" to do it in Compassion to his *Pangs* and *Sufferings*." Mr. Warburton.

Diom.

Diom. Oh, be not mov'd, Prince *Troilus*.
Let me be priviledg'd by my place and message,
To be a Speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll answer to my list: and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on Charge; to her own worth
She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour——no.

Troi. Come, to the Port——I'll tell thee, *Diomed*,
This Brave shalt oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand——and as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound trumpet.*]

Par. Hark, *Hector's* trumpet!

Æne. How have we spent this morning?
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field,

Par. 'Tis *Troilus'* fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Diom. Let us make ready strait.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity
Let us address to tend on *Hector's* heels:
The Glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.

Aga. **H**ERE art thou in appointment fresh and fair, (36)
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air

(36) *Here art thou in Appointment fresh and fair, Anticipating Time. With starting Courage, Give with thy Trumpet, &c.* I have alter'd the Pointing of this Passage for this Reason: The Poet seems to mean, that *Ajax* shew'd his starting Courage in coming into the Field before the Challenger.

88 TROILUS and CRESSIDA

May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purse ;
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the cholick of puffed *Aquilon* :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood :
Thou blow'st for *Hector*,

Ulys. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomedes* with *Calthas'* daughter ?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate ;
He rises on his toe ; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.

Aga. Is this the lady *Cressida* ?

Dio. Ev'n she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, sweet lady. (37)

Nest. Our General doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulys. Yet is the kindness but particular ;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.
So much for *Nestor*.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady :
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now :

(37) *Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet Lady.*] From this Line *Mr. Pope* has thought fit to degrade, or throw out of the Text, the Quantity of a whole Page. But is it not very absurd, that *Diomedes* should bring *Cressida* on, where so many Princes are present, and preparing to give her a Welcome, and then lead her off abruptly, so soon as ever *Agamemnon* has said a single Line to her ? *An idem tantum venerat, ut exiret ?* as *Martial* says of *Caesar's* coming into the Theatre. But is it not still more absurd for *Cressida* to be led off without uttering one single Syllable, and for *Nestor* and *Ulysses* to observe that she is a Woman of quick Sense, and glib of Tongue, as if she had said several witty Things ? Methinks, *Nestor's* Character of her Wit, from her saying Nothing, is as extraordinary as the two Kings of *Brentford* hearing the *Whisper*, tho' they are not present, in the *REHEARSAL*.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 89

For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted, thus, you and your argument.

Uly. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns!

Patr. The first was *Menelaus'* kiss——this mine——
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, Sir: lady, by your leave,——

Cre. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.——

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'th' head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Uly. It were no match, your nail against his horn:
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cre. You may.

Uly. I do desire it.

Cre. Why, beg then.

Uly. Why then, for *Venus'* sake, give me a kiss,
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his——

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Uly. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Nest. A woman of quick sense!

Dio. Lady, a word——I'll bring you to your Father.
[*Diomedes leads out Cressida.*]

Uly. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint, and motive of her body:
Oh, these Encounterers! So glib of tongue,
They give a Coasting welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

90 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

To every ticklish reader: set them down
For fluttish Spoils of Opportunity,
And Daughters of the Game. [Trumpet within,

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, and Attendants.

All. The Trojans' trumpet!

Ag. Yonder comes the troop.

Æne. Hail all the State of Greece! what shall be done
To him that Victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A Victor shall be known? will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?

Hector had ask.

Ag. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done, (38)
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore, *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride excel themselves in *Hector*;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And That, which looks like pride, is courtesie.

(38) *Agam.* 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done;] It seems absurd to me, that *Agamemnon* should make a Remark to the Disparagement of *Hector* for Pride, and that *Æneas* should immediately say, *If not Achilles, Sir, what is your Name?* and then desire him to take Notice, that *Hector* was as void of Pride as he was full of Valour. Why was *Achilles* to take Notice of this, if it was *Agamemnon* that threw this Imputation of Pride in *Hector's* Teeth? I was fully satisfied, that this Reproach on *Hector* ought to be placed to *Achilles*, as I have ventur'd to place it; and consulting Mr. *Dryden's* Alteration of this Play, I was not a little pleas'd to find that I had but seconded the Opinion of that Great Man in this Point. I regulated the Passage in the Appendix of my SHAKESPEARE restor'd; and Mr. *Pope* has follow'd my Regulation in his last Edition of our Poet.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 91

This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector's* blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to seek.
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A maiden battel then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter *Diomedes*.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomedes*: go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and lord *Aeneas*
Consent upon the order of the fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath. The Combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulysses. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What *Trojan* is that same, that looks so heavy?

Ulysses. The youngest son of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus says *Aeneas*, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches; and with private soul,
Did in great *Ilium* thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* *Hector* and *Ajax* fight.]

Aga. They are in action.

Nestor. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.

Troilus. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd; there, *Ajax*.

[*Trumpets cease.*]

Dio. You must no more.

Aeneas. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax.

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Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son ; (39)

A cousin-german to great *Priam's* seed :

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain ;

Were thy commixion *Greek* and *Trojan* so,

That thou could'st say, this hand is *Grecian* all,

And this is *Trojan* ; the sinews of this leg

All *Greek*, and this all *Troy* ; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my fire's : by *Jove* multipotent,

Thou should'st not bear from me a *Greekish* member,

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud : But the just Gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax* :

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus——

Cousin, all honour to thee !——

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector* !

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable,

(On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,

Cries, this is he ;) could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*.

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it :

The issue is embracement : *Ajax*, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,

(As feld I have the chance) I would desire

My famous cousin to our *Grecian* tents.

(39) *Thou art, great lord, my Father's Sister's Son ;*] For *Ajax*, as well as *Teucer*, was the Son of *Hesione*, who was the Daughter of *Laomedon*, and Sister of *Priam*.

Dio.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

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Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And signifie this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin:
I will go eat with thee, and see your Knights.

Agamemnon and the rest of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of Oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy*, no less to you.

[To *Troilus*.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's Greeting,
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Aene. The noble *Menelaus*.

Hect. O—you, my lord—by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Venus'* glove:
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon—I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekish* youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy *Phrygian* steed,
Bravely despising forfeits and subduements,

When

When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i'th' air,
 Not letting it decline on the declin'd :
 That I have said unto my standers-by,
 Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life !
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a Ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
 Like an *Olympian* wrestling. This I've seen :
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw 'till now. I knew thy Grandfire,
 And once fought with him ; he was a soldier good ;
 But by great *Mars*, the Captain of us all,
 Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hecl. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time :
 Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in con-
 tention,
 As they contend with thee in courtesie.

Hecl. I would, they could.

Nest. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-
 morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome ; I have seen the time—

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
 When we have here the base and pillar by us.

Hecl. I know your favour, lord *Ulysses*, well.
 Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
 Since first I saw your self and *Diomedes*
 In *Ilium*, on your *Greekish* embassie.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
 My prophesie is but half his journey yet ;
 For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
 Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
 Must kiss their own feet.

Hecl. I must not believe you :
 There they stand yet ; and, modestly I think,
 The fall of every *Phrygian* stone will cost
 A drop of *Grecian* blood ; the end crowns all,

And

And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Uly. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant *Heſtor*, welcome ;
After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.

Achil. I ſhall foreſtal thee, lord *Ulyſſes* ;—thou !
Now, *Heſtor*, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Heſtor*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Heſt. Is this *Achilles* ?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Heſt. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Heſt. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Heſt. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er ;
But there's more in me, than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him ? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name ;
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Heſtor's great ſpirit flew. Answer me, heav'ns !

Heſt. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud man,
To answer ſuch a queſtion : ſtand again.—
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Heſt. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee : henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;
But by the forge that ſmithied *Mars* his helm, (40)

Pll

(40) *But by the Forge that ſtythied Mars his helm.]*
So, again, in *Hamlet* ;

*And my Imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's Stithy.*

A

I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
 You wisest *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
 His insolence draws folly from my lips;
 But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
 Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;
 And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone,
 'Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
 You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
 If you have stomach. The general State, I fear, (41)
 Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
 We have had pelting wars since you refus'd
 The *Grecians'* cause.

Achil. Dost thou intreat me, *Hector*?
 To morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
 To night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you Peers of Greece go to my Tent,
 There in the full convive you; afterwards,
 As *Hector's* leisure and your bounties shall
 Concur together, severally intreat him

A *Stithy*, or *Stith*, signifies an Anvil. So CHAUCER in his *Knight's Tale*.
 ——— and the Smith

That forgith sharpe Swardis on the Stith.

And the Word is still current in our Northern Counties. But, I own, I suspect this not to have been our Author's Word either in *Hamlet* or here. For, in the first Place, an Anvil is far from being the dirtiest thing in a Smith's Shop: and then the Forge, or Furnace, cannot be said to anvil the Helmet. I have corrected;

But by the Forge that smithied Mars's helm.

A *Smithy* is the working Shop of a Smith; and to *smithy*, is, to perform the Work and Office of a Smith.

(41) *The general State, I fear,*
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.] This is obscurely express'd, but the Meaning must be this. Notwithstanding this Blustering which you have made, I fear, the whole *Grecian* Confederacy with their united Prayers could scarce prevail with you to make *Hector* your Adversary in good Earnest, to oppose your self to him. This will be farther explain'd by a Passage in King *Henry V.*

*Say, if my Father render fair Reply,
 It is against my Will; for I desire
 Nothing but Odds with England.*

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 99

To taste your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Excunt.*]

Manent Troilus and Ulysses.

Troi. My lord *Ulysses*, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?

Ulys. At *Menelaus*' Tent, most princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feast with him to night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Cressid*.

Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so much,
After you part from *Agamemnon*'s Tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulys. You shall command me, Sir:
As, gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*; had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Troi. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was lov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth.
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Excunt.*]



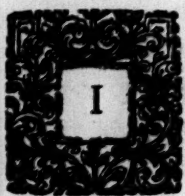


ACT V.

SCENE, before Achilles's Tent, in the Grecian Camp.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

ACHILLES.



I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes *Thersites*.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy? (42)
Thou crusty botch of Nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st, and
idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from *Troy*.
Patr. Who keeps the Tent now?
Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.
Patr. Well said, adversity; and what need these tricks?

(42) *How now, thou core of Envy?*

Thou crusty batch of Nature,] Thus all the printed Copies: but what is a crusty batch of Nature? We must certainly read, *Botch*; i. e. Scab, Sore, &c. So, before, in the Beginning of the 2d Act.

And those Boils did run — say so; — Did not the General run, were not that a botchy Core?

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 99

Ther. Pr'ythee, be silent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be *Achilles's* male-harlot. (43)

Patr. Male-harlot, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south; guts-griping; ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impostume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i'th' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter; take and take again such preposterous discoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whorson indistinguishable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleigh'd silk, thou green farcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies, diminutives of nature.

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to morrow's battel:

Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,

A token from her daughter, my fair Love,

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it;

Fall *Greek*, fail fame, honour, or go, or stay,

My major vow lyes here; this I'll obey.

Come, come, *Thersites*, help to trim my Tent,

This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, *Patroclus*.

[*Ex.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's

(43) *Thou art thought to be Achilles's male Varlet.*] Dr. *Thirlby* very reasonably conjectures, *harlot*; and this seems confirm'd by what *Thersites* immediately subjoins; — *Why, his masculine Whore.*

Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, (44) but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* (45) there his brother, the bull, (the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;) a thrifty shooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is,

(44) *And one that loves Quails,*] This I take to be an obscure Passage, not very commonly understood, and therefore may deserve a Note of Explanation. *Thersites* is every where scurrilous, and scandalous in his Observations upon the *Greeks*. He abuses *Menelaus* for a stupid Cuckold; and with the same Freedom, I apprehend, here he is charging *Agamemnon* with being a *Wencher*; in saying, he is a Lover of *Quails*. But what Consonance, may it not be ask'd, is there, betwixt *Quails*, and a Mistress? *Rabelais*, in the Prologue to his 4th Book, speaks of *Cailles coiffées mignonement chantans*; which *Motteux*, I find, has translated, Coated Quails, and laced Mutton, waggishly singing. — (Of laced Mutton I have already spoken in my 3d Note on the *Two Gent. of Verona* :) And *Cotgrave*, in his *French Dictionary*, seems to have had his Eye on this Passage, when he explaines *Cailles coiffées*, Women. Here's a little Authority for my Suspicion of *Shakespeare's* Meaning: and I'll throw in a Testimony or Two from a Contemporary Poet with him, by whom *Quail* is metaphorically used for a *Girl of the Game*. *Ford*, in his *Love's Sacrifice*, brings in a Debauchée thus muttering against a superannuated Mistress. "By this Light, I have toil'd more with this carrion Hen, than with ten Quails scarce grown into their first Feathers."

So we find *Mrs. Ursula*, in *B. Jonson's Bartholomew Fair*, complaining that She had no young Women for the Entertainment of her Customers. "Here will be *Zekiel Edgworth*, and three or four Gallants with him at Night, and I ha' neither *Plover* nor *Quails* for them: perswade This, between you Two, to become a Bird o' the Game, while I work the Velvet Woman within, as You call her."

(45) *And the goodly Transformation of Jupiter there his brother, the Bull, the primitive Statue and oblique Memorial of Cuckolds.*] I understand this Passage thus. First, he alludes to *Jupiter* having transform'd himself into a Bull to gain the Love of *Europa*; and then he calls *Menelaus* a Bull, as being a Cuckold; and then characterizes the Bull, as the primitive Statue and oblique Memorial of Cuckolds: i. e. A Cuckold is said to have Horns; a Bull has Horns; so, stands for a Cuckold obliquely; that is, typically, emblematically: as our Poet in *Hamlet* says, the Play is call'd the *Mousetrap*: Marry, how? tropically. — Mr. *Warburton* differs from me in the Construction of this Place; he thinks, *Menelaus* is call'd the Bull, and that he is likewise call'd the primitive Statue, &c. Then he objects, that *primitive* and *oblique* are contradictory Epithets, and cannot be applied to the same Thing: He therefore conjectures, the Poet wrote, — the primitive Statue, and Obelisque memorial of Cuckolds; i. e. "He is represented, says my Friend, as One that would remaine an
" eternal

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is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? to an ass were nothing, he is both ass and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and ass; to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conspire against Destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*; for I care not, to be the lowse of a lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*. —

Hey-day, spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomedes, with lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulysses. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave *Hector*; welcome, Princes all.

Aga. So, now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the Guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good night to the *Greeks'* General.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord *Menelaus*.

Thers. Sweet draught——sweet, quoth a——sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to Those That go or tarry.

Aga. Good night.

Achil. Old *Nestor* tarries, and you too, *Diomedes*, Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

" eternal Monument of Cuckoldom never to be effaced: And how could
 " this be better represented than by calling him an *Obelisque memorial*?
 " For of all human monumental Edifices the *Obelisque* is the most durable.
 " The *Egyptians*, 'tis well known, used it to record their Arts and Histo-
 " ries upon." — I could not in Justice stifle so ingenious a Conjecture,
 tho I have not disturb'd the Text; and submit the Passage, in present, to
 the Determination of the publick Judgment.

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Dio. I cannot, lord, I have important business,
The tide whereof is now; good night, great *Heſtor*.

Heſt. Give me your hand.

Ulyſ. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* Tent:
I'll keep you company. [*To Troilus.*

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Heſt. And ſo, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. That ſame *Diomede's* a falſe-hearted rogue, a
moſt unjuſt knave: I will no more truſt him when he
leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend
his mouth and promiſe, like *Brabler* the hound; but when
he performs, aſtronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious,
there will come ſome change: the Sun borrows of the
Moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word. I will rather leave
to ſee *Heſtor*, than not to dog him: they ſay, he keeps a
Trojan drab, and uſes the traitor *Calchas* his Tent. I'll
after — Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Calchas's Tent.

Enter Diomede.

Dio. **W**HAT are you up here, ho? ſpeak.
Cal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomede*; *Calchas*, I think; where's your daugh-

Cal. She comes to you. [*ter?*

Enter Troilus and Ulyſſes, after them Therſites.

Ulyſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſid.

Troi. *Creſſid* come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my Charge?

Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian; hark, a word with
you. [*Whiſpers.*

Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?

Ulyſ. She will ſing to any man at firſt ſight.

Ther.

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Ther. And any man may sing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulys. Lift. —

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery —

Dio. Nay, then, —

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworn —

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience —

Ulys. How now, *Trojan*?

Cre. *Diomedes*, —

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy Better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness!

Ulys. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you, Lest your displeasure should enlarge it self

To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you —

Ulys. Good my lord, go off:

You fly to great distraction: come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulys. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you, stay; by hell, and by hell's torments. I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

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Ulys. Why, how now, lord?

Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian——why, *Greek*——

Dio. Fo, fo, adieu, you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulys. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Troi. She stroaks his cheek.——

Ulys. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay; by *Jove*, I will not speak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potato finger tickles these together! fry, lechery, fry!—

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the Surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

[*Exit.*

Ulys. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, sweet lord,
I will not be my self, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-Enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.——

Cre. Here, *Diomedes*, keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulys. My lord.

Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well:——
He lov'd me:—O false wench!——Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again,
I will not meet with you to morrow night:

I pr'ythee, *Diomedes*, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all ye Gods! — O pretty, pretty pledge:

Thy

Thy master now lyes thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it:
As I kiss thee. — (46)

Nay, do not snatch it from me:

He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, *Diomedes*: 'faith, you shall
I'll give you something else. [not,

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. By all *Diana's* waiting-women yonder,
And by her self, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not—
I will not keep my word,

Dio. Why then, farewell,
Thou never shalt mock *Diomedes* again.

Cre. You shall not go; — one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Tber. Nor I, by *Pluto*: but that that likes not you,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come: — O *Jove*! — do, come: — I
shall be plagu'd.

(46) As I kiss thee.

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cre. He that takes That, must take my Heart withal.] Dr. Thirby
thinks this should all be plac'd to *Cressida*. She had the Sleeve, and was
kissing it rapturously: And, *Diomedes*, in kissing her, Snatches it back
from her.

Dio.

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Dio. Farewell 'till then.

[*Exit.*

Cre. Good night: I pr'ythee, come.

Troilus, farewell; one eye yet looks on thee,

But with my heart the other eye doth see. —

Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind.

What error leads, must err: O then conclude,

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

[*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more;
Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore,

Ulys. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulys. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul,
Of every syllable that here was spoke:

But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears; (47)

As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was *Cressid* here?

Ulys. I cannot conjure, *Trojan*.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulys. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulys. Nor mine, my lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn criticks, apt, without a theme

For depravation, to square all the sex

By *Cressid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Cressid*.

Ulys. What hath she done, Prince, that can foil our
mothers?

(47) *That doth invert that Test of Eyes and Ears.*] *What Test?* *Troilus*
had been particularizing none in his foregoing Words, to govern or re-
quire the *Relative* here: I rather think, the Words are to be thus split;

That doth invert th' Attest of Eyes and Ears.

i. e. That turns the very Testimony of Seeing and Hearing against
themselves.

Troi.

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Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out of his own eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is *Diomedes's Cressida*,

If beauty have a soul, this is not she:

If souls guide vows, if vows are sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the Gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity it self,

This is not she. O madness of discourse!

That cause sets up with and against thy self!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt. This is, and is not *Cressid*.

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides far wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As slight *Arachne's* broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance, strong as *Pluto's* gates!

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n:

Instance, O instance, strong as heav'n it self!

The bonds of heav'n are slip'd, dissolv'd and loos'd,

And with another knot five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasie reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomedes*.

Ulys. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that shall be divulged well;

In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart

Inflam'd with *Venus*——ne'er did young man fancy

With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul——

Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Cressid* love,

So much by weight hate I her *Diomedes*.

That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:

Were it a cask compos'd by *Vulcan's* skill,

My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,

Which ship-men do the hurricano call,

Constring'd in mass by the almighty Sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune's* ear

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In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on *Diomede*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Cressid*! O false *Cressid*! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulys. O, contain your self:
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*.

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous lord,
adieu.

Farewel, revolted Fair: and, *Diomede*,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulys. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I
would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode.
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of
this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond,
than he for a commodious drab: litchery, litchery, still
wars and litchery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning
devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the Palace in TROY.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. **W**HEN was my lord so much ungently tem-
per'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlasting Gods, I'll go.

Ant. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to day.

Hect.

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Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra;

Cas. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent;
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heav'ns, sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say: the Gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The Gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be perswaded, do not count it holy,
To hurt by being just; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'st thou to fight to day?

And. *Cassandra*, call my father to perswade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*]

Hect. No, faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harness, youth:
I am to day i'th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect.

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Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fool's play, by Heaven, *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Troi. *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.

Hect. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to day.

Troi. Who should with-hold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my *Retire*;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy Stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. *Hector*, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my self
Am, like a prophet, suddenly enrapt
To tell thee, that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a-field,
And I do stand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect.

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Hect. I must not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

Cas. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Androm.*]

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear *Hector* :

Look, how thou diest; look, how thy eyes turn pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector's* dead! O *Hector*!

Troi. Away! — Away! —

Cas. Farewel: yet, Soft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou dost thy self and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the Gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Alarum.*]

Troi. They're at it, hark: proud *Diomedes*, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pand. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pand. A whorson pifick, a whorson rascally pifick so
troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girl, and
what one thing and what another, that I shall leave you
one o' these days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too,
and

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and such an ach in my bones, that unless a man were curst,
I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she, there?

Troi. Words, words, meer words; no matter from the
heart:

Th' effect doth operate another way.

[*Tearing the letter.*]

Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pand. Why, but hear you —

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey! ignominy and shame (48)
Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Field between Troy and
the Camp.

[*Alarum.*]

Enter Therites.

Ther. NOW they are clapper-clawing one another,
I'll go look on: that dissembling abomina-
ble varlet, *Diomedes*, has got that same scurvy, doating,
foolish young knave's sleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm:
I would fain see them meet; that, that same young *Trojan*
ass, that loves the whore there, might send that *Greekish*
whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dis-
sembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless Errant. O'th'
other side, (49) the policy of those crafty sneering ras-

(48) *Hence, brothel, lacquey! —*] In this, and the Repetition of it,
towards the Close of the Play, *Troilus* is made absurdly to call *Pandarus* —
bawdy-house; for *Brothel* signifies nothing else that I know of: but he
meant to call him an Attendant on a Bawdy-house, a Messenger of obscene
Errands: a Sense which I have retriev'd, only by clapping an *Hyphen* be-
twixt the two Words.

(49) *O'th' other Side, the Policy of those crafty swearing Rascals, &c.*
But in what Sense are *Nestor* and *Ulysses* accus'd of being *swearing Rascals*?
What, or to Whom, did they swear? I am positive, I have restor'd the
true Reading. They had colloqued with *Ajax*, and trim'd him up with
insincere Praises, only in Order to have kind *Achilles's* Emulation. In
this, they were true Sneerers; betraying the first, to gain their Ends on
the latter by that Artifice.

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cals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese *Nestor*, and that same dog-fox *Ulysses*, is not prov'd worth a black-berry. — They set me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, against that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to day: whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Soft — here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for should'st thou take the river *Styx*, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall Retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude;
Have at thee!

[*They go off, fighting.*]

Tber. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*: now for thy whore,
Trojan: now the sleeve, now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Enter Hector.

Hec. What art thou, *Greek*! art thou for *Hector's* match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

Tber. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hec. I do believe thee — live.

[*Exit.*]

Tber. God o' mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle — yet, in a sort, lechery eats it self: I'll seek them.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou *Troilus's* horse,
Present the fair Steed to my lady *Cressid*:

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:

Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous *Trojan*,

And am her Knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew: the fierce *Polydamas*
 Hath beat down *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*
 Hath *Doreus* prisoner,
 And stands *Colossus*-wife, waving his beam
 Upon the pashed coarces of the Kings,
Epistropus and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is slain;
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and *Palamedes*
 Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful *Sagittary* (50)
 Appals our numbers: haste we, *Diomede*,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go bear *Patroclus*' body to *Achilles*,
 And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame,
 There are a thousand *Hectors* in the field:

Now

(50) *The dreadful Sagittary*

Appals our Numbers.] Mr. Pope will have it that by *Sagittary* is meant *Teucer*, because of his Skill in Archery. Were we to take this Interpretation for granted, we might expect that upon this Line in *Othello*,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised Search,

Mr. Pope should tell us, this meant to the Sign of *Teucer*'s Head: tho, indeed, it means only that Sign, which the Poet, in his *Comedy of Errors*, calls by an equivalent Name the *Centaur*. Besides, when *Teucer* is not once mention'd by Name throughout the whole Play, would *Shakespeare* decypher him by so dark and precarious a Description? I dare be positive, he had no Thought of that *Archer* here. To confess the Truth, this Passage contains a Piece of private History, which, perhaps, Mr. Pope never met with, unless he consulted the old Chronicle containing the three Destructions of *Troy*, printed by *Caxton* in 1471, and *Wynken de Werde* in 1503: from which Book our Poet has borrow'd more Circumstances of this Play, than from *Lollius* or *Chaucer*. I shall transcribe a Short Quotation from thence, which will fully explain *Shakespeare*'s Meaning in this Passage. "Beyonde the Royallme of
 " *Amasonne* came an auntyent Kynge, wyse and dycreete, named
 " *Epytrophus*, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse Beste
 " that was call'd *Sagittarye*, that behynde the myddes was an horse,
 " and to fore a Man: This Beste was heery lyke an horse, and had
 " his Eyen rede as a Cole, and shotte well with a bowe: This Beste
 " made

TROILUS and CRESSIDA 115

Now, here he fights on *Galatbe* his horse,
And there lacks work ; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or dye, like scaled shoals
Before the belching whale : then is he yonder,
And there the strawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath ;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes ;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulys. Oh, courage, courage, Princes ; great *Achilles*.
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance ;
Patroclus' wounds have rowz'd his drowfie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noseless, handleless, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth ; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to day
Mad and fantastick execution :
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck in very spite of cunning
Bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus* ! [Exit.

"made the *Greeks* fore aserde, and slewe many of them with his Bowe."

This directly answers to what our Poet says ;——

——*The dreadful Sagittary*

Appals our Numbers.

That our Author traded with the above quoted Book is demonstrable from certain Circumstances, which he could pick up no where else, and which he has thought fit to transplant into his Play : viz. The making *Neoptolemus* a distinct Hero from *Pyrrhus*, who was afterwards so call'd ; the Corruption in the Names of the six Gates of *Troy* ; *Galatbe*, the Name of *Hector*'s horse ; the Bastard *Margarelon* : *Diomed* getting one of *Cressid*'s Gloves ; *Achilles* absenting from Battle on Account of his Love for *Polyxena*, and the Messages of Queen *Hecuba* to him ; his taking *Hector* at a Disadvantage, when he kill'd him ; &c.

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Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou boy-killer, shew me thy face:

Know, what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.

Hector, where's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. [Exit.]

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, shew thy head!

Re-enter Diomede.

Dio. *Troilus*, I say, where's *Troilus*?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General, thou should'st have my Office,

Ere that correction: *Troilus*, I say, what! *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor *Diomede*! turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life, thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, *Diomede*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come Both, you cogging *Greeks*, have at you

Both.

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus*? O well fought! my youngest brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; have at thee, *Hector*.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

[*Fight.*]

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesie, proud *Trojan*.

Be happy that my arms are out of use,

My

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My Rest and Negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again :
Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well ;

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother ?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en *Aeneas* ; shall it be ?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He shall not carry him : I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off : Fate, hear me what I say ;
I reckon not, though thou end my life to day. [Exit.

Enter One in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek, thou art a goodly
mark :
No ? wilt thou not ? I like thy armour well,
I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it ; wilt thou not, beast, abide ?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exit.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*.
Mark what I say, attend me where I wheel ;
Strike not a stroke, but keep your selves in breath ;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about :
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my Proceeding eye :
It is decreed — *Hector* the Great must dye. [Excunt.

Enter Therites, Menelaus and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it :
now bull, now dog ; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo ; now, my double-
hen'd sparrow ; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo ; the bull has the game :
'ware horns, ho. [Ex. *Paris and Menelaus.*

*Enter Bastard.**Bast.* Turn, slave, and fight.*Ther.* What art thou?*Bast.* A bastard son of *Priam's*.

Ther. I am a bastard too, I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Bear will not bite another (51), and wherefore should one bastard? take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: If the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewell, bastard.

Bast. The devil take thee, coward.[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Hector.*

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without!—
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life:
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Rest, sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the Sun begins to set;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the Sun,
To close the day up, *Hector's* life is done.

[*They fall upon Hector and kill him.*]*Hect.* I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek*.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I seek.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, sink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews and thy bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slain.

Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.*Myr.* The *Trojan* trumpets sound the like, my lord.*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth;

(51) *One Bear will not bite another;*] So, *Juvenal* says more seriously:

———— *sevis inter se convenit Urfis.*

And

And, stickler-like, the armies separates. (52)
My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed,
Come, tye his body to my horses tail:
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.

[Sound retreat, Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes,
and the rest, marching.

Aga. Hark, hark, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it is so, yet bragless let it be:

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along; let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our Tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [Exe.

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

Aeneas. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field;
Never go home, here starve we out the night.

(52) And, Stickler-like, the Armies separate:] So Mr. Pope in both his Editions; by which Means, the Comparison stands thus;—"The Armies separate of themselves, as Sticklers separate others." But with that Editor's Permission, we must call back the Reading of the better Copies; and then the Sense will be this: "Night, Stickler-like, puts an End to the Engagement, and separates the Armies." I am apt to think, Mr. Pope did not know the Word, or the Office of the Person intended by it. The French call these Gentry, *Moyenneurs*, *Arbitres*, *Personnes interposées*. In this very Play, Diomedes and Aeneas are Sticklers to Ajax and Hector in their Combat: Seconds, to see fair Play, and arbitrate the Duel. The Word was familiar both to Ben. Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher.

Who is drawn hither by report of your Cartels, advanced in Court, to prove his Fortune with your Prize, so he may have fair Play shewn him, and the Liberty to chuse his Stickler.

Cynthia's Revue.

Lop. He keeps his Fury still, and may do Mischief.

Mil. He shall be hang'd first; we'll be Sticklers there, Boys.

Spanish Curate.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Heñtor* is slain.

All. *Heñtor*! —the Gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead, and at the murthrer's horses tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with speed;
Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and smile at *Troy*!
I say, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the Host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Address their dangers in. *Heñtor* is gone!
Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba*?
Let him, that will a shrietch-owl ay be call'd,
Go into *Troy*, and say there, *Heñtor*'s dead:
That is a word will *Priam* turn to stone;
Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it self. But march away,
Heñtor is dead: there is no more to say.
Stay yet, you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains:
Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-siz'd
coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth Goblins swift as Frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free March to *Troy*! with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquy; ignominy, shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! *[Strikes him. Exeunt.]*

Pan.

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Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd: Oh, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set at work, and how ill requited? why should our endeavour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd? what verse for it? what instance for it?—let me see—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths—

As many as be here of *Pandar's* Hall,
Your eyes half out, weep out at *Pandar's* Fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now; but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of *Winchester* would hiss;
'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

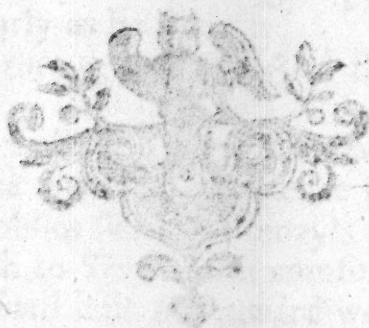


ROMEO

Far. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones! O world! world! world! this is the poor agent deliver'd:
On triflers and pawds, how earnestly are you set at
work, and how ill requit'd! why should our endavour
be so lov'd, and the performance so lov'd? what virtue
for it? what instance for it? — for me see —

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
Our being once lab'ring in armed call,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fall.
Good traders in the flesh, let this in your painted
clothes —

As many as be here of Pandar's Hall,
Your eyes half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the bell-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now; but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Warwick's would hit
Till then, I'll sweat and look about for ease.
And at that time beseech you my disease.
[Exit.]



~~PROLOGUE~~

R O M E O

AND

J U L I E T

PROLOGUE

TWO Households, both alike in Dignity, (1)
 In fair Verona, (where we lay our Scene)
 From ancient Grudge break to new mutiny;
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
 Whose mis-adventur'd piteous Overthrows
 Do, with their death, bury their Parents' strife.

(1) *Two Households, &c.*] The Fable of this Play is built on a real Tragedy, that happen'd about the Beginning of the 14th Century. The Story, with all its Circumstances is given us by *Bandello*, in one of his Novels; as also by *Girolame da Corte* in his History of *Verona*. The young Lover, as this Historian tells us, was call'd *Romeo Montecchi*; and the Lady, *Julietta Capello*. Captain *Breval* in his Travels tells us, that, when he was at *Verona*, he was shewn an Old Building, (converted into an House for Orphans,) in which the Tomb of these unhappy Lovers had formerly been broken up; and that he was inform'd by his Guide in all the Particulars of their Story: which put him in Mind of our Author's Play on the Subject. The Captain has clos'd his Account of this Affair with a Reproof to our excellent OTWAY, for having turn'd this Story to that of *Caius Marius*; considering, (says he,) "how inconsistent it was, (to pass by other Absurdities) to make the Romans bury their Bodies in the latter End of the Consular times, when every School-boy knows, that it was the Custom to burn them first, and then bury their Ashes."—I cannot help observing in Respect to Otway's Memory, that both *Interring* and *Burning* were at one and the same time used by the Romans. For Instance, *Marius* was buried; and *Sylla*, his Enemy, was by his own express Orders burnt; the first of the *Cornelian* Family, that had been so dispos'd of. *Pliny* gives us the reason for such his Orders: *Idq; voluisse, veritum talionem, eruto Caii Marii cadavere*. (Nat. Hist. l. vii. cap. 55.) He fear'd *Reprisals* upon his own Body, his Soldiers having dug up and committed Indignities on the Body of *Marius*. To this Fear of his, *Cicero* has likewise alluded

PROLOGUE.

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The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their Parents' rage,
Which but their children's End nought could remove,
Is now the two hours traffick of our Stage:
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our Toil shall strive to mend.

in his Second Book *De Legibus*. I had almost forgot to observe, that Pliny expressly says, Burning of dead Bodies was not an old Institution among the Romans; but their Dead were inter'd.—*Ipsam cremare apud Romanos non fuit veteris Instituti: terrâ condebantur.*



Dramatis

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PROLOGUE

Dramatis Personæ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *a young Nobleman in love with Juliet, and kinsman to the Prince.*

Montague, } *Two Lords of antient families, Enemies to*
Capulet, } *each other.*

Romeo, *Son to Montague,*

Mercutio, *Kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*

Benvolio, *Kinsman and friend to Romeo.*

Tybalt, *Kinsman to Capulet.*

Friar Lawrence.

Friar John.

Balthasar, *Servant to Romeo.*

Page to Paris.

Sampson, } *Servants to Capulet.*
Gregory, }

Abram, *Servant to Montague.*

Apothecary.

Simon Catling,

Hugh Rebeck, } *3 Musicians.*

Samuel Soundboard, }

Peter, *Servant to the Nurse.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to Montague.*

Lady Capulet, *Wife to Capulet.*

Juliet, *Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.*

Nurse to Juliet.

CHORUS.

Citizens of Verona, several men and women relations to Capulet, Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play, in and near Verona.



ROMEO and JULIET

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street, in Verona.*

Enter Sampson and Gregory, (with swords and bucklers,) two servants of the Capulets.

SAMPSON.



GREGORY, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in Choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your Neck out of the Collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the House of Montague moves me.

Greg. To move, is to stir; and to be valiant, is to stand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

Sam.

Sam. A dog of that House shall move me to stand : I will take the wall of any man, or maid, of *Montague's*.

Greg. That shews thee a weak slave ; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True ; and therefore women, being the weakest vessels, are ever thrust to the wall : — therefore I will push *Montague's* men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew my self a tyrant : when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids ?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand : and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well, thou art not fish : if thou hadst, thou hadst been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the House of the *Montagues*.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out ; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How : turn thy back and run ?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry : I fear thee ! —

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides : let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir ?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir ?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say ay ?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir !

but

but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man, as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say, better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *[They fight.]*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all *Montagues* and thee:

Have at thee, coward. *[Fight.]*

Enter three or four citizens with clubs!

Offic. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Montagues*!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch: — why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say: old *Montague* is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague, and lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, *Capulet* — Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with attendants.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steel —
Will they not hear? what ho, you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins;
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved Prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Montague*,
Have thrice disturb'd the Quiet of our streets;
And made *Verona's* antient Citizens
Cast by their grave, befitting, ornaments;
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankered hate;
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away,
You, *Capulet*, shall go along with me;
And, *Montague*, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.*]

La. Mon. Who set this antient quarrel new abroad;
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: In the instant came
The fiery *Tybalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds:
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in Scorn.

While

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the Prince came, who parted either Part.

La. Mon. O where is *Romeo*! Saw you him to day?
Right-glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd Sun (2)
Peer'd through the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad:
Where underneath the grove of sycamour,
That westward rooteth from the City side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Tow'rds him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.

I, measuring his affections by my own,
(That most are busied when they're most alone,)
Pursued my humour, not pursuing him; (3)
And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew;
Adding to Clouds more Clouds with his deep Sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering Sun
Should, in the farthest east, begin to draw
The shady curtains from *Aurora's* bed;
Away from Light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,

(2) ————— an hour before the worship'd Sun

Peer'd thro' the golden Window of the East,

A troubled Mind drew me from Company:] This is a Reading only of
Mr. *Pope's*, as far as I can trace, who had a mind to make *Benvolio* a great-
er Rake than we have Reason to think him from any subsequent In-
stance. What, in Company an Hour before Daylight? What odd kind
of Companions must this *Benvolio* have consorted with? This Reading
very reasonably seduced Mr. *Warburton* into an ingenious Conjecture;

A troubled mind drew me from Canopy:

i. e. from Bed. But I have restor'd the Text of all the old Copies.
Benvolio, being troubled and not able to sleep, rose an Hour before Day
and went into the open Air to amuse himself.

(3) *Pursued my humour, not pursuing his.]* But *Benvolio* did pursue his;
for *Romeo* had a Mind to be alone, so had *Benvolio*: and therefore as
Dr. *Thirlby* accurately observes, we ought to correct, He did not pursue
Romeo.

132 **ROMEO and JULIET.**

And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by my self and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself, I will not say, how true;
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm, (4)
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give Cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy Stay
To hear true shrift. Come, Madam, let's away. [*Exe.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me, sad hours seem long!
Was that my father, that went hence so fast?

(4) *As is the Bud, bit with an envious Worm,*

Ere he can spread his sweet Leaves to the Air,

Or dedicate his Beauty to the Same.] To the same? — Sure, all the Lovers of Shakespeare and Poetry will agree, that this is a very idle, dragging Parapleromatic, as the Grammarians style it. But our Author generally in his Similies is accurate in the cloathing of them, and therefore, I believe, would not have overcharg'd this so inspidly. When we come to consider, that there is some power else besides balmy Air, that brings forth, and makes the tender Buds spread themselves, I do not think it improbable that the Poet wrote;

Or dedicate his Beauty to the Sun.

Or, according to the more obsolete Spelling, *Sunne*; which brings it nearer to the Traces of the corrupted Text. I propos'd this conjectural Emendation in the Appendix to my *SHAKESPEARE restor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has embraced it in his last Edition.

Ben.

ROMEO and JULIET. 133

Ben. It was: what sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours?

Rom. Not having *That*, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out. —

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see path-ways to his will!

Where shall we dine? — O me! — What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

Oh, any thing of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this,

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is Love's Transgression. —

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have them prest

With more of thine; this love, that thou hast shewn,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes;

Being vext, a sea nourish'd with lovers tears;

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet:

Farewel, my cousin.

[Going.]

Ben. Soft, I'll go along.

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut! I have lost my self, I am not here;

This is not *Romeo*, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no; but sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will? —

O word, ill urg'd to one that is so ill! —

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man; — and she's fair, I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. But in that hit you miss; — she'll not be hit

With *Cupid's* arrow; she hath *Dian's* wit:

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow, she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,

That when she dies, with her dies Beauty's Store. (5)

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste.

Rom. She hath, and in that Sparing makes huge waste.
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair;

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other Beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

(5) *That, when she dies, with Beauty dies her Store.*] This conveys no satisfactory Idea to me. I have ventur'd at a slight Transposition, which gives a Meaning, warranted, I think, by what *Romeo* says in his very next Speech. She is rich in Beauty, and if she dies a Maid, she cuts off that Beauty from its Succession.

*For Beauty, starv'd with her Severity,
Cuts Beauty off from all Posterity.*

To call hers (exquisite) in question more:
 Those happy masks, that kiss fair ladies brows,
 Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
 He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
 Shew me a mistress that is passing fair;
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
 Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
 Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [Exeunt,

Enter Capulet, Paris, and servant.

Cap. And *Montague* is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you Both,
 And, pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long:
 But now, my lord, what say you to my Suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
 My child is yet a stranger in the world,
 She hath not seen the Change of fourteen years;
 Let two more summers wither in their pride,
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made:
 The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she.
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
 But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part;
 If she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent, and fair according voice:
 This night, I hold an old-custom'd Feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love; and you, among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house, look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven's light!
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
 When well-apparel'd *April* on the heel

Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female-buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
 Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, tho in reck'ning none.
 Come, go with me. Go, firrah, trudge about,
 Through fair *Verona*, find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Cap. and Par.*]

Ser. Find them out, whose names are written here? —
 It is written, that the Shooe-maker should meddle with
 his Yard, and the Tailor with his Last, the Fisher with
 his Pencil, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent
 to find those persons, whose names are here writ; and can
 never find what names the writing person hath here writ.
 I must to the Learned — in good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
 One pain is lessen'd by another's Anguish;
 Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning;
 One desperate grief cure with another's Languish:
 Take thou some new infection to the eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for That.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is:
 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
 Whipt and tormented; and — Good-e'en, good fellow.

[*To the servant.*]

Ser. God gi' good-e'en: I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Ser. Perhaps, you have learn'd it without book: but,
 I pray,

Can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry. —

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

[He reads the letter.

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters: Count Anselm and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely neices; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tibalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; whither should they come? (6)

Ser. Up. —

Rom. Whither?

Ser. To Supper, to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have askt you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the House of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [Exit.

Ben. At this same antient Feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all th' admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing Sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you saw her fair, none else being by;
Her self pois'd with her self, in either eye:

(6) A fair Assembly: Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither? to Supper?

Serv. To our House.] Romeo had read over the List of invited Guests; but he must be a Prophet, to know they were invited to Supper. This comes much more aptly from the Servant's Answer, than Romeo's Question; and must undoubtedly be placed to him.

Mr. Warburton.

But

But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your Lady-love against some other maid, (7)
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she will shew scant well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Capulet's House.*

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. NURSE, where's my daughter? call her
forth to me.

Nurse. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve Years
old) I bad her come; what, lamb, — what, lady-bird,
god forbid! — where's this girl? what, *Juliet*?

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter — Nurse, give leave a
while, we must talk in secret; Nurse, come back again,
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel: thou
know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet to my
teen be it spoken, I have but four;) she's not fourteen;
how long is it now to *Lammas-tide*?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

(7) ———— *let there be weigh'd*

Your Lady's Love against some other Maid.] But the Comparison was
not to be betwixt the Love that *Romeo's* Mistress paid him, and the Person
of any other young Woman: but betwixt *Romeo's* Mistress herself, and
some other that should be match'd against her. The Poet therefore must
certainly have wrote;

Your Lady-love against some other Maid.
So the Comparison stands right, and sensibly.

Nurse.

ROMEO and JULIET. 139

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammas-eve* at night, shall she be fourteen. *Susan* and she (God rest all christian souls!) were of an age. Well, *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammas-eve* at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, sitting in the Sun under the Dove-house wall, my lord and you were then at *Mantua* — nay, I do bear a brain. But as I said, when it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the Dove-house — 'twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge; and since that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand alone; nay, by th' rood, she could have run, and waddled all about; for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, (God be with his soul, a 'was a merry man;) took up the child; yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not, *Julé?* and, by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, ay; To see now, how a jest shall come about.—I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I should not forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and pretty fool, it stinted, and Said, ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, ay; and yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's stone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age? wilt thou not, *Julé?* it stinted, and said, ay.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest Babe, that e'er I nurst.
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theam
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour? were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than
you

Here in *Verona*, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,
The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady, lady, such a man
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. *Verona's* summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you, can you like the Gentle-
man? (8)

This Night you shall behold him at our Feast,
Read o'er the Volume of young *Paris'* Face,
And find Delight writ there with Beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry sev'ral Lineament,
And see, how one another lends Content:
And what obscur'd in this fair Volume lyes,
Find written in the Margent of his Eyes.
This precious book of Love, this unbound Lover,
To beautify him only lacks a Cover.
The fish lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride,
For Fair without the Fair within to hide.
That Book in many Eyes doth share the Glory,
That in gold Clasps locks in the golden Story.
So, shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making your self no less.

Nurse. No less? Nay, bigger; Women grow by Men.

(8) *What say you? Can you like the Gentleman?]* This Speech of
Lady Capulet, tho I cannot readily commend it, yet I could not conceive
I had any Authority to leave it out. I have restor'd many other
Passages in this Play, not of the best Stamp, but for the same Reason.

La. Cap.

ROMEO and JULIET. [141]

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris'* love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.

But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up,
you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curst in
the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence
to wait; I beseech you, follow strait.

La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County stays:

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Street before Capulet's house.

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six
other maskers, torch-bearers, and drums.*

Rom. **W**HAT, shall this speech be spoke for our
excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.

We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a scarf,

Bearing a *Tartar's* painted bow of lath,

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper: (9)

Nor a without-book prologue faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance.

But let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.

Being but heavy, I will bear the Light.

Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes

(9) *Scaring the Ladies like a Cowkeeper.*] I led Mr. Pope into this
mistaken Reading, which I once thought the true one, before I fully
understood the Passage. But I have prov'd, that *Crowkeeper*, which
possesses all the old Copies, is the genuine Reading of the Poet, in my
49th Note on King Lear.

With

With nimble soles ; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Lover ; borrow *Cupid's* Wings,
And soar with them above a common Bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his Shaft,
To soar with his light Feathers : and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull Woe :
Under Love's heavy burthen do I sink.

Mer. And to sink in it, should you burthen Love:
Too great Oppression for a tender Thing !

Rom. Is Love a tender Thing ? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous ; and it pricks like Thorn.

Mer. If Love be rough with you, be rough with
Love ;

Prick Love for pricking, and you beat Love down.
Give me a Case to put my visage in ? [*Pulling off his Mask.*
A Visor for a Visor !——what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities ?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter ; and no sooner in,
But ev'ry man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase ;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut ! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word ;
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire ;
Or, save your reverence, Love, wherein thou stickest
Up to thine ears : come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We burn our lights by light, and lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment fits
Five times in That, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask ;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well; what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom.—In bed asleep; while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then I see, Queen Mab hath been with you. (10)

She is the Fancy's mid-wife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman;
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart mens noses as they lye asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

(10) O, then I see, Queen Mab hath been with you:

She is the Fairies' Midwife.] Thus begins that admirable Speech upon the Effects of the Imagination in Dreams. But, Queen Mab the Fairies Midwife? What is she then Queen of? Why, the Fairies. What! and their Midwife too? Sure, this is a wonderful Condescension in her Royal Highness. But this is not the greatest of the Absurdities. The Fairies' Midwife? But let us see upon what Occasion she is introduced, and under what Quality. Why, as a Being that has great Power over human Imaginations. But then according to the Laws of common Sense, if she has any Title given her, must not that Title have reference to the Employment she is put upon? First, then, she is called Queen: which is very pertinent; for that designs her Power: Then she is called the Fairies Midwife; but what has that to do with the Point in hand? If we would think that *Shakespeare* wrote Sense, we must say, he wrote—the Fancy's Midwife: and this is a Title the most *à propos* in the World, as it introduces all that is said afterwards of her Vagaries. Besides, it exactly quadrates with these Lines;

——— I talk of Dreams;

Which are the Children of an idle Brain,

Begot of nothing but vain Fantasie.

These Dreams are begot upon *Fantasie*, and Mab is the Midwife to bring them forth. And *Fancy's Midwife* is a Phrase altogether in the Manner of our Author.

Mr. Warburton.

Made by the joyner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers:
 And in this State she gallops, night by night,
 Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love;
 On courtiers knees, that dream on curtsies strait:
 O'er lawyers fingers, who strait dream on fees:
 O'er ladies lips, who strait on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry *Mab* with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;
 Then dreams he of another Benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, *Spanish* blades, (11)
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very *Mab*,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lye on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear;
 Making them women of good carriage:
 This is she——

(11) *Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, Of healths five fathoms deep;*] As the Generality of the Terms, coupled here, have a Reference to the Wars, some ingenious Persons have conjectured that our Poet wrote;

Of Delves five Fathoms deep;——

i. e. *Trenches*; Places *delt'd*, or dug down. But, with Submission, I conceive the Text to be sincere as it is; and alludes to drinking deep to a Mistress's health. I find the like Expression in *Westward-hoe*, a Comedy wrote in our Author's Time.

Troth, Sir, my Master and Sir Gossin are guzzling; they are dabbling together fathom deep. The Knight has drunk so much health to the Gentleman yonder on his Knees, that he hath almost lost the use of his Legs.

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantasie;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more unconstant than the wind; who woos
Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our
selves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the Stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my suit! On, lusty Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the Stage, and Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter Servants, with Napkins.

1 *Ser.* **W**HERE'S *Potpan*, that he helps not to take
away; he shift a trencher! he scrape a
trencher!

2 *Ser.* When good manners shall lye all in one or
two mens hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Ser.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-
cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, save me a
piece of march-pane; and, as thou lovest me, let the
porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*. *Antony*, and *Pot-
pan*,—

2 *Ser.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Ser.* You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and fought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Ser.* We cannot be here and there too; chearly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter all the Guests and Ladies, with the maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet

Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.

Ah me, my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,

I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near you now?

Welcome, all, Gentlemen; I've seen the day

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!

[*Musick plays; and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit; nay, sit, good cousin *Capulet*,

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now since last your self and I

Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much;

'Tis since the nuptial of *Lucentio*,

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, Sir:

His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's That, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of Stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, fight;
I never saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This by his voice should be a *Montague*.
Fetch me my rapier, boy: what! dares the slave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman, wherefore storm you
so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A villain, that is hither come in spight,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?

Tyb. That villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And, to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What, Goodman boy—I say, he shall. Go to—
Am I the master here, or you? go to—
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop? you'll be the man?

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

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Cap. Go to, go to,
 You are a sawcy boy—is't so, indeed? —
 This trick may chance to scathe you; I know what.
 You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.
 Well said, my hearts:—You are a Princ Cox, go:—
 Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for shame)
 I'll make you quiet—What? cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different Greeting.
 I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand (12)

[*To Juliet.*

This holy shrine, the gentle Fine is this;
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,
 To smooth that rough Touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
 Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
 For Saints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do.

They pray, (grant thou) lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers effect I take:
 Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*

(12) *If I profane with my unworthy hand
 This holy Shrine, the gentle Sin is this,
 My Lips, two blushing Pilgrims, &c.]* All Profanations are suppos'd to
 be expiated either by some meritorious Action, or by some Penance
 undergone and Punishment submitted to. So, *Romeo* would here say,
 if I have been profane in the rude Touch of my Hand, my Lips stand
 ready, as two blushing Pilgrims, to take off that Offence, to atone for
 it, by a sweet Penance. Our Poet therefore must have wrote

————— *the gentle Fine is this.*
 So, in *Two Gent.* of Verona.

*My Penance is to call Lucetta back,
 And ask Remission for my Folly past.*

Mr. Warburton.

Jul.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that late they took.

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespass, sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kifs by th' book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother? [To her *Nurse.*

Nurse. Marry, batchelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talkt withal:

I tell you, he, that can lay hold of her,

Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all.

I thank you, honest Gentlemen, good night:

More torches here—come on, then let's to bed,

Ah, firrah, by my fay, it waxes late.

I'll to my Rest.

[*Exeunt.*

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old *Tiberio*.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young *Petruchio*.

Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,

My Grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,

The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen, unknown; and known too late;

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

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Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*
Nurse. Anon, anon—
Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old Desire doth on his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That Fair, for which love groan'd fore, and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she, as much in love, her means much less,
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But Passion lends them power, Time means, to meet;
Temp'ring extremities with extream sweet. [*Exit* Chorus.



A C T



ACT II.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Romeo alone.

ROMEO.



AN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center
out. [Exit.

Enter Benvolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my cousin Romeo.

Mer. He is wise,

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a Sigh,

Speak but one Rhime, and I am satisfied.

Cry but *Ay me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,

Speak to my gossip *Venus* one fair word,

One nick-name to her pur-blind son and heir,

(Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so true, (13)

When

(13) *Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so true,*
[When King Cophetua lov'd the Beggar-maid.] Tho I have not disturbed
the Text, I conceive, there may be an Error in the Word *Abraham*. I
have no Idea, why *Cupid* should have this *Prænomén*. I have suspected
that the Poet wrote,

Young auborn Cupid, ———

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When King *Copbetua* lov'd the beggar-maid——)
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
 I conjure thee by *Rosaline's* bright eyes,
 By her high fore-head, and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demeaſns that there adjacent lye,
 That in thy likenes thou appear to us.

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him,
 To raise a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle,
 Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
 'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
 That were ſome ſpight. My invocation is
 Honeſt and fair, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
 I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe trees,
 To be conſorted with the hum'rous night:
 Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he ſit under a medlar-tree,
 And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
 Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night; I'll to my truckle-bed,
 This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
 Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
 To ſeek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

i. e. *brown-hair'd*: becauſe in ſeveral other Paſſages where *auborn* ſhould be wrote, it is printed *Abraham* in the old Books. This old Ballad of the King enamour'd of the Beggar is twice again alluded to by our Author in his *Love's Labour's loſt*.

Arm. Is there not a Ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The World was guilty of ſuch a Ballad, ſome three Ages ſince, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found.

And *Armado* afterwards, in his ſuſtian Letter, names both the King and the Beggar.

The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet Eye upon the pernicious and moſt indubitate Beggar *Zenelophon*.

SCENE

SCENE changes to Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. **H**E jests at scars, that never felt a wound —
But, soft! what light thro' yonder window
breaks?

It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun!

[Juliet appears above, at a window.

Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious:
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off —
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it —
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night:
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.

Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art (14)

(14) O, speak again, bright Angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night,] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in this
Reading, yet the latter Part of the Simily seems to require,

As glorious to this Sight;

and therefore I have ventur'd to alter the Text so. i. e. Thou ap-
pear'st, over my Head, as glorious to my Eyes, as an Angel in the
Clouds to Mortals that stare up at him with Admiration.

As

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As glorious to this Sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
Unto the white upturned wondring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*——wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself, though not a *Montague*.
What's *Montague*? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face——nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my self.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus, bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear Saint, is hateful to my self,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?

Rom. Neither, fair Saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;

And

And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out ;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt :
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here ;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes :
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to night.
Fain would I dwell on form ; fain, fain, deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know, thou wilt say, ay ;
And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries, (15)
They say, *Jove* laughs. Oh, gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :

Or

(15) ——— *At Lovers' Perjuries,*
They say, Jove laughs.] This Remark our Poet, probably, borrow'd from
Ovid ;

Jupiter ex alto Perjuria ridet Amantum.

De Art. Amandi, lib. i. 635.

Or else from *Tibullus*, who has the same Sentiment ;

————— *Perjuria ridet Amantum*

Jupiter, & ventos irrita ferre jubet.

Lib. iii. El. 7.
To

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Or if you think, I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo: but, else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair *Montague*, I am too fond;
 And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
 But trust me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree-tops——

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb;
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the God of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not swear——although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this Contract to night;
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say, it lightens——Sweet, good night.
 This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
 May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet:
 Good night, good night——as sweet Repose and Rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

To this likewise the *Greeks* alluded in their Proverb, 'Αγγελίον ἄρκος
 ἐν ἐμπορίῳ. *Hesychius*, I remember, in quoting this Proverb, takes
 Notice of a Circumstance that I can neither recollect, nor trace, in *Hesiod*;
 viz. that He first feign'd that *Jupiter* and *Io* swore to each other.
 πρῶτον δὲ 'Ησιόδῳ ἐπλασεν, τὴν περὶ τῆς Δία καὶ Ἰω' ἰσχυρὰν.
Jupiter, we know, from Fables, often broke his Love-Oaths; so could
 not reasonably condemn the Practice in others.

Rom.

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou didst request it:
And yet I would, it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse:—Sweet *Montague*, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream;
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night, indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within: Madam.*

I come, anon—but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—[*Within: Madam.*] By and by, I
come—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night.

[*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! *Romeo*, hift! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Taffel gentle back again——
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How silver-sweet sound lovers tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!

Jul. *Romeo*!

Rom. My Sweet!

Jul. At what o' clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then,——
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there;
Remembring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly Friar's close Cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.

Fri. **T**HE grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light:
 And darkness flecker'd, like a drunkard, reels
 From forth day's path, and *Titan's* burning wheels.
 Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must fill up this osier cage of ours
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
 What is her burying Grave, that is her womb;
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find:
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.
 Nor nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give:
 Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true Birth, stumbling on abuse.
 Virtue it self turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime by action's dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this being smelt, with that sense chears each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still
 In man, as well as herbs, Grace and rude Will:
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full-soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodgeth, sleep will never lye ;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art uprouz'd by some distemp'rature ;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter Rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with *Rosaline* ?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father ? no.
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : but where hast thou been then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again ;
 I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physick lies ;
 I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich *Capulas* ;
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
 And all combin'd ; save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage : When, and where, and how
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us to day.

Fri. Holy saint *Francis*, what a change is here ?
 Is *Rosaline*, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken ? young mens love then lyes
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash't thy fallow cheeks for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste?
The Sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my antient ears:
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thy self, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a Grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. Oh, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come and go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste:

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the STREET.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. **W**HERE the devil should this *Romeo* be?
came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his father's, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline, torments him so, that he will, sure, run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old *Capulet*,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alás, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More than prince of cats? — Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause; ah, the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the, hay! —

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispings, affected phantasies, these new tuners of accents: — Jesu! a very good blade! — a very tall man! — a very good whore! — Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand-fire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O, their *bon's*, their *bon's*! (16)

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers

(16) O, *their bones! their bones!*] *Mercutio* is here ridiculing those frenchified fantastical Coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moy's*: and therefore, I suspect, here he meant to write *French* too.

O, *their bon's! their bon's!*

i. e. How ridiculous they make themselves in crying out *Good*, and being in Ecstasies with every Trifle: as he has just describ'd them before, — Jesu! a very good blade! &c.

that

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that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipsie, *Helen* and *Hera* hildings and harlots: *Thisbé* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *bomjour*; there's a *French* salutation to your *French* Slop. You gave us the counterfeits fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you Both: What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curt'sie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower. —

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit — follow me this jest, now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest,
Solely singular, for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs,
Switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done: for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting,
It is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not well-serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word broad, which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better, than groaning for love? Now thou art sociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this driveling love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale, against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse, and Peter her Man.

Rom. Here's goodly Geer: a Sayle! a Sayle!

Mer. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smock.

Nurse. *Peter*, —

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My Fan, *Peter*.

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said: for himself to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him:

him : I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well?

Very well took, i'faith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir,

I desire some confidence with you. (17)

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho! —

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir, unless a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in Lent.

But a hare, that is hoar, is too much for a score, when it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, antient lady:

Farewel, lady, lady, lady. [Exeunt Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what faucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

(17) *I desire some Confidence with You.*

Ben. *She will invite him to some Supper.*] Mr. Rowe first spoil'd the Joak of the Second Line in his Editions, and Mr. Pope is generally faithful to his Foot-steps. All the genuine Copies read, as I have restor'd to the Text;

She will indite him to some Supper.

Benvolio, hearing the Nurse knock one Word out of joint, humourously is resolv'd he will corrupt another in Imitation of her. Both the Corruptions are used by our Author in other parts of his Works.

Quick. ——— and I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next Time we have confidence, and of other Wooers.

Merry Wives, &c.

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have some confidence with You, that concerns you nearly.

Much Ado, &c.

Quick. ——— and he is indited to Dinner to the Lubbar's head, &c.

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Nurse.

Nurse. An a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an he were lustier than he is, and twenty such *Jacks*: and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure? [To her man.]

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers — Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to my self: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest unto thee —

Nurse. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon;

And there she shall at friar *Lawrence's* Cell
Be shriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abby-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords, made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewel,

Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Now, God in heav'n bless thee! hark you, Sir.

Rom. What sayest thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady;
lord, lord, when 'twas a little prating thing — O, —
there is a noble man in town, one *Paris*, that would fain
lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a
toad, a very toad, as see him: I anger her sometimes,
and tell her, that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll
warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout
in the versal world. Doth not *rosemary* and *Romeo* begin
both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse, what of that? both with an R. (18)

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for

(18) *Rom.* Ay, *Nurse*, what of That? Both with an R.

Nurse. Ah mocker! that's the Dog's Name. R. is for the no, I know it
begins with no other Letter,] I believe, I have rectified this odd Stuff;
but it is a little mortifying, that the Sense, when 'tis found out, should
hardly be worth the pains of retrieving it. The *Nurse* is represented as a
prating silly Creature; She says, She will tell *Romeo* a good Joak about
his Mistress, and asks him, whether *Rosemary* and *Romeo* do not begin
Both with a Letter: He says, Yes, an R. She, who, we must suppose,
could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and says, No, sure, I know
better: our Dog's name is R. Yours begins with another Letter. This
is natural enough, and very much in Character for this insipid, prating
Creature. R put her in Mind of that Sound which is made by Dogs
when they snarl: and therefore, I presume, she says, that is the Dog's
Name. A Quotation from *Ben Jonson's Alchemist* will clear up this Al-
lusion.

— He shall have a Bell, that's Abel;

And, by it, standing One whose Name is D

In a rug Gown; there's D and rug, that's Drug;

And right anenst him a dog snarling, — err;

There's Druggier, Abel Druggier. —

Mr. Warburton.

B. *Jonson* again, in describing the Sound of the Letters, in his *English Grammar*, says, R is the Dog's Letter, and birreth in the Sound. For this Reason *Persius*, the Satirist, call'd it *Litera canna*: — because the trembling Vibration of the Tongue in pronouncing it imitates the Snarling of a Dog. *Quod tremula linguæ vibratione, Canum, quum ringuntur, sonum imitari videatur*, says *Rob. Stephens*.

Irritata Canis quod RR quam plurima dicat.

Lucillius.

Thee?

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Thee? No; I know, it begins with another letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady— [Exit Romeo.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. *Peter,* —

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. **T**HE clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse:

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him — That's not so —

Oh, she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.

Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve

Is three long hours — and yet she is not come;

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me;

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes. O honey Nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nurse. *Peter,* stay at the gate.

[Exit *Peter.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse, —

O lord, why look'st thou sad?

Tho' News be sad, yet tell them merrily:

If good, thou shame'st the Musick of sweet News,

By playing 't to me with so fowre a Face.

Nurse. I am a weary, let me rest a while;

Fy,

Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak — Good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. Jesu! what haste? Can you not stay a while?
Do you not see, that I am out of Breath?

Jul. How art thou out of Breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me that thou art out of Breath?

Th' Excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer than the Tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to chuse a man: *Romeo!* no, not he;
though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs ex-
cel all mens; and for a hand, and a foot, and a bo-dy,
tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past com-
pare. He is not the flower of courtesie, but, I warrant
him, as gentle as a Lamb — Go thy ways, wench,
serve God — What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no — but all this did I know before:
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats, as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back, o' th' other side — O my back, my back:

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art so ill.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous — where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? — why, she is within;
Where should she be? how odly thou reply'st!

Your love says like an honest gentleman:

Where is your mother? —

Nurse. O, God's lady dear,
Are you so hot? marry come up, I trow,

Is this the poultis for my aking bones?

Hence-forward do your messages your self.

Jul. Here's such a coil; come, what says *Romeo*?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar *Lawrence*' cell,
'here stays a husband to make you a wife.

'ow comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

hey'll be in scarlet straight at any news,

hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,

But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune; — honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Romeo.

Fri. SO smile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,

That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare,

It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,

Which, as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey

Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,

And in the taste confounds the appetite;

Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth so:

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot

Will

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamour,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah! *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air; and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happiness, that Both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
'Till Holy Church incorp'rate two in one. [Exeunt.



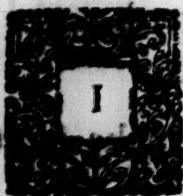


ACT III.

SCENE, The STREET.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and servants.

BENVOLIO.



Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad;
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a
brawl;
For now these hot days is the mad blood
stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword up-
on the table, and says, God send me no need of thee:
and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the
Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy
mood as any in *Italy*; and as soon mov'd to be moody,
and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have
none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why
thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a
hair less in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel
with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason
but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an
eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of
quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head
hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling: thou
hast

hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the Sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before *Easter*? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets*.

Mr. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou consort'st with *Romeo* —

Mer. Consort! what dost thou make us minstrels! if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's That, shall make you dance. Zounds! consort!

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry,

Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower;
Your Worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love, I bear thee, can afford (19)
No better term than this, thou art a villain. —

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a Greeting: villain I am none,
Therefore, farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the Injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise;
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good Capulet, (whose name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Abt la Stoccata carries it away. (20)

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you shall
use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will
you pluck your Sword out of his pilcher by the ears?
Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

(19) Romeo, the Hate I bear thee can afford
No better Term than this,] This is only Mr. Pope's Sophistication of the
Text. All the Copies in general, that I have seen, read,
Romeo, the Love I bear thee, &c.

Why then this Change? Is Mr. Pope really so great a Poet, and does
not know, that *the Love* here stands for the *little or no Love*, the *Hate* in
effect? Is it not frequent in Poetry to express Things by their Contraries;
to use *promise* instead of *threaten*, and *threaten* instead of *promise*? I'll
quote an Instance from *Virgil*, because *Servius's* Comment on it explains
the Practice of this Figure.

————— *Et Me, fors si qua tulisset,*
Si patrios unquam remeassem victor ad Argos,
Promissi ultorem, Et verbis odia aspera movi.

Promissi.] *Pro* minatus sum, *per Contrarium* dixit: quia minamur mala,
promittimus bona. Sic autem Horatius contra;

Atqui vultus erat multa & præclara minantis, i. e. *promittentis.*

(20) *Alla Stucatto.*] This smells a little too rank of Barbarism for *Mer-*
cutio, who is no ignorant Fellow, but understood at least his own Country
Language. *Stoccata* is the Italian Word for a certain Pass in Fencing.

Tyb.

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Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado. [Mer. and Tyb. fight.

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio* — beat down their weapons —
Gentlemen — for shame, forbear this outrage —

Tybalt — *Mercutio* — the Prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streets.

Hold, *Tybalt* — good *Mercutio*. [Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt —

A plague of both the houses! I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to
morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pep-
per'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your
houses! What? a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch
a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that
fights by the book of arithmetick? why the devil came
you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, *Benvolio*,
Or I shall faint; a plague o'both your houses!

They have made worms-meat of me,

I have it, and soundly too. Plague o' your houses!

[Exe. Mer. Ben.

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* slander; *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my cousin: O sweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valour's steel.

Enter *Benvolio*.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,

Which

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend;

This but begins the woe, others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. Alive? in Triumph? and *Mercutio* slain?

Away to heav'n respective lenity,

And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!

Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,

That late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio*'s soul

Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company:

Or thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst comfort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight, Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. *Romeo*, away, be gone:

The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain —

Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death,

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit Romeo.*]

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd *Mercutio*?

Tybalt, that murd'rer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lyes that *Tybalt*.

Cit. Up, Sir, go with me:

I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, their wives, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all

Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man slain by young *Romeo*,

That slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!—
Unhappy fight!—alas, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman — Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Montague*.

Prin. *Benvolio*, who began this fray?

Ben. Tybalt here slain, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay:
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio's* breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the *Montague*.
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe.

La. Mont. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio's* friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hearts proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lye a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses;
Therefore use none; let *Romeo* hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. (21)
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
"Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill."

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to an Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. GALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Tow'rs *Phæbus'* mansion; such a waggoner,
As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, (22)
That th' Run-away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo* Leap

(21) *Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.*] It is wonderful that Mr. Pope should retort the *Want of Ear* upon any body, and pass such an inharmonious unscanning Verse in his own Ear: a Verse, that cannot run off from the Tongue with any Cadence of Musick, the short and long Syllables stand so perversely. We must read,

Else, when he's found, that Hour is his last.

Every diligent and knowing Reader of our Poet must have observ'd, that *Hour* and *Fire* are almost perpetually *diffyllables* in the pronounciation and Scansion of his Verses.

(22) *Spread thy close Curtain, love-performing Night,*

That runaways Eyes may wink;] What Runaways are these, whose Eyes *Juliet* is wishing to have stopt? *Macbeth*, we may remember, makes an Invocation to Night, much in the same Strain:

Come, feeling Night,

Scarf up the tender Eye of pitifull day, &c.

So *Juliet* here would have Night's Darkness obscure the great Eye of the Day, the *Sun*; whom considering in a poetical Light as *Phæbus*, drawn

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Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
 By their own beauties: or if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Plaid for a pair of stainless maidenheads.
 Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle; 'till strange love, grown bold,
 Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night, come, *Romeo*! come, thou day in night!
 For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
 Whiter than snow upon a raven's back:
 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night!
 Give me my *Romeo*, and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
 That all the world shall be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it; and though I am fold,
 Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse!

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
 But *Romeo's* name, speaks heav'nly eloquence;
 Now, nurse, what news? what hast thou there?
 The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ay me, what news?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah welladay, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
 drawn in his Carr with fiery-footed Steeds, and posting thro' the Heav'n.
 She very properly calls him, with regard to the Swiftness of his Course,
 the *Runaway*. In the like Manner our Poet speaks of the *Night*, in the
Merchant of Venice.

For the close Night doth play the Runaway.

Mr. Warburton.

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We are undone, lady, we are undone. —
Alack, the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. *Romeo* can,

Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo!* *Romeo!*

Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo*?

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath *Romeo* slain himself? say thou but, I;

And that bare vowel, I, shall poison more (23)

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
(God save the mark,) here on his manly breast.

A piteous coarfe, a bloody piteous coarfe;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart! — poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;

Vile earth to earth resign, end motion here,

And thou and *Romeo* press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had:

O courteous *Tybalt*, honest gentleman,

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?

Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?

My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?

Then let the trumpet sound the general Doom,

For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,

Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did *Romeo*'s hand shed *Tybalt*'s blood?

(23) *And that bare Vowel, ay, shall poison more*

Than the death-darting Eye of Cockatrice.] I question much, whether the
Grammarians will take this new *Vowel* on Trust from Mr. *Pope*, without
suspecting it rather for a *Dyphthong*. In short, we must restore the Spell-
ing of the Old Books, or We lose the Poet's Conceit. At his Time of
day, the affirmative Adverb *Ay* was generally written, *I*: and by this
means it both becomes a *Vowel*, and answers in Sound to *Eye*, upon
which the Conceit turns in the Second Line.

Nurse

Nurse. It did, it did, alas, the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face,
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! Wolvish-rav'ning Lamb! (24)
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned Saint, an honourable villain!
O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the Spirit of a fiend
In mortal Paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forsworn; all naught; and all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me some *Aqua vita* —
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo*!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame;
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide him so!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him, that is my husband?

(24) *Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,
Wolvish ravening Lamb.*] This passage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the
Text, partly, I presume, because these two noble *Hemistichs* are, indeed,
inharmonious: [but chiefly, because they are obscure and unintelligible
at the first View.] But is there no such Thing as a Crutch for a labour-
ing, halting, Verse? I'll venture to restore to the Poet a Line that was
certainly his, that is in his own Mode of Thinking, and truly worthy of
him. The first word, *ravenous*, I have no Doubt, was blunderingly
coin'd out of *Raven* and *ravening*, which follow; and if we only throw
it out, we gain at once an harmonious Verse, and a proper Contrast of
Epithets and Images.

Dove-feather'd Raven! Wolvish-rav'ning Lamb!

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I, thy three-hours-wife, have mangled it!
 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives; that *Tybalt* would have slain;
 And *Tybalt's* dead, that would have kill'd my husband;
 All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was, worser than *Tybalt's* death,
 That murther'd me; I would forget it, fain;
 But, oh! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners minds;
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished!
 That *banished*, that one word *banished*,
 Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt's* death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
 Or if sow'r woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
 Why follow'd not, when she said *Tybalt's* dead,
 Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both*?
 But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt's* death,
Romeo is banished — to speak that word,
 Is, father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
 All slain, all dead! — *Romeo is banished!*
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt's* corpse.
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be
 spent,
 When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.
 Take up those Cords; — poor Ropes, you are beguil'd;
 Both You and I; for *Romeo* is exil'd.
 He made You for a high way to my Bed:
 But I, a Maid, dye Maiden widowed.
 Come, Cord; come, Nurse; I'll to my wedding Bed:
 And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maidenhead!

Nurse.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you. I wot well, where he is.
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence's* cell.

Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take this last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. **R**OMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such low'r company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say, death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say, banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without *Verona's* walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell it self.
Hence banished, is banish'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. That banished
Is death, mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smil'st upon the stroak that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,

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Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heav'n is here,
Where *Juliet* lives ; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her ;
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo* : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips ;
(Which even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.)
This may flies do, when I from this must fly ;
(And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?)
But *Romeo* may not ; — he is banished.

Hadst thou no Poison mixt, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, tho' ne'er so mean,
But banished to kill me ? banished ?
O Friar, the Damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it : how hast thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word, banishment ?

Fri. Fond mad man, hear me speak. —

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet, banished ? hang up philosophy :
Unless philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more —

Fri. O, then I see that mad men have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no
eyes ?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel :
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,

An

An hour but married, *Tybal* murdered,
Doating like me, and like me banished;
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
hair,

And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]

Fri. Arise, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thy self.

[*Knock within.*]

Rom. Not I, unless the breath of heartfick Groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the Search of Eyes. [*Knock.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock! — (who's there?) — *Romeo*, arise.

Thou wilt be taken — (stay a while) — stand up; [*Knocks.*]

Run to my Study — (By and by) — God's will!

What willfulness is this? — I come, I come. [*Knock.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:

I come from lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy Friar, oh, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's *Romeo*?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case, O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.

Stand up, stand up; — Stand, an you be a Man:
For *Juliet*'s Sake, for her Sake, rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an oh! —

Rom. *Nurse!* —

Nurse. Ah Sir? ah Sir! — Death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murtherer,

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Now I have stain'd the child-hood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how does she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, Sir; but weeps and weeps.
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. — Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [Drawing his Sword.]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly Woman in a seeming Man!
And ill-beseeming Beast in seeming Both!
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy self?
And slay thy lady, that in thy Life lives,
By doing damned Hate upon thy self?
Why rail'st thou on thy Birth, the Heav'n, and Earth,
Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which Thou at once would'st lose?
Fie! fie! thou sham'st thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit,
Which, like an Usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed,
Which should bedeck thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit.
Thy noble Shape is but a Form of Wax,
Digressing from the Valour of a Man;
Thy dear Love sworn, but hollow Perjury,
Killing that Love, which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy Wit, that Ornament to Shape and Love,
Mis-shapen in the Conduct of them Both,
Like Powder in a skill-less Soldier's Flask,
Is set on Fire by thine own Ignorance,

And

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And thou dismember'd with thine own Defence.
 What, rouse thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
 There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st *Tybalt*; there thou'rt happy too.
 The law, that threatned death, became thy friend,
 And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy;
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
 Happiness courts thee in her best array,
 But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
 But, look, thou stay not 'till the Watch be set;
 For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua*:
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O lord, I could have staid here all night long,
 To hear good counsel: oh, what Learning is!
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide,

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir:
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signifie from time to time
 Every good hap to you that chances here:
 Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE

SCENE changes to Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. **T**HINGS have fal'n out, Sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our
daughter:

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearly,
And so did I.—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to night.
I promise you, but for your Company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woove:
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her Mind early to morrow:
To night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her e're you go to bed;
Acquaint her here with my son *Paris*' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on *Wednesday* next,—
But, soft; what day is this?

Par. *Monday*, my lord.

Cap. *Monday*? ha! ha! well, *Wednesday* is too soon,
On *Thursday* let it be: o' *Thursday*, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble Earl.

Will you be ready? Do you like this Haste?
We'll keep no great a-do—— a friend or two——

For, hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what say you to *Thursday*?

Par. My lord, I would that *Thursday* were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone—— on *Thursday* be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [To lady Cap.
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewel, my lord—— light to my chamber, ho!

'Fore

'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by. Good night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, Juliet's Chamber looking to the Garden.

Enter Romeo and Juliet, above at a window ; a ladder of ropes set.

Jul. **W**ILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day :
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and dye.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well :
It is some meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua ;
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay, than will to go.
Come death, and welcome : Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my Soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away :
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;
This doth not so; for she divideth us.

Some

Some say, the lark and loathed road change eyes;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!

O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light? — More dark and dark
our Woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam, —

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*

Jul. Then, Window, let Day in, and let Life out!

Rom. Farewell, farewell; one Kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Romeo descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ah! husband!
friend!

I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days.

O, by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve (25)
For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul. —
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

[*Exit Romeo.*

Jul. Oh fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:

(25) ———— *And all these Woes shall serve*

For sweet Discourses in our Time to come.] This very thought is express'd
by *Virgil* on a like Occasion;

——— *For san & hac olim meminisse juvabit.*

Æneid. I. v. 293

The learned *Taubman* in his Note on this passage has amass'd several
similar Quotations.

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune:
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, , are you up?

Jul. Who is't, that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his Grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some Grief shews much of Love;
But much of Grief shews still some want of Wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the Loss, but not the Friend
Which you do weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the Loss,
I cannot chuse but ever weep the Friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, Madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, *Romeo*.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my Heart:

And, yet, No Man like He doth grieve my Heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the Traytor lives.

Jul. I, Madam, from the Reach of these my hands:

Would, None but I might venge my Cousin's Death!

La. Cap. We will have Vengeance for it, fear Thou
not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in *Mantua*,
Where That same banish'd Runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd Dram,
That he shall soon keep *Tybalt* Company.

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfy'd.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With

With *Romeo*, till I behold him — dead —
 Is my poor Heart so for a Kinsman vext.
 Madam, if You could find out but a Man
 To bear a poyson, I would temper it;
 That *Romeo* should upon receipt thereof
 Soon sleep in Quiet. — O, how my heart abhors
 To hear him nam'd, — and cannot come to him —
 To wreak the Love I bore my slaughter'd Cousin,
 Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

La. Cap. Find Thou the Means, and I'll find such a Man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful Tidings, Girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
 What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
 One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
 That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thursday* morn,
 The gallant, young and noble Gentleman,
 The County *Paris*, at *St. Peter's* church,
 Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by *St. Peter's* church, and *Peter* too,
 He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
 I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
 Ere he, that must be husband, comes to woo.
 I pray you, tell my lord and father, Madam,
 I will not marry yet: and when I do,
 It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
 Rather than *Paris*. — These are news, indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him so your
 self,
 And see, how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the Air doth drizzle Dew;
 But for the Sunset of my Brother's Son
 It rains downright. —

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Ever-

Evermore show'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood: the winds thy sighs,
Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body — How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks:

I would, the fool were married to her Grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud, doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! Chop Logick? What is This?

Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
And yet not proud! — Why, Mistress Minion, You,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst *Thursday* next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peter's* church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness-carrion! Out, you baggage!
You Tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with Patience, but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thursday*,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God had sent us but this only child;

But now I see this One is one too much,
And that we have a Curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding! —

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady Wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason — O, god-ye-good-den —
May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demians, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man:

And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's Tender,
To answer, I'll not wed, — I cannot love, —
I am too young, — I pray you, pardon me —

But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'th' streets;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall ever do thee good:

Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My Husband is on Earth, my Faith in Heav'n;
How shall that Faith return again to Earth,
Unless that Husband send it me from Heav'n,
By leaving Earth? — Comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heav'n should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as my self!
What say'st thou? ha'st thou not a word of Joy?
Some Comfort, Nurse. —

Nurse. Faith, here it is:
Romeo is banish'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands, as now it doth,
I think it best, you married with the Count.
Oh, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, Madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As *Paris* hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too,
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to *Lawrence's* cell,
To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [Exit.

Jul. Ancient Damnation! O most wicked Fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,

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So many thousand times? go, Counsellor, —
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain :
 I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy:
 If all else fail, my self have power to die. [Exit.

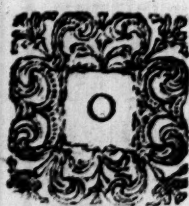


A C T IV.

S C E N E, *the Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.

F R I A R.



N *Thursday*, Sir ! the time is very short.

Pa. My father *Capulet* will have it so,
 And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's
 mind :

Uneven is this course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for *Tybalt's* death,
 And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
 For *Venus* smiles not in a house of tears.
 Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
 That she should give her sorrow so much sway ;
 And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
 To stop the inundation of her tears ;
 Which, too much minded by her self alone,
 May be put from her by society.
 Now do you know the reason of this haste ?

Fri. I would, I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[*Aside.*

Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady and my wife !

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, Love, on *Thursday* next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Jul. To answer That, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that :

For it was bad enough before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I speak, I speak it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now,
My lord, I must intreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion :

Juliet, on *Thursday* early will I rowze you :

Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit Paris.*]

Jul. Go, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
It strains me past the Compass of my Wits.

I hear, you must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thursday* next be married to this Count.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and *Romeo's* ; thou, our hands ;

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And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,
 Shall be the label to another deed,
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
 Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
 Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honour bring:
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution,
 As That is desp'rate which we would prevent.
 If, rather than to marry County *Paris*,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy self,
 Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame;
 That cop'st with death himself, to 'scape from it:
 And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Ful. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower:
 Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
 Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapeless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
 (Things, that to hear them nam'd, have made me trem-
 ble;)

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry *Paris*; Wednesday is to morrow;
 To morrow Night, look, that thou lye alone.
 (Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy chamber:)
 Take thou this vial, being then in Bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off;

When

When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowſie humour, which ſhall ſeize
 Each vital ſpirit ; for no Pulse ſhall keep
 His nat'ral progreſs, but ſurcease to beat.
 No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liveſt ;
 The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
 To paly aſhes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life ;
 Each Part, depriv'd of ſupple Government,
 Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold appear like Death :
 And in this borrowed likenes of ſhrunk death
 Thou ſhalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
 Then, as the manner of our Country is,
 In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Be borne to burial in thy kindred's Grave :
 Thou ſhalt be born to that ſame antient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye.
 In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
 Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
 And hither ſhall he come ; and he and I
 Will watch thy Waking, and that very night
 Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua* ;
 And This ſhall free thee from this preſent Shame,
 If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.

[*Taking the vial.*]

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and prosperous
 In this Reſolve ; I'll ſend a Friar with ſpeed
 To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall help
 afford.

Farewel, dear father ! —

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Capulet's House.*

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two or three servants.

Cap. SO many Guests invite, as here are writ ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Ser. You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers : therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time :

What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence* ?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her :
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where she comes from Shrift with merry Look.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To You and your Behests ; and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence* to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon : Pardon, I beseech you !
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go, tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence*' cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of Modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't, this is well, stand up ;
This is as't should be ; let me see the County :

Ay,

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy Friar, —
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thursday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her; we'll to Church to morrow.
[*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to night, let me alone:
I'll play the housewife for this once. — What, ho!
They are all forth; well, I will walk my self
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Against to morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt Capulet and lady Capulet.*]

S C E N E *changes to Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. **A**Y, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to my self to night:
For I have need of many Orisons
To move the heav'ns to smile upon my State,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of Sin.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busie, do you need my help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,

In

In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night,

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. Farewel — God knows, when we shall meet again!

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse — what should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone:

Come, vial — What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count?

No, no, this shall forbid it; lye thou there —

[*Pointing to a dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the Friar
Subtly hath ministred, to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?

I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man. —

How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that *Romeo*

Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there be strangled ere my *Romeo* comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

(As in a vault, an antient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried Ancestors are packt;

Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,

Lies festring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort —)

Alas, alas! is it not like, that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad. —

Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

(Invironed

(Invironed with all these hideous fears,) And madly play with my fore-fathers joints, And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud? And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone, As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains? O look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his Body Upon a Rapier's Point.——Stay, Tybalt, stay! Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

SCENE changes to Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. **H**Old, take these keys and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:

Look to the bak'd Meats, good Angelica.

Spare not for Cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;

Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to morrow,

For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what, I have watch'd ere now All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,

But I will watch you, from such watching, now.

[Ex. Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood ——

Now, fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap.

Cap. Make haste, make haste ; Sirrah, fetch drier logs,
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. 'Mass, and well said, a merry horson, ha !
Thou shalt be logger-head.—good faith, 'tis day.

[*Play musick.*

The County will be here with musick straight,
For so, he said, he would. I hear him near.

Nurse,—wife,—what, ho ! what, nurse, I say ?

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris* : hie, make haste,
Make haste, the Bride-groom he is come already ;
Make haste, I say.

[*Ex. Capulet and Nurse, severally.*

SCENE changes to *Juliet's Chamber, Juliet on a bed.*

Re-enter Nurse.

Nurse. **M**istress, — what, mistress ! *Juliet*—Fast, I
warrant her,
Why, lamb—why, lady—Fie, you slug-a-bed—
Why, love, I say—Madam, sweet-heart—why, bride—
What, not a word ! you take your pennyworths now ;
Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath set up his Rest,
That you shall rest but little—God forgive me—
Marry, and amen !—How sound is she asleep ?
I must needs wake her : Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed—
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be ?
What drest, and in your cloaths—and down again !
I must needs wake you : Lady, lady, lady—
Alas ! alas ! help ! help ! my lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born ?
Some *Aqua vitæ*, ho ! my lord, my lady !

Enter

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look,——oh heavy day!

La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee:

Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead: alack the day!

Cap. Ha! let me see her——Out, alas! she's cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been separated:

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flow'r of all the field.

Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful Time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
wail,

Tyes up my Tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding-day

Hath Death lain with thy wife: see, there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflower'd now by him:

Death is my son-in-law.——

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this!

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour, that Time e'er saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse.

Nurse. O woe! oh woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
Oh woful day, oh woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain,
Most detestable Death, by Thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel Thee quite over-thrown:—
O Love, O Life, not Life, but Love in Death!—

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable Time! why can'st thou now
To murder, murder our Solemnity?
O Child! O Child! My Soul, and not my Child!
Dead art Thou! dead; alack! my Child is dead,
And with my Child my Joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho, for Shame! Confusion's Cure lives
not (26)

In these Confusions: Heaven and Yourself
Had Part in this fair Maid; now Heav'n hath All,
And All the better is it for the Maid.
Your Part in her you could not keep from Death,
But Heav'n keeps his Part in eternal Life.
The most, you sought, was her Promotion;
For 'twas your Heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep you now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the Clouds, as high as Heav'n himself?

(26) *Peace ho for shame, confusions: Cure lives not in these Confusions,*] This Speech, tho' it contains good Christian Doctrine, tho' it is perfectly in Character for the Friar, and not the most despicable for its Poetry, Mr. Pope has curtail'd to little or nothing, because it has not the Sanction of the first old Copy. By the same Rule, had he pursued it throughout, we might have lost some of the finest additional Strokes in the two Parts of *K. Henry IV.* But there was another Reason, I suspect, for curtailling: Certain Corruptions started, which requir'd the indulging his private Sense to make them intelligible, and this was an unreasonable Labour. As I have reform'd the Passage above quoted, I dare warrant, I have restor'd our Poet's Text; and a fine sensible Reproof it contains, against immoderate Grief: for the Friar begins with telling them, that the Cure of those Confusions, into which the melancholy Accident had thrown 'em, did not live in the confus'd and inordinate Exclamations which they express'd on that Account.

Oh

Oh, in this Love you love your Child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing, that she is well.
She's not well married, that lives married long ;
But she's best married, that dyes married young :
Dry up your Tears, and stick your Rosemary
On this fair Coarse ; and as the Custom is,
And in her best Array, bear her to Church.
For tho fond Nature bids us all lament, (27)
Yet Nature's Tears are Reason's Merriment.

Cap. All Things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their Office to black Funeral ;
Our Instruments to melancholy Bells,
Our Wedding Chear to a sad Funeral Feast ;
Our solemn Hymns to sullen Dirges change,
Our bridal Flow'rs serve for a buried Coarse ;
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him ;
And go, Sir Paris ; ev'ry one prepare
To follow this fair Coarse unto her Grave.
The Heav'ns do low'r upon you, for some Ill ;
Move them no more, by crossing their high Will,

[*Exeunt* Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.

Manent Musicians, and Nurse.

Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows : ah, put up, put up ;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit* Nurse.

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, oh musicians, *heart's ease, heart's ease* :
Oh, an you will have me live, play *heart's ease*.

Mus. Why, *heart's ease* ?

(27) *For tho* some Nature bids us all lament.] Some Nature ? Sure, it is the general Rule of Nature, or she could not bid us all lament. I have ventur'd to substitute an Epithet, which I suspect, was lost in the idle, corrupted Word, *Some* ; and which admirably quadrates with the Verse succeeding this ; that tho' the Fondness of Nature lay such an Injunction upon us, yet that Reason does but mock our unavailing Sorrow.

Pet. O musicians, because my heart it self plays, my heart it self is full of woe. O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me!

Mus. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No mony, on my faith, but the gleek: I will give you the Minstrell.

Mus. Then will I give you the Serving Creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the Serving Creature's Dagger on your Pate. I will carry no Crochets. I'll re you, I'll fa you, do you note me?

Mus. An you re us, and fa us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron Wit, and put up my iron dagger:— answer me like men:

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,

Then music with her silver sound—

Why, silver sound? why, musick with her silver sound?

Why say you, Simon Catling?

Mus. Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! what say you, *Hugh Rebeck?*

2 Mus. I say, silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! what say you, *Samuel Sound-board?*

3 Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy, you are the *singer*, I will say for you. It is musick with her silver sound, because such fellows, as you, have no gold for sounding.

The Musick with her silver Sound

Doth lend Redress.

[Exit, singing.

Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 Mus. Hang him, *Jack*; come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[Exeunt.

ACT



ACT V.

SCENE, in MANTUA.

Enter Romeo.



IF I may trust the flattering Truth of Sleep, (18)

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

My bosom's Lord sits lightly on his Throne,
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love it self possesse,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthazar.

News from Verona — How now, Balthazar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? is my father well?
How doth my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capulet's Monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,

(28) *If I may trust the flatt'ring Truth of Sleep.] i. e.* If I may believe those Dreams; if I may confide in their flattering Tenour, as in a Promise of Truth.

And presently took post to tell it you :
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, Stars!
Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to night.

Balth. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd ;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar ?

Balth. No, good my lord.

Rom. No matter : Get thee gone,
And hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthazar.

Well, *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to night ;
Let's see for means——O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuft, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes ;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty Seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.
Noting this penury, to my self I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut :
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man; I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse it self thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary Taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua's law*
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.—
Farewell, buy food, and get thee into flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To *Juliet's Grave*, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Monastery at Verona.

Enter Friar John.

John. **H**OLY Franciscan Friar! brother! ho!

Enter Fryar Lawrence to him.

Law. This same should be the voice of Friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our Order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick;
And finding him, the Searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we Both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was staid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it; here it is again,
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my Brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron Crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[Exit.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone:
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell 'till Romeo come.
Poor living corpse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!—

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page, with a light.

Par. **G**IVE me thy torch, boy; hence and stand aloof.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of Graves)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. *[Exit.*

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew:
[Strewing flowers.]

Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hand;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With fun'ral obsequies adorn thy tomb.

[The boy whistles.]

—The boy gives warning, something doth approach;—
What cursed foot wanders this way to night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?
What! with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

Enter Romeo and Balthazar with a light. (29)

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning

O 3

See

(29) *Enter Romeo, and Peter with a Light.]* But Peter was a Servant of the Capulets: besides, he brings the Mattock and Crow to wrench open Juliet's Grave, an Office hardly to be intrusted with a Servant of that Family. We find a little above, at the very Beginning of this Act, Balthazar is the Person who brings Romeo the News of his Bride's Death: and yet, at the Close of the Play, Peter takes upon him to depose that

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See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light; upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring, a ring that I must use

In dear employment; therefore, hence, be gone:

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,

And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;

The time and my intents are savage, wild,

More fierce and more inexorable far

Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me Friendship. — Take thou
that;

Live and be prosp'rous, and farewell, good fellow.

Balth. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit Balthazar.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the Monument.*]
And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banisht haughty *Montague*,
That murther'd my love's cousin; (with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair Creature dy'd,)
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Montague*:

that He brought those Tidings. *Utri creditis, Quirites?* — In short,
We heard *Balthazar* deliver the Message; and therefore *Peter* is a
lying Evidence, suborn'd by the blundering Editors. We must therefore
cast out him, and put *Balthazar* on his proper Duty. The Source of this
Error seems easy to be accounted for; *Peter's* Character ending in the 4th
Act, 'tis very probable the same Person might play *Balthazar*, and so be
quoted on in the Prompter's Book as *Peter*.

Can

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;

Obeys, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed, and therefore came I hither. —

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;

Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone,

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

Pull not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!

By heav'n, I love thee better than my self;

For I come hither arm'd against my self.

Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,

A madman's Mercy bad thee run away.

Par. I do defie thy commiseration,

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight, Paris falls.*]

Page. Oh lord, they fight! I will go call the Watch.

Par. Oh, I am slain; if thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet*. [Dyes.]

Rom. In faith, I will: let me peruse this face —

Mercutio's kinsman! Noble County *Paris*!

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think,

He told me, *Paris* should have married *Juliet*.

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,

To think it was so? Oh give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour Misfortune's book,

I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.

A Grave? O, no; a Lanthorn, slaughter'd Youth;

For here lyes *Juliet*; and her Beauty makes

This vault a feasting Presence full of Light.

Death, lye thou there, by a dead Man interr'd: —

[*Laying Paris in the Monument.*]

How oft, when Men are at the point of Death,

Have they been merry? which their Keepers call

A Lightning before Death. — O, how may I

Call this a Lightning! — Oh my love, my wife!

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Death, that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
 Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,
 To sunder his, that was thy enemy ?
 Forgive me, cousin. — Ah dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe,
 That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
 And never from this Palace of dim Night (30)
 Depart again: Here, here will I remain,
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
 Will I set up my everlasting Rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
 Come, bitter conduct! come, unfavoury guide!
 Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark:

(30) *And never from this Palace of dim Night
 Depart again. (Come, lye Thou in my Arms;
 Here's to thy Health. O true Apothecary!*

Thy Drugs are quick.]] Mr. Pope's, and some other of the worse, Editions acknowledge absurdly the Lines which I have put into Parenthesis here; and which I have expung'd from the Text, for this Reason: Romeo is made to confess the Effect of the Poison, before ever he has tasted it. I suppose, it hardly was so savoury that the Patient should chuse to make two Draughts of it. And, eight Lines after these, we find him taking the Poison in his hand, and making an Apostrophe to it; inviting it to perform its Office at once; and then, and not till then, does he clap it to his Lips, or can with any Probability speak of its instant Force and Effects. Besides, Shakespeare would hardly have made Romeo drink to the Health of his dead Mistress.

Here's

Here's to my love! oh, true apothecary!

[Drinks the poison.]

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. *[Dies.]*

Enter Friar Lawrence with lanthorn, crow, and spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my Speed! how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at Graves? who's there?

Enter Balthazar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you
well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capulets' Monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy Sir,
And there's my master, one you dearly love.

Fri. Who is it?

Balth. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Balth. I dare not, Sir.

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt, my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and goary swords,
To lye discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo! oh pale! who else? what Paris too?

And steep'd in blood? ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?

The lady stirs,

Jul.

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Jul. [awaking.] Oh comfortable Friar, where is my lord?

I do remember well, where I should be;
And there I am; but where is *Romeo*?

Fri. I hear some noise! Lady, come from that Nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power, than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And *Paris* too — Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy Nuns:

Stay not to question, for the Watch is coming.
Come, go, good *Juliet*; I dare no longer stay. [Exit.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them;
To make me dye with a Restorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead, boy, which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?

Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[Finding a dagger.
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

[Kills herself.

Boy. This is the place; there, where the torch doth
burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the
church-yard;

Go, some of you, whom e'er you find, attach.

Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain,

And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.

Go tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,

Raise up the *Montagues*; Some others, search. —

We see the Ground whereon these Woes do lye:

But the true ground of all these piteous Woes
We cannot without Circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthazar.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Lawrence.

3 *Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion : stay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince, and attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's Rest ?

Enter Capulet and lady Capulet.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry, Romeo ;
Some, Juliet ; and some, Paris ; and all run
With open out-cry tow'rd our Monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your ears ?

Watch. Sovereign, here lyes the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know, how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead mens tombs.

Cap. Oh, heav'n ! oh, wife ! look how our daughter bleeds !

This dagger hath mista'en ; for, loe ! the sheath
Lies empty on the back of Montague,
The point mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap.

La. Cap. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come, *Montague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stop'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. Oh, thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a Grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of out-rage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be General of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to Death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
My self condemned, and my self excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*;
And she, there dead, that *Romeo's* faithful wife:
I married them; and their stoln marriage day
Was *Tybalt's* dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage;
Or, in my Cell, there would she kill her self.
Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my art)

A sleep-

A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended ; for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed Grave ;
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he, which bore my letter, Friar *John*,
Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back ; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's Vault ;
Meaning to keep her closely at my Cell,
'Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience :
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desp'rate, would not go with me :
But, as it seems, did violence on her self.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy ; but if ought in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for an holy man.
Where's *Romeo*'s man ? what can he say to this ?

Balth. I brought my master news of *Juliet*'s death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*
To this same place, to this same Monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatned me with death, going to the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page, that rais'd the Watch ?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's Grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :

Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,

And

And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lye with *Juliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet! Montague!*
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd!

Cap. O brother *Montague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her Statue in pure gold;
That, while *Verona* by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo's* by his lady lye;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy Peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



Dramatis Personae

HAMLET

Prince of *Denmark*

SCENE FIRST

Dramatis Personæ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

Fortinbras, *Prince of Norway.*

Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.*

Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*

Horatio, *Friend to Hamlet.*

Laertes, *Son to Polonius.*

Voltemand,

Cornelius,

Rosencrantz,

Guildenstern,

Osrick, *a Fop.*

Marcellus, *an Officer.*

Bernardo,

Francisco,

Reynoldo, *Servant to Polonius.*

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Gertrude, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.*

Ophelia, *Daughter to Polonius, beloved by Hamlet.*

Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, ELSENOOR.



H A M L E T,

Prince of DENMARK. (I)

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Platform before the Palace.*

Enter, Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

BERNARDO.

Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold
your self.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, *Francisco.*

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P

Fran.

(1) Honest *Langbaine* (in his account of *Dramatic Poets*) having told us, that he knew not whether this Story were true or false, not finding in the List given by Doctor *Heylin* such a King of *Denmark* as *Claudius*; Mr. *Pope* comes and tells us, that this Story was not invented by our Author, tho, from whence he took it, he knows not. *Langbaine* gives

226 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The rivals of my Watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them. Stand, ho! who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liege-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. Oh, farewell, honest soldier; who hath reliev'd
you?

Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: give you good night.

[*Exit Francisco.*]

us a sensible Reason for his Ignorance in this Point; what to make of Mr. *Pope's* Assertion upon the Grounds he gives us for it, I confess, I know not. But we'll allow this Gentleman, for once, a Prophet in his Declaration: for the Story is taken from *Saxo Grammaticus* in his *Danish History*. I'll subjoin a short Extract of the material Circumstances, on which the Groundwork of the Plot is built: and how happily the Poet has adapted his Incidents, I shall leave to the Observation of every Reader. The Historian calls our Poet's Hero, *Amlethus*; his Father, *Horwendillus*; his Uncle, *Fengo*; and his Mother, *Gerutha*. The Old King in single Combat slew *Colerus*, King of Norway; *Fengo* makes away with his Brother *Horwendillus*, and marries his Widow *Gerutha*. *Amlethus*, to avoid being suspected by his Uncle of Designs, assumes a Form of utter Madness. A fine Woman is planted upon him, to try if he would yield to the Impressions of Love. *Fengo* contrives, that *Amlethus*, in order to sound him, should be closeted by his Mother. A Man is conceal'd in the Rushes to overhear their Discourse; whom *Amlethus* discovers and kills. When the Queen is frighted at this Behaviour of his, he tasks her about her criminal Course of Life, and incestuous Conversation with her former Husband's Murderer: confesses, his Madness is but counterfeited, to preserve himself and secure his Revenge for his Father; to which he enjoins the Queen's Silence. *Fengo* sends *Amlethus* to *Britaine*: Two of the King's Servants attend him, with Letters to the *British* King, strictly pressing the Death of *Amlethus*, who, in the Night-time, coming at their Commission, o'er-reads it, forms a new one, and turns the Destruction, design'd towards himself, on the Bearers of the Letters. *Amlethus*, returning home, by a Wile surprizes and kills his Uncle.

Mar.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 227

Mar. Holla! *Bernardo*, —

Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says, 'tis but our phantasie;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same Star, that's westward from the Pole,
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heav'n,
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,
The bell then beating one, —

Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter the Ghost.

Look, where it comes again.

Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, *Horatio*.

Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the Majesty of buried *Denmark*
Did sometime march? by Heav'n, I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended,

228 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark*:

Ber. See ! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay ; speak ; I charge thee, speak. [*Ex. Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio* ? you tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than phantasie ?

What think you of it ?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King ?

Hor. As thou art to thy self.

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated :
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledged *Polack* on the ice.

'Tis strange——

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk, he hath gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant Watch
So nightly toils the Subjects of the Land ?
And why such daily cast of brazen Cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war ?
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week ?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day :
Who is't, that can inform me ?

Hor. That can I ;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight : In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras* : who by seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 229

Did forfeit (with his life) all those his Lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the Conqueror :
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King ; which had Return
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vanquisher ; as by that cov'nant,
And carriage of the articles design'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
For food and dyet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in't : which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our State,
But to recover of us by strong hand,
And terms compulsative, those foresaid Lands
So by his father lost : and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the Land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so :
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King,
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy State of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell,
The Graves stood tenantless ; the sheeted Dead
Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* streets ;
Stars shon with trains of fire, Dews of blood fell ;
Disasters veil'd the Sun ; and the moist Star,
Upon whose influence *Neptune's* Empire stands,
Was sick almost to doom's-day with eclipse.
And even the like precursor of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen'd Coming on, (2)

P 3

Have

(2) *And Prologue to the Omen coming on.*] But *Prologue* and *Omen* are merely synonymous here, and must signify one and the same Thing. But the Poet means, that these strange *Phænomena* are *Prologues*, and Fore-

230 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Have heav'n and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and country-men,

Enter Ghost again.

But soft, behold ! lo, where it comes again !
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion !

[Spreading his Arms.]

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me.

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me ;
Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy Country's fate,
Which, happily, Foreknowing may avoid,
Oh speak !——

Or, if thou hast uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth, *[Cock crows.]*
For which, they say, you Spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and speak——Stop it, Marcellus.——

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan ?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here——

Hor. 'Tis here——

Mar. 'Tis gone.

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majesticall,
To offer it the shew of violence ;
For it is as the air, invulnerable ;
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of day ; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies

Forerunners, of the Events *presag'd* by them : And such Sense the slight
Alteration, which I have ventur'd to make by a single Letter added,
very aptly gives.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 231

To his Confiner: And of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no Spirit walks abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For, upon my life,
This Spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent, we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Palace.

*Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius,
Lords and Attendants.*

King. **T**Hough yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it fitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,
Th' imperial Jointress of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,

232 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife. — Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along : (for all, our thanks.)
Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth ;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our State to be disjoint and out of frame ;
Collegued with this dream of his advantage ;
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his father, by all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. — So much for him. —
Now for our self, and for this time of meeting :
Thus much the business is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
(Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,) to suppress
His further gate herein ; in that the Levies,
The Lifts, and full Proportions are all made
Out of his Subjects: and we here dispatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearers of this Greeting to old *Norway* ;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the King, more than the scope
Which these dilated articles allow.

Farewel, and let your haste commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing ; heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you ?
You told us of some suit. What is't, *Laertes* ?
You cannot speak of Reason to the *Dane*,
And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg, *Laertes*,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking ?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, *Laertes* ?

Laer.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 233

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*;
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*
To shew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again tow'rd *France*:
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what says *Polonius*?

Pol. He hath, my lord, by laboursome petition,
Wrung from me my slow leave; and, at the last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine; (3)
And thy best Graces spend it at thy will.
But now, my cousin *Hamlet*, and my son —

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it, that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die;
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not *seems*:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn Black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

(3) *Take thy fair hour, Laertes, time be thine,*

And thy fair Graces; spend it at thy Will.] This is the Pointing in both Mr. Pope's Editions; but the Poet's Meaning is lost by it, and the Close of the Sentence miserably flatten'd. The Pointing, I have restor'd, is that of the best Copies; and the Sense, this; "You have my Leave to go, *Laertes*; make the fairest Use you please of your Time, and spend it at your Will with the fairest Graces you are Master of."

234 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed *seem*,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have That within, which passeth shew:
These, but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But you must know, your father lost a father; (4)
That father lost, lost, his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
It shews a will most incorrect to heav'n,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple, and unschool'd:
For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common theam
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
From the first coarse, 'till he that died to day,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne;

(4) *But you must know, your Father lost a Father;
That Father his, —*] This suppos'd Refinement is from Mr. Pope;
but all the Editions else, that I have met with, old and modern, read,
That Father lost, lost, his;

The Reduplication of which Word here gives an Energy and an Elegance, which is much easier to be conceiv'd, than explain'd in Terms. And every judicious Reader of this Poet must have observ'd, how frequent it is with him to make this Reduplication; where he intends either to assert or deny, augment or diminish, or add a Degree of Vehemence to his Expression.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 235

And with't no less nobility of love, (5)
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent (6)

In going back to school to *Wittenberg*,

It is most retrograde to our desire:

And we beseech you, bend you to remain

Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, *Hamlet*:
I pr'ythee, stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;

Be as our self in *Denmark*. Madam, come;

This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*

Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof

No jocund health, that *Denmark* drinks to day,

But the great Cannon to the clouds shall tell;

And the King's rowse the heav'n shall bruit again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh, that this too-too-solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve it self into a dew!

(5) *And with no less Nobility of Love,
Than that which dearest Father bears his Son,*

Do I impart towards you.] But what does the King impart? We want the Substantive govern'd of the Verb. The King had declar'd *Hamlet* his immediate Successor; and with That Declaration, he must mean, he imparts to him as noble a Love, as ever fond Father tender'd to his own Son. I have ventur'd to make the Text conform with this Sense.

(6) ————— *For your Intent*

In going back to School to Wittenberg;] The Poet uses a *Prolepsis* here: for the University at *Wittenberg* was open'd by Frederick the 3d Elector of Saxony in the Year 1502, several Ages later in Time than the Date of *Hamlet*. But I design'd this Remark for another purpose. I would take Notice, that a considerable Space of Years is spent in this Tragedy; or *Hamlet*, as a Prince, should be too old to go to an University. We here find him a Scholar resident at that University; but, in *Act* 5th, we find him plainly 30 Years old: for the *Gravedigger* had taken up that Occupation the very day on which young *Hamlet* was born, and had follow'd it, as he says, Thirty Years.

Or

236 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark*:

Or that the Everlasting had not fixt (7)
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! Oh God! oh God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world?
 Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it meerly. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead! nay, not so much; not two,——
 So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr: so loving to my mother, (8)
 That he would not let e'en the winds of heav'n

Visit

(7) *Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd*

His Cannon 'gainst Self-Slaughter!] The Generality of the Editions read thus, as if the Poet's Thought were, *Or that the Almighty had not planted his Artillery, his Resentment, or Arms of Vengeance against Self-Murder*. But the Word, which I have restor'd to the Text, (and which was espous'd by the accurate Mr. Hughes, who gave an Edition of this Play;) is the Poet's true Reading. i. e. *That he had not restrain'd Suicide by his express Law, and peremptory Prohibition*. Mistakes are perpetually made in the Old Editions of our Poet, betwixt those two Words, *Cannon* and *Canon*. I shall now subjoin my Reasons, why, I think, the Poet intended to say, Heaven had fix'd its *Injunction* rather than its *Artillery*. In the first place, I much doubt the Propriety of the Phrase, *fixing Cannon*, in the Meaning here suppos'd. The military Expression, which imports what would be necessary to the Sense of the Poet's Thought, is *mounting or planting Cannon*: And whenever Cannon is said to be *fix'd*, it is when the Enemy become Masters of it and nail it down. In the next place to *fix a Canon, or Law*, is the Term of the *Civilians* peculiar to this Business. This *Virgil* had in his Mind, when he wrote,

Leges fixit pretio, atq; refixit. Æneid. VI.

So *Cicero* in his *Philippic* Orations: *Num figentur rursus hæ Tabulæ, quas vos Decretis vestris refixistis?* And it was the constant Custom of the *Romans* to say, upon this Occasion, *figere legem*; as the *Greeks*, before them, used the Synonymous Term νόμον παραπῆξαι, and call'd their Statutes thence παραπήματα. But my last Reason, and which sways most with me, is from the Poet's own Turn and Cast of Thought. For, as he has done in a great many more Instances, it is the very Sentiment which he falls into in another of his Plays, tho' he has cloth'd it in different Expressions.

Gainst Self-Slaughter

There is a Prohibition so divine,

That cravens my weak hand.

Cymbeline.

(8) So loving to my Mother

That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n

Visit her Face too roughly.] This is a sophisticated Reading, copied from

Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
 Must I remember? — why, she would hang on him,
 As if Increase of Appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; yet, within a month, —
 Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is Woman! (9)
 A little month! — or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like *Niobe*, all tears — Why she, ev'n she, —
 (O heav'n! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month! —
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
 She married. — Oh, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to Good:

from the Players in some of the modern Editions, for Want of understanding the Poet, whose Text is corrupt in the Old Impressions: All of which that I have had the Fortune to see, concur in reading;

————— *So loving to my Mother,
 That he might not beteeene the Winds of Heav'n
 Visit her Face too roughly.*

Beteene is a Corruption, without Doubt, but not so inveterate a one, but that, by the Change of a single Letter, and the Separation of two Words mistakenly jumbled together, I am verily perswaded, I have retriev'd the Poet's Reading. — *That he might not let e'en the Winds of Heav'n,* &c.

(9) ————— *Frailty, thy Name is Woman!*] But that it would displease Mr. *Pope* to have it suppos'd, that *Satire* can have any place in *Tragedy*, (of which I shall have Occasion to speak farther anon,) I should make no Scruple to pronounce this Reflection a fine *Laconic* *Sarcasm*. It is as concise in the Terms, and, perhaps, more sprightly in the Thought and Image, than that Fling of *Virgil* upon the Sex, in his fourth *Aeneid*,

————— *varium & mutabile semper*

Fœmina.

Mr. *Dryden* has remark'd, that this is the sharpest *Satire* in the fewest Words, that ever was made on Womankind; for both the Adjectives are Neuter, and *Animal* must be understood to make them Grammar. 'Tis certain, the design'd Contempt is heighten'd by this Change of the Gender: but, I presume, Mr. *Dryden* had forgot this Passage of *Shakespeare*, when he declar'd on the Side of *Virgil's* Hemistich, as the sharpest *Satire* he had met with.

238 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well ;

Horatio, — or I do forget my self ?

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with you :

And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio* ?

Marcellus ! —

Mar. My good lord —

Ham. I am very glad to see you ; good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg* ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so ;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it Trustee of your own report
Against your self. I know, you are no truant ;
But what is your affair in *Elsinoor* ?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I prythee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio* ; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would, I had met my dearest foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had seen that day, *Horatio* !

My father — methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Oh where, my lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him from all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think, I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ! who ? —

Hor. My lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father !

Hor. Season your admiration but a while,

With

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With an attentive ear ; 'till I deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred: A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-à-pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they (distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear)
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your father:
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the Platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none ; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
It self to motion, like as it would speak :
But even then the morning cock crew loud ;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to night ?

Both. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

Both. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham.

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Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. Oh, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there!

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like; staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grisly?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to night; perchance, 'twill walk again:

Hor. I warrant you, it will,

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell it self should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be treble in your silence still:
And whatsoever shall befall to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: so, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
My father's Spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would, the night were come!
'Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 241

SCENE changes to an Apartment in Polonius's House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. MY necessities are imbarc'd, farewell;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And Convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt That?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent; tho' sweet, not lasting;
The perfume, and suppliance of a minute;
No more. —

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this Temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmerch (10)
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His Greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himself is subject to his Birth;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends

(10) *And now no Soil, nor Cautel.*] *Cautel*, from *Cautela*, in its first deriv'd Signification means a prudent *Foresight*, or *Caution*: But when we naturalize a *Latin* Word into our Tongue, we do not think ourselves oblig'd to use it in its precise, native Signification. So here, traductively, 'tis employ'd to mean, *Deceit*, *Craft*, *Insincerity*. And in these Acceptations we find our Author using the Adjective from it, in his *Julius Caesar*.

Swear Priests, and Cowards, and Men cautelous.

In the like Manner the *French* use their *cauteleux*; by which they understand, *rusé*, *trompeur*: and *Minsheu* has explain'd the Word *Cautel* thus, a crafty Way to deceive.

Mr. Warburton.

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The sanctity and health of the whole State.
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he's head. Then if he says, he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his Saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh, what loss your Honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue it self scapes not calumnious strokes;
The canker galls the Infants of the Spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in fear;
Youth to it self rebels, though none else near.

Oph. 'I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heav'n;
Whilst, like a puffed and careless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads;
And recks not his own reed.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; — but here my father comes:
A double Blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes*! aboard, aboard for shame;

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The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, (11)

And you are staid for. There; —

My Blessing with you;

[*Laying his hand on Laertes's head,*

And these few precepts in thy memory

See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act;

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;

The friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware

Of Entrance to a quarrel: but being in,

Bear't that the oppos'd may beware of thee.

Give ev'ry Man thine ear; but few thy voice.

Take each man's censure; but reserve thy judgment,

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not exprest in fancy; rich, not gaudy:

For the apparel oft proclaims the man,

And they in *France* of the best rank and station

Are most select and generous, chief in That.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;

For Loan oft loses both it self and friend:

And Borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry,

This above all; to thine own self be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewel; my Blessing season this in thee!

(11) *The Wind sits in the Shoulder of your Sail,*

*And you are stay'd for there. My Blessing, &c.] There — where? In the Shoulder of his Sail? For to That must this local Adverb relate, as tis situated. Besides, it is a dragging idle Expletive, and seems of no Use but to support the Measure of the Verse. But when we come to point this Passage right, and to the Poet's Intention in it, we shall find it neither unnecessary, nor improper, in its Place. In the Speech immediately preceding this, *Laertes* taxes himself for staying too long; but seeing his Father approach, he is willing to stay for a second Blessing, and kneels down to that end: *Polonius* accordingly lays his hand on his Head, and gives him the second Blessing. The Manner, in which a Comic Actor behav'd upon this Occasion, was sure to raise a Laugh of Pleasure in the Audience: And the oldest *Quarto's*, in the Pointing, are a Confirmation that thus the Poet intended it, and thus the Stage express'd it.*

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Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invests you, go, your servants tend. (12)

Laer. Farewel, *Opbelia*, and remember well
What I have said.

Opb. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
And you your self shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel.

[*Exit Laer.*

Pol. What is't, *Opbelia*, he hath said to you?

Opb. So please you, something touching the lord *Ham-*
let.

Pol. Marry, well bethought!

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your self
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand your self so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Opb. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green girl,
Un sifted in such perilous circumstance:
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Opb. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think your self a baby;
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender your self more dear-
ly; (13)

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wringing it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Opb.

(12) *The Time* invites You, —] This Reading is as old as the first
Folio; however I suspect it to have been substituted by the Players, who
did not understand the Term which possesses the elder *Quarto's*:

The Time invests you,

i. e. besieges, presses upon you on every Side. To invest a Town, is the
military Phrase from which our Author borrow'd his Metaphor.

(13) Tender your self more dearly;

Or (not to crack the Wind of the poor Phrase)

Wringing it thus, you'll tender me a Fool.] The Parenthesis is clos'd at
the wrong place; and we must make likewise a slight Correction in the
last

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 245

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call't: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his speech, my
lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promise as it is a making,

You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence,
Set your intreatments at a higher rate,

Than a command to parley. For lord *Hamlet*,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;

And with a larger tether may he walk,

Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,

Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers, (14)

Q 3

Not

last Verse. *Polonius* is racking and playing on the Word *Tender*, till he thinks proper to correct himself for the Licence; and then he would say — not farther to crack the Wind of the Phrase by *twisting* and *contorting* it, as I have done; &c. Mr. Warburton.

(14) *Do not believe his Vows; for they are Brokers;*

Breathing like sanctified and pious Bonds,

The better to beguile.]

To the same purpose our Author, speaking of Vows, expresses himself in his Poem, call'd, *The Lover's Complaint*.

Saw, how Deceits were guilded in his Smiling;

Knew, Vows were ever Brokers to defiling:

But to the Passage in Question: Tho all the Editors have swallow'd it implicitly, it is certainly corrupt; and I have been surpriz'd, how Men of Genius and Learning could let it pass without some Suspicion. What Ideas can we form to ourselves of a *breathing Bond*, or of its being *sanctified* and *pious*? The only tolerable Way of reconciling it to a Meaning without a Change, is to suppose that the Poet intends, by the Word *Bonds*, *verbal Obligations*, *Protestations*: and then, indeed, these *Bonds* may, in some Sense, be said to have *Breath*. But this is to make him guilty of over-straining the Word and Allusion; and it will hardly bear that Interpretation, at least not without much Obscurity. As he, just before, is calling *amorous Vows Brokers*, and *Implorers* of unholy Suits; I think, a Continuation of the plain and natural Sense directs to an easy

Emendation.

246 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Not of that Die which their investments shew,
But meer implorers of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious Bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your way.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. THE Air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the season,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of warlike musick within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
rowse,
Keeps wassel, and the swagg'ring upspring reels;

Emendation, which makes the whole Thought of a piece, and gives it a
Turn not unworthy of our Poet.

*Breathing, like sanctified and pious Bawds,
The better to beguile.*

Broker, 'tis to be observ'd, our Author perpetually uses as the more
modest Synonymous Term for *Bawd*. Besides, what strengthens my
Correction, and makes this Emendation the more necessary and probable,
is, the Words with which the Poet winds up his Thought, *the better to be-
guile*. It is the sly Artifice and Custom of Bawds to put on an Air and
Form of *Sanctity*, to betray the Virtues of young Ladies; by drawing
them first into a kind Opinion of them, from their *exteriour* and *dissembled*
Goodness. And *Bawds* in their Office of *Treachery* are likewise properly
Brokers; and the *Implorers* and Prompters of *unholy* (that is, unchast)
Suits: And so a Chain of the same Metaphors is continued to the End.

I made this Emendation when I publish'd my SHAKESPEARE re-
stor'd, and Mr. Pope has thought fit to embrace it in his last Edition.

And

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 247

And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't :

But to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west, (15)
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations ;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition ; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuse his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners ; that these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery, or fortune's scar)
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption

(15) *This heavy-headed Revel, east and west.*] This whole Speech of *Hamlet*, to the Entrance of the Ghost, I set right in my SHAKESPEARE restor'd, so shall not trouble the Readers again with a Repetition of those Corrections, or Justification of them. Mr. Pope admits, I have given the Whole a *Glimmering of Sense*, but it is purely *conjectural*, and founded on no *Authority of Copies*. But is this any Objection against Conjecture in *Shakespeare's* Case, where no Original Manuscript is subsisting, and the Printed Copies have successively blunder'd after one another? And is not even a *Glimmering of Sense*, so it be not arbitrarily impos'd, preferable to flat and glaring Nonsense? If not, there is a total End at least to this Branch of Criticism: and Nonsense may plead Title and Prescription from Time, because there is no direct Authority for dispossessing it.

248 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

From that particular fault.—The dram of Base (16)
Doth all the noble substance of worth out,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,

(16) ———— *The Dram of Ease*

Doth all the noble Substance of a Doubt

To his own Scandal.]

Mr. Pope, who has degraded this whole Speech, has entirely left out this concluding Sentence of it. It looks, indeed, to be desperate, and for that Reason, I conceive, he chose to drop it. I do not remember a Passage, throughout all our Poet's Works, more intricate and deprav'd in the Text, of less Meaning to outward Appearance, or more likely to baffle the Attempts of Criticism in its Aid. It is certain, there is neither Sense, nor Grammar, as it now stands: yet, with a slight Alteration, I'll endeavour to cure those Defects, and give a Sentiment too, that shall make the Poet's Thought close nobly. What can a *Dram of Ease* mean? Or, What can it have to do with the Context, supposing it were the allow'd Expression here? Or, in a Word, what Agreement in Sense is there betwixt a *Dram of Ease* and the *Substance of a Doubt*? It is a desperate Corruption, and the nearest way to hope for a Cure of it, is, to consider narrowly what the Poet must be suppos'd to have intended here. The whole Tenour of this Speech is, that let Men have never so many, or so eminent, Virtues, if they have one Defect which accompanies them, that single Blemish shall throw a Stain upon their whole Character: and not only so, (if I understand him right) but shall deface the very Essence of all their Goodness, to its own Scandal: so that their Virtues themselves will become their Reproach. This is not only a Continuation of his Sentiment, but carries it up with a fine and proper *Climax*. I have ventur'd to conjecture, that the Author might write;

————— *The Dram of Base*

Doth all the noble Substance of Worth out

To his own Scandal.

The *Dram of Base*, i. e. the least Alloy of Baseness or Vice. It is very frequent with our Poet to use the *Adjective of Quality* instead of the *Substantive* signifying the Thing. Besides, I have observed, that elsewhere, speaking of *Worth*, he delights to consider it as a *Quality* that adds *Weight* to a Person, and connects the Word with that Idea.

Let ev'ry Word weigh heavy of her Worth,

That he does weigh too light.

All's Well that ends Well.

From whose so many Weights of Baseness cannot

A Dram of Worth be drawn.

Cymbeline.

Bring

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark 249

Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape, (17)
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
 King, Father, Royal Dane: oh! answer me;
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cearments? why the sepulcher,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath ope'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
 That thou, dead corpse, again, in compleat steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[Ghost beckons Hamlet.]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [holding Hamlet.]

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
 And, for my soul, what can it do to That,
 Being a thing immortal as it self?
 It waves me forth again.—I'll follow it—

Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my
 lord?
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,

17 *Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape.*] By *questionable* we now
 constantly understand *disputable*, *doubtful*; but our Author uses it in a
 Sense quite opposite, *not disputable*, but to be *convers'd with*, *inviting*
Question: as in *Macbeth*.

Live You, or are You aught that Man may question?

That

250 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

That beetles o'er his Base into the sea ;
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sov'reignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it!
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks so many fadoms to the sea ;
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still : go on, I'll follow thee —

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Mar. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve :
Still am I call'd : unhand me, gentlemen —

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me —
I say, away — go on — I'll follow thee —

[*Exe. Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desp'rate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow ; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after. — To what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmark*.

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a more remote Part of the
Platform.

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me ? speak ; I'll go no

Ghost. Mark me. [further.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up my self.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost !

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark* 251

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's Spirit;

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires; (18)

'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,

Thy knotty and combined locks to part,

And each particular hair to stand on end

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, oh list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love —

Ham. Oh heav'n!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murther?

Ghost. Murther most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be, than the fat weed

18 *And, for the Day, confin'd to fast in Fires;*] I once suspected this Expression——to fast in Fires: because tho' Fasting is often a Part of Penance injoin'd us by the Church-Discipline here on Earth, yet, I conceiv'd, it could be no great Punishment for a Spirit, a Being which requires no Sustainance, to fast. But Mr. Warburton has since perfectly convinced me that the Text is not to be disturb'd, but that the Expression is purely metaphorical. For it is the Opinion of the Religion here represented, (i. e. the Roman Catholic) that Fasting purifies the Soul here, as the Fire does in the Purgatory here alluded to: and that the Soul must be purged either by fasting here, or by burning hereafter. This Opinion Shakespeare again hints at, where he makes Hamlet say;

He took my Father grossly, full of Bread.

And we are to observe, that it is a common saying of the *Romish* Priests to their People, *If you won't fast here, you* fast in Fire.

That

252 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

That roots it self in ease on *Lethe's* wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear :
 'Tis given out, that sleeping in my orchard,
 A serpent stung me. So, the whole ear of *Denmark*
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble Youth,
 The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
 Now wears his Crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetick soul ! my uncle ?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
 (Oh wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen.
 Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there !
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
 I made to her in marriage ; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine !

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n ;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will fate it self in a celestial bed,

And prey on garbage——

But, soft ! methinks, I scent the morning air ——
 Brief let me be ; Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
 With juice of curst hebenon in a viol,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment ; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as quick-silver it courses through
 The nat'ral gates and allies of the body ;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholsome blood : so did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust

All my smooth body.—

Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of Crown, of Queen, at once dispatcht;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, unappointed, unaneal'd: (19)

No

(19) Unhouzzled, unanointed, unaneal'd;] The Ghost, having recounted the Proceſs of his Murther, proceeds to exaggerate the Inhumanity and Unnaturalneſs of the Fact, from the Circumſtances in which he was surpriz'd. But theſe, I find, have been ſtumbling Blocks to our Editors; and therefore I muſt amend and explain theſe 3 compound Adjectives in their Order. Inſtead of *unhouzzel'd*, we muſt reſtore, *unhouſel'd*, i. e. *without the Sacrament taken*; from the old Saxon Word for the Sacrament, *houſel*. So our Etymologiſts, and Chaucer write it; and Spencer, accordingly, calls the Sacramental Fire, *houſing* Fire. In the next place, *unanointed* is a Sophiſtication of the Text: the old Copies concur in reading, *diſappointed*. I correct,

Unhouſel'd, unappointed, —

i. e. no Confeſſion of Sins made, no Reconciliation to Heaven, no Appointment of Penance by the Church. To this Purpoſe Orbellſo ſpeaks to his Wife, when he is upon the Point of killing her;

*If you beſthink your ſelf of any Crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to Heav'n and Grace,
Sollicit for it ſtrait.*

So in *Measure for Measure*, when *Iſabella* brings word to *Claudio* that he is to be inſtantly executed, ſhe urges him to this neceſſary Duty;

*Therefore your beſt Appointment make with Speed,
To Morrow you ſet out.*

Unaneal'd, I agree to be the Poet's genuine Word; but I muſt take the Liberty to diſpute Mr. Pope's Explication of it, viz. No Knell rung. I don't pretend to know what Gloſſaries Mr. Pope may have conſulted and truſts to; but whoſeſoever they are, I am ſure, their Comment is very ſingular in the Word alledg'd. The Adjective form'd from *Knell*, muſt have been *unknell'd* or *unknoll'd*. So, in *Macbeth*;

*Had I as many Sons, as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer Death;
And ſo his Knell is knoll'd.*

There is no Rule in Orthography for ſinking the *k* in the Deſtention of any Verb or Compound form'd from *Knell*, and melting it into a Vowel. What Senſe does *unaneal'd* then bear? SKINNER, in his *Lexicon* of old and obſolete *Engliſh* Terms, tells us, that *Anaal'd* is *unctus*; from the Teutonick Prepoſition *an*, and *Qle*, i. e. *Oil*: ſo that *unaneal'd* muſt conſequently ſignify, *unanointed*, not having the *extrem* *Unction*. So that the Poet's Reading and Explication being aſcertain'd, he very finely makes his *Ghost* complain of theſe four dreadful Hardſhips; That he had been diſpatch'd out of Life without receiving the *Hoſte*, or Sacrament; without being reconcil'd to Heaven and *abſolv'd*; without the Benefit of *extrem*

stream

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No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! most horrible!

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;

Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!

The glow-worm shews the Matin to be near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me.

[Exit.

Ham. Oh, all you host of heav'n! oh earth! what else?

And shall I couple hell? oh, hold my heart——

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old;

But bear me stiffly up; remember thee——

Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe; remember thee——

Yea, from the table of my memory (20)

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,

That youth and observation copied there;

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heav'n;

Oh most pernicious woman!

Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain!

My tables,——meet it is, I set it down,

stream Unction; or without so much as a *Confession* made of his Sins. The having no *Knell* rung, I think is not a Point of equal Consequence to any of these; especially, if we consider, that the *Romish* Church admits the Efficacy of praying for the Dead.

(20) *Yea, from the Table of my Memory*

I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records.] *Æschylus*, I remember, twice uses this very Metaphor; considering the *Mind* or *Memory*, as a *Tablet*, or *Writing-book*, on which we are to engrave Things worthy of Remembrance.

Ἦν ἐγγράφῃ σὺ μνήμοσιν Δέλτοισι φρεσὶν. Prometh,
Δελτογράφῳ ὃ πάλ' ἐπαυρᾷ φρενί. Eumenid.

That

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That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I'm sure, it may be so in *Denmark*. [*Writing*.
So, uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me;
I've sworn it——

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. My lord, my lord,——

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*,——

Hor. Heav'n secure him!

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come, bird, come.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. Oh, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heav'n.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
think it?

But you'll be secret ——

Both. Ay, by heav'n, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost, my lord, come from
the Grave

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right, you are i'th' right;
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part;
You, as your business and desires shall point you;
(For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is) and for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham.

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Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, my lord,
And much offence too. Touching this Vision here—
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord?

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear.

[*Ghost cries under the stage.*]

Ham. Ah ha, boy, say'st thou so? art thou there,
true-penny?

Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellaridge.

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword.

Never to speak of this which you have heard, (21)

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

(21) *Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my Sword.]* This Adjuration and the Solemnity of kissing
Hamlet's Sword, seems to be inser'd at by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their
Knight of the Burning Pestle, where *Ralph*, the Grocer's Prentice, dis-
misses the Barber in Quiet, on certain Terms agreed betwixt them.

Ralph. I give Thee mercy, but yet Thou shalt swear

Upon my burning Pestle to perform

Thy Promise utter'd.

Barb. I swear and kiss.

Ham.

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Ham. Well said, old mole, can'st work i'th' ground
so fast ?

A worthy pioneer ! Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*, (22)

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come,

Here, as before, never, (so help you mercy !)

How strange or odd soe'er I bear my self,

(As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antick disposition on ;)

That you, at such time seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumbred thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, well — we know — or, we could, and if we
would —

Or, if we list to speak — or, there be, and if there
might —

(Or such ambiguous giving out) denote

That you know aught of me ; This do ye swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you !

Swear.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,

With all my love do I commend me to you ;

And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is

May do t' express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack ; let us go in together,

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray :

(22) *There are more Things in Heav'n and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your Philosophy.*] This Reflexion of *Hamlet*
seems to be directly copied from this Passage of *Lucretius*, lib. I. v. 152.

Quod multa in Terris fieri, Cœloq; tuentur,

*Quorum Operum Causas nullâ ratione videre
Possunt.*

I had amended and rectified the Pointing of this whole Speech in my
SHAKESPEARE restor'd, to which I desire for Brevity's Sake to refer my
Readers. Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to reform the Whole, in his last Edi-
tion, agreeably to my Directions there.

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The Time is out of joint ; oh, cursed spight !
That ever I was born to set it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. *[Exit.]*



A C T II.

S C E N E, *An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

POLONIUS.



I V E him this mony, and these notes, *Reynoldo.*

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynoldo,*

Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said ; very well said. Look you, Sir,
Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris* ;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence ; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son ; come you more near ;
Then your particular demands will touch it ;
Take you, as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus—I know his father and his friends,
And in part him—Do you mark this, *Reynoldo* ?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And in part him—but you may say—not well ;
But if't be he, I mean, he's very wild ;
Addicted so and so—and there put on him
What forgeries you please ; marry, none so rank,
As may dishonour him ; take heed of that ;
But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As

As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord—

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no, as you may season it in the Charge;
You must not put another scandal on him, (23)

That he is open to incontinency,

That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaint-
ly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty;

The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,

A savageness in unrelained blood

Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;

(23) *You must not put another Scandal on him.* I once suspected, and attempted to correct, this Passage. The old Gentleman, 'tis plain, is of Opinion, that to charge his Son with *Wenching* would not dishonour him; consequently, would be no Scandal to him. Why then should he caution *Reynoldo* from putting another Scandal on him? There can be no Second Scandal suppos'd, without a first implied. On this kind of Reasoning, I propos'd to correct;

You must not put an utter Scandal on him. Mr. Pope, I observe, seems to admit the Emendation, but I retract it as an idle, unweigh'd Conjecture. The Reasoning, on which it is built, is fallacious; and our Author's licentious Manner of expressing himself elsewhere, convinces me that any Change is altogether unnecessary. So in *King Richard II.*

Tend'ring the precious Safety of my Prince,

And free from other misbegotten Hate,

Come I Appellant to this princely Presence.

Now, strictly speaking, here, *tend'ring his Prince's Safety* is his first misbegotten Hate; which Nobody will ever believe was the Poet's Intention. And so, in *Macbeth*;

———— All these are portable,

With other Graces weigh'd.

Malcolm had been enumerating the secret Enormities he was guilty of; no Graces are mention'd or suppos'd; so that in grammatical strictness, these Enormities stand in the Place of first Graces; tho' the Poet means no more than this, that *Malcolm's Vices* would be supportable, if his Graces on the other hand were to be weigh'd against them.

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And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit.
 You, laying these slight sullies on my son, (24)
 As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working,
 Mark you, your party in converse, he you would sound,
 Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
 The youth, you breath of, guilty, be assur'd,
 He closes with you in this consequence ;
 Good sir, or so, or friend, or gentleman,
 (According to the phrase or the addition
 Of man and country.)

Rey. Very good, my lord,

Pol. And then, Sir, does he this ;
 He do's——what was I about to say ?
 I was about to say something——where did I leave?—

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence—Ay, marry,
 He closes thus ;——I know the Gentleman,
 I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
 Or then, with such and such ; and, as you say,
 There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowse,
 There falling out at tennis ; or, perchance,
 I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a Brothel, or so forth.—See you now ;
 Your bait of Falshood takes this carp of Truth ;
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
 With windlaces, and with assays of Byas,
 By indirections find directions out :
 So by my former lecture and advice
 Shall you my son ; you have me, have you not ?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God b'w' you ; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord——

(24) *You laying these slight Sallies on my Son,*
As 'twere a Thing a little soil'd i'th' working.] 'Tis true, Sallies and
 Flights of Youth are very frequent Phrases ; but what Agreement in the
 Metaphors is there betwixt *Sallies* and *Soil'd* ? All the old Copies, which
 I have seen, read as I have reform'd the Text. So *Beaumont* and
Fletcher in their *Two Noble Kinsmen* ;

————— *Let us leave the City*
Thebes, and the Temptings in't, before we further
Sully our Glofs of Youth.

Pol.

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Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well; my lord. [Exit.]

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel! How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?

Oph. My lord, as I was sowing in my closet,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his Doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings loose, (25)
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors; thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know:

(25) ————— *his Stockings foul'd,*

Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his Ankle.] I have restor'd the Reading of the Elder *Quarto's*,—*his Stockings loose*.—The Change, I suspect, was first from the Players, who saw a Contradiction in his Stockings being loose, and yet shackled down at Ankle. But they, in their Ignorance, blunder'd away our Author's Word, because they did not understand it;

Ungarter'd, and down-gyred,
i. e. turn'd down. So, the oldest Copies; and, so his Stockings were properly loose, as they were ungarter'd and rowl'd down to the Ankle. *Tûegs* among the Greeks signified a Circle; and *γυρω*, to rowl round; and the Word *γυγῆς* also meant crooked. Therefore the *Gyræan Rocks*, amidst which *Ajax* of *Loeri* was lost, were call'd so, because, as *Eustathius* says, they were crooked: or, perhaps, because they lay, as it were, in a Ring. *Hesychius*, by the Bye, wants a slight Correction upon this Word. † *Γυρῆσι πῆτεραι, ἔπο κελῆνται.* † *Γυραὶ πῆτραι ἐν τῷ ἰχθείῳ πλάγι, πρὸς μυκάωη τῇ νήσῳ.* In the first Place we must take away the Note of Distinction, and reduce the two Articles into one, thus. † *Γυρῆσι πῆτεραι ἔπο κελῆνται* *Γυραὶ πῆτραι*, &c. Then, instead of *μυκάωη*, we must read *μυκάω*, or *μυκῶν*; for it is written both Ways. But, to return to my Theme. The *Latins* borrow'd *Gyrus* from the *Greeks*, to signify, a Circle; as we may find in their best Poets and Prose Writers: and the *Spaniards* and *Italians* have from thence adopted both the Verb and Substantive into their Tongues: so that *Shakespeare* could not be at a Loss for the Use of the Term.

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But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time staid he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh, so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his Being. Then he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King.
This is the very ecstasie of love;
Whose violent property foredoes it self,
And leads the will to desp'rate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heav'n,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I'm sorry, that with better speed and judgment (26)

I had

(26) *I'm sorry, that with better heed and judgment*

I had not quoted him.] I have restor'd with the Generality of the older Copies, *Speed*: and every knowing Reader of our Author must have observed, that he oftner uses *Speed* in the Signification of *Success* than of *Celerity*. To be content with a few Instances;

Launce. *There,—and St. Nicholas be thy Speed!* 2 Gent. of Verona.

Ros. *Now Hercules be thy Speed, young Man!* As you like it.

(*Let me see; What then? — St. Dennis be my speed!* K. Henry V.

Bapt. *Well may'st thou wooe, and happy be thy Speed!*

Taming the Shrew,

*The Prince your Son, with meer Conceit and Fear
Of the Queen's Speed, is gone.*

Winter's Tale.

Or

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 263

I had not quoted him. I fear'd, he trill'd,
And meant to wrack thee ; but beshrew my jealousy ;
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come ; go we to the King.
This must be known ; which, being kept close, might
move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter, love. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, lords and
other attendants.

King. **W**ELCOME, dear Rosincrantz, and Guilden-
stern !

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward, man
Resembles That it was. What it should be
More than his Father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you Both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your Rest here in our Court
Some little time ; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,

Or if we were to take Speed, in its native Sense of Quickness, Celerity,
Polonius might very properly use it ; meaning, that he is sorry, he had
not sooner, and with better Judgment, sifted into Hamlet's Indisposition.
So Nestor says, in Troilus.

*And in the Publication, make no Strain,
But that Achilles*

*will with great Speed of Judgment,
Ay, with Celerity, find Hector's Purpose
Pointing on him.*

264 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark*:

If ought, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks,
As fits a King's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Rosincrantz*, and gentle *Guildestern*,

Queen. Thanks, *Guildestern*, and gentle *Rosincrantz*,
And, I beseech you, instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of ye,
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from *Norway*, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet's* lunacy.

King. Oh, speak of that, that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors:
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 265

King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Ex. Pol.*]

He tells me, my sweet *Queen*, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. — Welcome, my good friends!

Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Volt. Most fair return of Greetings, and Desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the *Polack*:
But, better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your Highness: Whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.
Whereon old *Norway*, over come with joy,
Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee; (27)
And

(27) *Gives him three thousand Crowns in annual Fee.*] This Reading first obtain'd in the Edition put out by the Players. But all the old *Quarto's* (from 1605, downwards,) read, as I have reform'd the Text. I had hinted, that *threescore thousand* Crowns seem'd a much more suitable Donative from a King to his own Nephew, and the General of an Army, than so poor a Pittance as *three thousand* Crowns, a Pension scarce large enough for a dependent Courtier. I therefore restor'd.

Gives him threescore thousand Crowns —

To this *Mr. Pope*, (very archly critical, as he imagines;) has only replied, — *which in his Ear is a Verse.* I own, it is; and I'll venture to prove to this great Master in Numbers, that 2 Syllables may, by Pronunciation, be resolv'd and melted into one, as easily as two Notes are *sur'd* in *Musick*: and a Redundance of a Syllable, that may be so sunk, has never been a Breach of Harmony in any Language. We must pronounce, as if 'twere written;

Gi's'm three | score thou | sand crowns |

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And his Commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the *Polack* :
With an entreaty, herein further shewn,
That it might please you to give quiet Pass
Through your Dominions for this enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,

But has Mr. *Pope*, indeed, so long been conversant with Verse, and never observ'd the Licence of the *Pes Proceleusmaticus* : or that an *Anapaest* is equal in Time and Quantity to a *Spondée* ? A few Instances from the Classics will convince him, and Persons (if there are any such) of superior Learning.

Γαλαξιοφάγων, ἄβιον, δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων.	<i>Hom. Il. v. v. 6.</i>
Βορέης ἢ Ζέφυρος, τῷ τε Θρήκηθεν ἄηλον.	<i>Il. i. v. 5.</i>
Νέα μὲν μοι καλέαζε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων.	<i>Odys. i. v. 283.</i>
Ἰέρειον δὲ σύας πάλαι ἢ βῦν ἀγλαῖην.	<i>Odys. e. φ. 181.</i>
Κύκλωϊ, τῇ, πῖε οἶνον, ἵππαι φάγες ἀδρόμεα κρέα.	<i>Odys. i. 347.</i>
Ἔλαει πλεῖν, ἴερας κενόμεν ἔσ' ἀπαθήσει.	<i>Hesiod. Erg. 461.</i>

Capitibus nutantes platanos, rectasque cupressus.	<i>Ennius.</i>
Tenuia sputa, minuta, eroci contincti colore.	<i>Lucret.</i>
Tenue, cavati oculi, carva tempora, frigida pallis.	<i>Idem.</i>
Per terras amnes, atque oppida cooperuisse.	<i>Idem.</i>
Vehemens & liquidus, puroque simillimus amni.	<i>Horat.</i>
Parietibusque premunt artis, & quatuor addunt.	<i>Virgil.</i>
Hærent parietibus Scælae —	<i>Idem.</i>
Fluviorum rex Eridanus —	<i>Idem.</i>
Arietat in portas & duras objice postes.	<i>Idem.</i>
Ego laticis haustu satior ? aut ullo furor, &c.	<i>Senec.</i>
Tumet animus irâ, fervet immensum dolor.	<i>Idem.</i>
Vide ut animus ingens lætus audierit necem.	<i>Idem.</i>

But Instances from the Classics would be endless. Let us now take a short View, whether there are not other Verses in our Author which neither can be scan'd nor pronounc'd, without melting down some Syllables and extending others ; and yet the Verses will stand the Test of all judicious Ears, that are acquainted with the Licences of Versification.

On holy | rood day, the gallant Hotspur shew. *1 Henr. IV.*
And That the Lord of West | morland shall | maintain.

Thy Grand | father Ro | ger Mor | timer Earl | of March. *3 Henr. VI.*
I am the Son of Hen | ry | the Fifth. *Ibid.*
For Henry here is made a Trisyllable. *Ibid.*

As fi | re drives | out fire, | so pi | ty piy. *Jul. Cæs.*

And I might amass a thousand more Instances in proof. To conclude, without this Liberty of liquidating Syllables, as we may call it, how would Mr. *Pope*, or any Body else, scan this Verse in *Jonson's Volpone* ?

But Pärä | sites or | Sub-pä | räsites. | And yet, &c.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 267

As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;

And at our more consider'd time we'll read,

Answer, and think upon this business.

Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.

Go to your Rest; at night we'll feast together.

Most welcome home! [*Ex. Ambas.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate (28)

What Majesty should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.

Therefore, since brevity's the soul of wit,

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,

I will be brief; your noble son is mad;

Mad, call I it; for, to define true madness,

What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?

But let that go. —

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all: —

That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;

And pity 'tis, 'tis true; a foolish figure, —

(28) *My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate.*] There seem to me in this Speech most remarkable Strokes of Humour. I never read it without Astonishment at the Author's admirable Art of preserving the Unity of Character. It is so just a Satire on impertinent Oratory, (especially, of that then in Vogue) which was of the formal Cut, and proceeded by Definition, Division, and Subdivision, that I think, every Body must be charm'd with it. Then as to the *Jingles*, and *Play on Words*, let us but look into the Sermons of *Dr. Donne*, (the wittiest Man of that Age,) and we shall find them full of this Vein: only, there they are to be admired, here to be laugh'd at. Then, with what Art is *Polonius* made to pride himself in his Wit:

A foolish Figure. — But, farewell it.

Again, how finely is he sneering the formal Oratory in Fashion, when he makes this Reflection on *Hamlet's* Raving.

Tho' this be Madness, yet there's Method in it. As if Method in a Discourse (which the Wits of that Age thought the most essential part of good Writing;) would make Amends for the Madness of it. This in the Mouth of *Polonius* is exceeding satirical. Tho' it was Madness, yet he could comfort himself with the Reflection that at least it was Method.

Mr. Warburton.

But

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But farewell it; for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
 For this effect, defective, comes by cause;
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.— Perpend.—
 I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine;
 Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath giv'n me this; now gather, and surmise.

[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beatified (29)
 Ophelia.—That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase: *beatified* is a
 vile phrase; but you shall hear—*These to her excel-*
lent white bosom, these.—

Queen.

(29) *To the Celestial, and my Soul's Idol, the most beautified Ophelia.*] I have ventur'd at an Emendation here, against the Authority of all the Copies; but, I hope, upon Examination it will appear probable and reasonable. The Word *beautified* may carry two distinct Ideas, either as applied to a Woman made up of artificial Beauties, (which our Poet afterwards calls,

The Harlot's Cheek beautied with plastring Art,) or as applied to a Person rich in native Charms:

As in the 2 *Gent. of Verona*;

And partly seeing you are beautified

With goodly Shape.

As *Shakespeare* has therefore chose to use it in the latter Acceptation, to express natural Comeliness; I cannot imagine, that, here, he would have excepted to the Phrase, and call'd it a *vile one*. But a stronger Objection still, in my Mind, lies against it. As *Celestial* and *Soul's Idol* are the introductory Characteristics of *Ophelia*, what a dreadful *Anticlimax* is it to descend to such an Epithet as *beautified*? On the other hand, *beatified*, as I have conjectur'd, raises the Image: but *Polonius* might very well, as a Roman Catholick, call it a *vile* Phrase, i. e. favouring of Prophanation; since the Epithet is peculiarly made an Adjunct to the Virgin *Mary's* Honour, and therefore ought not to be employ'd in the Praise of a meer Mortal. Again, tho' *beatified*, perhaps, is no where else apply'd to an earthly Beauty, yet the same rapturous Ideas are employ'd in Terms purely synonymous.

No Valentine indeed for sacred Sylvia.

2 *Gent. of Verona.*

Ev'n she; and is she not a heav'nly Saint?

Call her divine.

Ibid.

My Vow was earthly, thou a heav'n'y Love.

Love's Lab. lost.
Celestial

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Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam, stay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the stars are fire, [Reading.

Doubt, that the sun doth move ;

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt, I love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers ; I have not art to reckon my groans ; but that I love thee best, oh most best, believe it.

Adieu.

*Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst
this Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me :

And, more above, hath his sollicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think ?

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,

(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me :) what might you,

Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think ?

If I had play'd the desk or table-book,

Or giv'n my heart a working, mute and dumb,

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight ;

What might you think ? no, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak ;

Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy sphere,

This must not be ; and then, I precepts gave her,

That she should lock her self from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens :

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;

And he repulsed, a short tale to make,

Fell to a sadness, then into a fast,

Celestial as thou art, O, pardon, Love, this wrong ;

That sings Heav'n's Praise with such an earthly Tongue.

Ibid.

And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, I remember, in *A Wife for a Month*, make a Lover superscribe his Letter to his Mistress, thus ; ——— To the blest *Evanthe*.

Thence

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Thence to a watching, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances lead me, I will find [Pointing to his
Head, and Shoulder.

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours toge-
ther,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Mark the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reason fal'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a State,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But, look, where, sadly, the poor wretch comes
reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently. [Exe. King and Queen.

Oh, give me leave. — How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God o' mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol.

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Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,

Being a good kissing carrion —

Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' Sun; conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daughter! —

Yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger.

He is far gone; and, truly, in my youth, [*Aside.*

I suffer'd much extremity for love;

Very near this. — I'll speak to him again.

What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the satyrical slave says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams. All which, Sir, tho I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down: for your self, Sir, shall be as old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't: Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my Grave.

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'th' air: —

How pregnant (sometimes) his replies are?

A happiness that often madness hits on,

Which sanity and reason could not be

So prosp'rously deliver'd of. I'll leave him,

And suddenly contrive the means of meeting

Between him and my daughter.

My

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My honourable lord, I will most humbly,
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that
I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to seek lord *Hamlet*; there he is. [*Exit.*]

Enter Rosincrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. God save you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou,
Guildenstern?

Oh, *Rosincrantz*, good lads! how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on for-
tune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle
of her favours?

Guil. Faith, in her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? oh, most true;
she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not
true. Let me question more in particular: what have
you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune,
that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many con-
fines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th
worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is no-
thing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to
me, it is a prison.

Ros.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it so: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my self a King of infinite space; were it not, that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are Ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream it self is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars shadows; Shall we to th' Court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my servants: for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended: but in the beaten way of Friendship, what make you at *Elfsnoor*?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear of a half-penny. Were you not sent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free visitation? come, deal justly with me; come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know, the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear, a better proposer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no?

Ros. What say you? [To Guilden]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

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Guil. My lord, we were sent for you, we were sent for you.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen mout no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercise; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire! why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the Players shall receive from you; we accosted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous Knight shall use his foyle and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chanceth it, they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did, when I was in the city? are they so follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham.

Ham. How comes it, do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, an *Aiery of Children*, little *Eyases*, (30) that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for't; these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? will they pursue the Quality, no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better :) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy. There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. Oh, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange; for mine uncle is King of Denmark; and those that would make mowes at him while my

(30) *But there is, Sir, an Aiery of Children, little Eyases, that cry out on the Top of Question.* The Poet here steps out of his Subject to give a *Lash* at home, and meer at the prevailing Fashion of following Plays perform'd by the Children of the Chapel, and abandoning the establish'd Theatres. But why are they call'd *little Eyases*? I wish, some of the Editors would have expounded this fine new Word to us; or, at least, told us where we might meet with it. Till then, I shall make bold to suspect it, and, without overstraining Sagacity, attempt to retrieve the true Word. As he first calls 'em an *Aiery* of Children, (now, an *Aery* or *Eyrie* is a Hawk's or Eagle's Nest;) there is not the least Question but we ought to restore — *little Eyases*; i. e. Young Nestlings, Creatures just out of the Egg. (An *Eyas* or *Nyas* hawk, *un Nyais*, *Accipiter Nidarius*, *qui fit ex Ovo emerfit*. Skinner.) So Mrs. Ford says to *Falstaff's Dwarf* Page.

How now, my *Eyas-Musket*? What News with You?

Merry Wives.
father

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father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducates a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish for the players.*]

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elsinour*; your hands: come then, the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garbe, lest my extent to the players (which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildestern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great Baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swathling clouts.

Ros. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesie, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it; — you say right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.

When *Roscious* was an Actor in *Rome* —

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze. —

Pol. Upon mine honour —

Ham. Then came each Actor on his ass —

Pol. The best Actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene undivideable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light. For the law of wit, and the Liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. Oh, *Jephtha*, judge of *Israel*, what a treasure hadst Thou!

Pol.

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Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. *Why, one fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Fephta*?

Pol. If you call me *Fephta*, my lord, I have a daughter
that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, as by lot, God wot——and then you know,
it came to pass, as most like it was; the first row of the
rubrick will shew you more. For, look, where my
abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, masters, welcome all. I am glad to see
thee well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy
face is valanc'd, since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard
me in *Denmark*? What! my young lady and mistress?
b'erlady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw
you last, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God, your
voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd with-
in the ring.——Masters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en
to't like friendly faulconers, fly at any thing we see;
we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of
your quality; come, a passionate speech.

I Play. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was
never acted: or if it was, not above once; for the Play,
I remember, pleas'd not the million, 'twas *Caviar* to the
general; but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose
judgment in such matters cryed in the top of mine) an
excellent Play; well digested in the scenes, set down with
as much modesty as cunning. I remember, (31) one
S 3 said,

(31) *I remember, one said, there was no Salt in the Lines to make the
Matter savoury.] i. e. That there was no Poignancy of Wit, or Virulence
of Satire in them, as I had formerly explain'd this Passage. Mr. Pope has
fallen upon me with a Sneer, and triumphs that I should be so ridiculous to
think that Satire can have any Place in Tragedy. I did not mean, that*
Satire

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said, there was no salt in the lines, to make the matter savoury ; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection ; but call'd it, an honest method. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd ; 'twas *Æneas's* tale to *Dido* ; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam's* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see—The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th' *Hyrcanian* beast,—It is not so ;—it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

Satire was to make its Subject, or that the Passions were to be purg'd by it : May not a sharp and *sarcastical* Sentiment, for all That occasionally arise from the Matter ? What does this Gentleman think of *Irony* ? Is it not one Species of Satire ? And yet Monsieur *Hedelin* (almost as good a Judge as Mr. *Pope* in these Matters) tells us, It is a Figure entirely theatrical. Or what does Mr. *Pope* think of such Sentences as these ?

—Frailty, thy Name is Woman ! *Hamlet.*

In second Husband let me be accus'd !

None wed the Second, but who kill'd the first. *Ibid.*

At a few drops of Women's Rheum, which are As cheap as Lies, he sold the Blood and Labour Of our great Action.

Coriolanus.

O Woman ! Woman ! Woman ! All the Gods Have not such Pow'r of doing Good to Men, As you of doing Harm.

Dryden's All for Love.

And to borrow one Instance from an Antient, who has outgone all the others quoted, in the Strength of his Sarcasm,

—*χρὴν γὰρ ἄλλοθεν ποθεν βροτῆς
Παῖδας ποιεῖσαι, ὅνῃ δ' ἐκ εἶναι γένος.
"Οὐτῷ δ' ἄν ἐκ ἧν ἐδ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν καλόν.*

Eurip. in Medea.

I chose this Passage, because, I think, our *Milton* has left a fine Paraphrase upon it ; and, I doubt not, had the Greek Poet in his Eye.

—Oh, why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n
With Spirits masculine, create at last
This Novelty on Earth, this fair Defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men, as Angels, and not feminine ;
Or find some other way to generate Mankind.

If Mr. *Pope* does not think these Passages to be Satire, and yet they are all in Tragedies, I must beg Leave to dissent from him, in Opinion. Or, to conclude, has Mr. *Pope* never heard, that *Euripides* obtain'd the Name of *Μισογύνος*, Woman-hater, because he so virulently satyriz'd the Sex in his Tragedies ?

The

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the Night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse;
Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot,
Now is he total geules; horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impast with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murders vile. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*.
Old granfire *Priam* seeks.

Pol. Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good
accent, and good discretion.

Play. Anon he finds him,
Striking, too short, at *Greeks*. His antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to Command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell sword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then senseless *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his Base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus*' ear. For lo, his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, *Pyrrhus* stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heav'ns, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region. So after *Pyrrhus*' pause,
A rowfed vengeance sets him new a-work:
And never did the *Cyclops*' hammers fall
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than *Pyrrhus*' bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.—

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Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you Gods,
In general synod take away her power:
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'y-
thee, say on; he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or
he sleeps. Say on, come to *Heeuba*.

Play. But who, oh! who, had seen the mobled
Queen,——

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatening the
flames

With biffon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the Diadem stood; and for a robe
About her lank and all-o'er-teemed loyns,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd;
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heav'n,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look, where he has not turn'd his colour, and has
tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of
this soon. Good my lord, will you see the Players well
bestow'd? Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they
are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time. After
your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than
their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their de-
sert.

Ham. God's bodikins, man, much better. Use every
man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping?

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use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [Exit Polonius.]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a Play to-morrow. Dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could ye not?

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord, and, look, you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elsinoor*.

Ros. Good my lord. [Exeunt.]

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay, so, God b' w' ye: now I am alone.

Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this Player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That, from her working, all his visage warm'd:

Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting,

With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?

For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,

That he should weep for her? what would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion,

That I have? he would drown the stage with tears,

And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech;

Make mad the guilty, and appall the free;

Confound the ign'rant, and amaze, indeed,

The very faculty of eyes and ears.—Yet I,

A dull and muddy-metted rascal, peak,

Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing.—no, not for a King,

Upon whose property and most dear life

A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?

Who

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Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a cross,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' nose, gives me the yre i'th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Yet I should take it——for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I? this is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab—— (32)
A cullion,—fye upon't! foh!—about, my brain!—
I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these Players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The Spirit, that I have seen,
May be the Devil; and the Devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,

(32) *And fall a cursing like a very Drab*——
A Stallion.——] But why a Stallion? The two old Folio's have it, a Scullion: but that too is wrong. I am persuaded, Shakespeare wrote as I have reform'd the Text, a Cullion, i. e. a stupid, heartless, saint-hearted, white-liver'd Fellow; one good for nothing, but cursing and talking big. So, in King Lear;

I'll make a Sop o'th' Moonshine of you; you whorson, cullionly, Barber-monger, draw.

2 Henry VI.

Away, base Cullions!—Suffolk, let 'em go.

The Word is of Italian Extraction, from *Coglione*; which, in its metaphorical Signification, (as *La Crusca* defines it) *dicefi ancon Coglione per ingiuria in Senso di balordo*,—is laid by way of Reproach to a stupid, good for nothing, Blockhead.

Out

Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King. [Exit.



ACT III.

SCENE, the PALACE.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrantz,
Guildenstern, and Lords.

KING.



ND can you by no drift of conference

Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself di-
stracted;

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain Players
We o'er-took on the way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the Court;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol.

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Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too ;
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*. Her father, and my self,
Will so bestow our selves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge ;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you :
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlet's* wildness: So shall I hope, your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here.—Gracious, so please ye,
We will bestow our selves—Read on this book ;
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. Oh 'tis too true.
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience !
[*aside.*]

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
Oh heavy burthen !

Pol. I hear him coming ; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt all but Ophelia.*]

Enter

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Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be? that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, (33)
And by opposing end them?—to die,—to sleep—
No more ; and by a sleep, to say, we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to ; 'tis a consummation

Devoutly

(33) *Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
And by opposing end them?* I once imagin'd, that, to preserve the Uniformity of Metaphor, and as it is a Word our Author is fond of using elsewhere, he might have wrote ;—*a Siege of Troubles.*

So, in *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Or, if there were a Sympathy in Choice,

War, Death, or Sickness did lay Siege to it ;

King John.

Death, having prey'd upon the outward Parts,

Leaves them ; invisible his Siege is now ; &c.

Romeo and Juliet.

You, to remove that Siege of Grief from her,

Betroth'd, and would have married her, &c.

Timon of Athens.

— *Not ev'n Nature,*

To whom all Sores lay Siege, can bear great Fortune

But by Contempt of Nature.

Or one might conjecturally amend the Passage, nearer to the Traces of the Text, thus ;

Or to take Arms against th' Assay of Troubles,

Or,

— *against a 'Say of Troubles,*

i. e. against the Attempts, Attacks, &c. So, before, in this Play ;

Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more

To give th' Assay of Arms against your Majesty.

Henry V.

Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assays.

Macbeth.

— *their Malady convinces*

The great Assay of Art.

Lear.

And that thy Tongue some 'Say of Breeding breathes, &c. &c.

But, perhaps, any Correction whatever may be unnecessary ; considering the great Licentiousness of our Poet in joining heterogeneous Metaphors ;

and

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Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep— (34)
 To sleep? perchance, to dream; ay, there's the rub—
 For in that sleep of Death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause.—There's the respect,

and considering too, that a Sea is used not only to signify the Ocean, but likewise a vast Quantity, Multitude, or Confluence of any thing else. Instances are thick both in sacred and prophane Writers. The Prophet *Jeremiah*, particularly, in one Passage, calls a prodigious Army coming up against a City, a Sea: Chap. 51. 42. *The Sea is come up upon Babylon; she is covered with the Multitude of the Waves thereof.* *ÆSCHYLUS* is frequent in the Use of this Metaphor;

Βοῦ γὰρ νῦμα χερσαίων στρατῶ.

Sept. cont. *Thobas*, no. 64.

And again, a little lower.

Κῶμα γὰρ περὶ πῶλιν
 Δοχμολόφων ἀνδρῶν
 Καχλάζει ποταῖς
 Ἄρεος ὀρέμενον.

Ibid. v. 116.

And again, in his *Persians*.

Δόκιμος δ' ἐπεὶ ὕψος
 Μεγάλῳ βρύματι πῶλιν,
 Ἐχυροῖς ἔρκεσιν εἰσγεν
 Ἀμαχον νῦμα θαλάσσης.

v. 87.

So *Cicero*, in one of his Letters to *Asticus*, lib. vii. Ep. 4. *Fractum enim totius Barbariæ ferre urbs una non poterat.* And, besides, a Sea of Troubles among the *Greeks* grew into proverbial Usage; *κακῶν θαλάσσης, κακῶν τρικυμία.* So that the Expression, figuratively, means, the Troubles of human Life, which flow in upon us, and encompass us round, like a Sea. Our Poet too has employ'd this Metaphor in his *Amory*, speaking of a Confluence of Courtiers;

*I was of late as petty to his Ends,
 As is the Morn-dew on the myrtle Leaf
 To his great Sea.*

The same Image and Expression, I observe, is used by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Two Noble Kinsmen*.

— — — — — *Thou I know,*

*His Ocean needs not my poor Drops, yet they
 Must yield their Tribute there.*

(34) — — — — — *To die, to sleep;*

To sleep? perchance, to dream.] This admirable fine Reflexion seems, in a paitry Manner, to be imited at by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Scornful Lady*.

Rdg. Have patience, Sir, until our Fellow Nicholas be dead'd, what is, asleep, to sleep, to dye; to dye, to sleep; a very Figure, Sir.

That

That makes Calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
 When he himself might his *Quintessence* make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life?
 But that the dread of something after death,
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne (35)
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:

And

(35) *That undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourne*

No Traveller returns.] As some superficial Criticks have, without the least Scruple, accus'd the Poet of *Forgetfulness* and *Self-Contradiction* from this Passage; seeing that in this very Play he introduces a Character from the other World, the Ghost of Hamlet's Father: I have thought this Circumstance worthy of a Justification. 'Tis certain, to introduce a Ghost, a Being from the other World, and to say, that no Traveller returns from those Confines, is, literally taken, as absolute a Contradiction as can be suppos'd *Ex facto & terminis*. But we are to take Notice, that *Shakespeare* brings his Ghost only from a *middle State*, or *local Purgatory*: a *Prison-house*, as he makes his Spirit call it, where he was doom'd, for a Term only, to expiate his Sins of Nature. By the *undiscover'd Country* here mention'd, he may, perhaps, mean that *last and eternal* Residence of Souls in a State of full Bliss or Misery; which Spirits in a *middle State* could not be acquainted with, or explain. So that if any Latitude of Sense may be allow'd to the Poet's Words, tho' he admits the Possibility of a Spirit returning from the Dead, he yet holds, that the State of the Dead cannot be communicated; and, with that Allowance, it remains still an *undiscover'd Country*. We are to observe too, that even his Ghost, who comes from Purgatory, (or, whatever has been signified under that Denomination) comes under Restrictions: And tho' he confesses himself subject to a Vicissitude of Torments, yet he says, at the same time, that *he is forbid to tell the Secrets of his Prison-house*. The Antients had the same Notion of our obscure and twilight Knowledge of an After-being. *Valerius Flaccus*, I remember, (if I may be indulg'd in a short Digression) speaking of the lower Regions, and State of the Spirits there, has an Expression, which, in one Sense, comes close to our Author's *undiscover'd Country*;

————— *Superis incognita Tellus.*

And

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And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. — Soft you, now!

[Singing Oph.
The fair Ophelia? Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembred.]

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your Honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well; —

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you
did;

And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: that perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord, —

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit
no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce
than with honesty?

And it is observable that *Virgil*, before he enters upon a Description of
Hell, and of the *Elysian Fields*, implores the Permission of the infernal
Deities; and professes, even then, to discover no more than *Hear/say*
concerning their mysterious Dominions.

*Dii, quibus imperium est Animarum, Umbræq; silentes,
Es Chæon, et Phlegethon, loca nocte tenebris late,
Sis mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine vestro
Pandere res aliâ terrâ et caligine mersas.*

Æneid. VI.

Ham.

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Ham. Ay, truly; (36) for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is; to a bawd; than the force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. — I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me. For virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such Things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows, as I, do crawling between heav'n and earth? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us — Go thy ways to a nunnery — Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you sweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. — Get thee to a nunnery, — farewell — Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a

(36) *Ay, truly; for the Power of Beauty will sooner transform Honesty from what it is to a Bawd; &c.]* Our Author has twice before, in his *As you like it*, play'd with a Sentiment bordering upon this.

Celia. 'Tis true; for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'd.

And again,

Andr. Would you not have me honest?

Clown. No, truly; unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for Honesty, coupled to Beauty, is to have Honey a Stone to Sugar.

The Foundation of both Passages may possibly have been of Classical Extraction.

Las est eum Formæ magnæ Pudicitia

Ovid.

— Rata est adid Concordia Formæ

Atq; Pudicitia.

Juvenal.

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fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them — To a nunnery, go — and quickly too: farewell.

Oph. Heav'nly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make your selves another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit Hamlet.*]

Oph. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword!
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair State,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the hony of his musick vows:
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh, woe is me!
T' have seen what I have seen; see what I see.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. Something's in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger, which, how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply, the Seas and Countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something fettered matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol.

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Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia*? —
You need not tell us what lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all. — My lord, do as you please; [*Exit Ophelia.*
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To shew his griefs; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To *England* send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in Great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd
it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth
it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve, the town-
crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too
much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in
the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirl-wind
of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance
that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the
soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a pas-
sion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the
groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of no-
thing, but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise: I could
have such a fellow whipt for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-
berods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own di-
cretion be your tutor. Sute the action to the word,
the word to the action, with this special observance, that
you o'er-step not the modesty of Nature; for any thing
so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end,
both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere
the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature,
scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the
time, his form and pressure. Now this over-done, or

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come tardy of, tho' it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of christian, nor the gate of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: For there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: That's villanous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready. *[Exeunt Players.]*

Enter Polonius, Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord? will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. *[Exit Polonius.]*

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord. *[Exeunt.]*

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter Horatio to Hamlet.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a Man,
As e'er my conversation coap'd withal.

Hor. Oh my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think, I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?

No,

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd Pomp,
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish, her election
 Hath seal'd thee for her self. For thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing:
 A man, that fortune's buffers and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks. And blest are those,
 Whose blood and judgment are so well comingled,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man,
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core: ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee. — Something too much of this. —
 There is a Play to night before the King,
 One Scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
 I pr'ythee, when thou seest that Act a-foot,
 Ev'n with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe mine uncle: if his occult guilt
 Do not it self unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned Ghost that we have seen;
 And my imaginations are as foul (37)
 As *Vulcan's* Smithy. Give him heedful note;
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
 And, after, we will both our judgments join,
 In censure of his Seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.
 If he steal aught, the whilst this Play is playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

(37) *And my Imaginations are as foul,*
As Vulcan's Smithy. I have ventur'd, against the Authority of
 all the Copies, to substitute *Smithy* here. I have given my Reasons in
 the 40th Note on *Troilus*, to which, for Brevity's sake, I beg Leave to
 refer the Readers.

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Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, and other lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches. Danish March. Sound a flourish.

Ham. They're coming to the Play; I must be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith, of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, *Hamlet*; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine.——Now, my lord; you plaid once i'th' university, you say? [*To Polonius.*

Pol. That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord, they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your Lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought, to lie between a maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Oh God! your only jig-maker; what should a man do, but be merry? For, look you, how chearfully my

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my mother looks, and my father dy'd within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of fables. Oh heav'ns! dye two months ago, and not forgotten yet? then there's hope, a Great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For ob, for ob, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Hautboys play. The dumb shew enters.

(38) *Enter a Duke and Dutchess, with regal Coronets, very lovingly; the Dutchess embracing him, and he her. She kneels; he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; He lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his Crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the Duke's ears, and Exit. The Dutchess returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Dutchess with gifts; she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.*

[*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching Malicho; it means mischief.

(38) *Enter a King and Queen very lovingly:]* Thus have the blundering and inadvertent Editors all along given us this Stage-Direction, tho' we are expressly told by *Hamlet* anon, that the Story of this introduced Interlude is the Murther of *Gonzago Duke of Vienna*. The Source of this Mistake is easily to be accounted for, from the Stage's dressing the Characters. *Regal Coronets* being at first order'd by the Poet for the *Duke and Dutchess*, the succeeding Players, who did not strictly observe the *Quality* of the Persons or *Circumstances* of the Story, mistook 'em for a King and Queen; and so the Error was deduced down from thence to the present Times. Methinks, Mr. *Pope* might have indulg'd his private Sense in so obvious a Mistake, without any Fear of Rashness being imputed to him for the arbitrary Correction.

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Oph. Belike, this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the Players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us, what this shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him. Be not you ashamed to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Pro. For us, and for our wagedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posic of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter Duke, and Dutchess, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath Phæbus' Carr gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Telhus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual, in most sacred bands.

Dutch. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much, even as they love.
And womens fear and love hold quantity;
'Tis either none, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so. (39)
Where love is great, the smallest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

Duke. Faith, I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too:
My operant powers their functions leave to do;
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind.
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou —

Dutch. Oh, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill the first.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood! —

Dutch. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Duke. I do believe, you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break;
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt;
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themselves destroy:

(39) *And as my Love is fix'd, my Fear is so*. Mr. Pate says, I read *fix'd*; and, indeed, I do so; because, I observe, the Quarto of 1605 reads, *ciz'd*; that of 1611 *ciz'd*; the Folio in 1632, *fix*; and that in 1623, *fix'd*: and because, besides, the whole Tenour of the Context demands this Reading. For the Lady evidently is talking here of the Quantity and Proportion of her Love and Fear, not of their Continuance, Duration, or Stability. Cleopatra expresses herself much in the same Manner, with regard to her Grief for the Loss of Antony.

— our *Size of Sorrow*,
Proportion'd to our Cause, *must be as great*
As that which makes it.

Where

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Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye ; nor 'tis not strange,
 That ev'n our loves should with our fortunes change,
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether love leads fortune, or else fortune love.
 The Great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies ;
 The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
 For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown ;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
 Think still, thou wilt no second husband wed ;
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

Dutch. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light !
 Sport and repose lock from me, day and night !
 To desperation turn my trust and hope !
 An Anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife !
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If she should break it now——

Duke. 'Tis deeply sworn ; Sweet, leave me here a while ;
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
 And never come mischance between us twain ! [Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play ?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence i'th' world.

King. What do you call the Play ?

Ham.

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Ham. The Mouse-Trap:—Marry, how? tropically. This Play is the image of a murther done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his wife's *Baptista*; you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of Work; but what o' that? your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worse. (40)

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.

Begin, murtherer.—Leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing:

Confederate season, and no creature seeing:

(40) *Still worse and worse.*

Ham. So you must take your Husbands.] Surely, this is the most uncomfortable Lesson, that ever was preach'd to the poor Ladies: and I can't help wishing, for our own sakes too, it mayn't be true. 'Tis too foul a Blot upon our Reputations, that every Husband that a Woman takes must be worse than her former. The Poet, I am pretty certain, intended no such Scandal upon the Sex. But what a precious Collator of Copies is Mr. Pope! All the old *Quarto's* and *Folio's* read.

Ophel. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.

Hamlet is talking to her in such gross double *Entendres*, that she is forc'd to parry them by indirect Answers; and remarks, that tho' his Wit be smarter, yet his Meaning is more blunt. This, I think, is the Sense of her—*Still better and worse.* This puts *Hamlet* in mind of the Words in the Church Service of Matrimony, and he replies; so you mistake Husbands, i. e. So you take Husbands, and find yourselves mistaken in them.

Thou

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Thou mixture rank, of mid-night weeds coll'ed, ym to
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected; (41)
Thy natural magick, and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison in his ears.

Ham. He poisons him i'th' garden for's estate; his
name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in choice
Italian. You shall see anon how the murthrer gets the
love of Gonzago's wife.

Opb. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me some light. Away.

All. Lights, lights, lights! [Exeunt.

Manent Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a forest of Feathers, (if the rest

(41) With Hecate's Bane thrice blasted.] Here, again, Mr. Pope ap-
proves himself a worthy Collator: for the old *Quarto's* and *Folio's* con-
cur in reading, as I have reform'd the Text,

With Hecate's Bann thrice blasted —
i. e. With her Curse, Execration. So, in *Timon*;
Take thou that too, with multiplying Banns.

2 Henry VI.

Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and bann.

And again;

You had me bann, and will you bid me leave?

Ibid.

&c. &c. &c.

Besides, Words of Execration have been always practis'd in magical
Operations. So *Horace*, to give a single Instance,

Canidia, parce vocibus sanctum sacris.

Upon which Words *Porphyrius* has given us this short Comment: *Dialogus*
nunc de Sacris, quia Sacrum religiosum est execrabile significat. — *Her-*
mannus Figulus thus explains it; *Vocibus sacris.* Malis canibus, & verbis
magicalis. And *Badius Ascensius*, still nearer to our purpose; *Sacris* id est,
Diris et imprecationibus in me abstinere.

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of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) (42) with two provincial roses on my rayed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, oh *Demon* dear,

This realm dismantled was
Of *Jove* himself, and now reigns here

A very, very, Paddock. (43)

Hor.

(42) *With two provincial Roses on my rayed shoes, Get me a Fellowship in a City of Players, Sir?* I once suspected, that We ought to read, *raised Shoes*. By a *Forest of Feathers*, he certainly alludes to the *Plumes* worn by the *Stage-Heroes*; as, by *raised Shoes*, he would to their *Buskins*; the *Cothurni*, as they were call'd by the *Romans*, which were as much higher in the Heel than other common Shoes, as the *Chinapines* worn by the *Venetians* are. It was the known Custom of the Tragedians of old, that they might the nearer resemble the Heroes they personated, to make themselves as tall in Stature, and by an artificial Help to Sound, to speak as big, as they possibly could. To both these *Horace* has alluded;

————— *magnamque loqui, nitique Cothurno.* —————

And *Lucian*, describing a Tragedian, calls him *αὐτοῖς ἐπὶ τοῖς ποσσὶν*, a Fellow carried upon high Shoes; and these were rais'd to such a degree, that the same Author calls one, who had pulled them off, *καταβὰς ἀπὸ τοῦ ἐπὶ τοῦ ποσὶν*, descending from his *Buskins*. But, perhaps, *rayed Shoes* may have been our Author's Expression; i. e. *striped, spangled, enrich'd* with some shining Ornaments: *Brazeati Calcei*, Shoes variegated with *Rayes* of Gold. *Brazeati*, a Ray of Gold, or any other Metal. LITTLETON. A Ray of Gold, *Facille d'Or*. CORGARE. — In a City of Players.] Thus Mr. Pope, with some of the worse Editions; but we must read, *Cry*, with the better Copies; i. e. in the *Vox* and *Suffrage* of a Company of Players.

Troilus and Cressida.

The Cry went once for thee. —

Coriolanus.

You common Cry of Curs, &c.

And, again:

Menen. You have made you good Work.

You and your Cry. *Ibid.*

2 *Henry IV.*

For all the Country in a general Voice

Cry'd Hats upon him.

(43) *A very very Peacock.* The old Copies have it *Paicock*, *Paiocks*, and *Pajacks*. I substitute *Paddock*, as nearest to the Traces of the corrupted Reading. I have, as Mr. Pope says, been willing to substitute any

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Hor. You might have rhim'd.

Ham. Oh, good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosinchantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come, some musick: Come, the recorders.

For if the King like not the comedy;
Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some musick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

any Thing in the place of his *Peacock*. He thinks a Fable alluded to, of the Birds chusing a King; instead of the *Eagle*, a *Peacock*. I suppose, he must mean the Fable of *Barlandus*, in which it is said, The Birds, being weary of their State of Anarchy, mov'd for the setting up of a King: and the *Peacock* was elected on account of his gay Feathers. But, with Submission, in this Passage of our *Shakespeare*, there is not the least Mention made of the *Eagle* in Antithesis to the *Peacock*; and it must be by a very uncommon Figure, that *Jove* himself stands in the place of his *Bird*. I think, *Hamlet* is setting his Father's and Uncle's Characters in Contrast to each other: and means to say, that by his Father's Death the State was stripp'd of a godlike Monarch, and that now in his Stead reign'd the most despicable poisonous Animal that could be: a meer *Paddock*, or *Toad*. *Paſ. buſa, rubeta major*; a toad. *Belgis, Paſſut. Vid. Somnerum, Minshew, &c.* Our Author was very well acquainted with the Word, and has used it more than once.

Macbeth.

1st Witch. — *I come, Grimalkin!*

2d Witch. *Paddock calls.*

The Witches are suppos'd to hear their *Spirits* call to them in the screaming of a *Cat*, and the Croaking of a *Toad*. But what makes it the more probable that this Term should be used here, *Hamlet*, again, afterwards speaking of his Uncle to the Queen, among other contemptuous Additions, gives him this very Appellation.

———— *I were good, you let him know:*

*For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddock, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such dear Concernings hide?*

I had formerly propos'd other Conjectures; but, I think, I may venture to stand by This. *Sub Judice lis est.* If it has Reason and Probability on its Side, Mr. Pope's legendary *Peacock* must e'en be content to wait for another Election.

Ham.

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Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The King, Sir——

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd——

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self more rich, to signify this to his Doctor: for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler;

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir; —pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this Courtesy is not of the right Breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholsom answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholsom answer: my wit's diseas'd. But, Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother——therefore no more but to the matter——my mother, you say——

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham.

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Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself, for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but while the grass grows——the Proverb is something musty.

Enter one, with a Recorder.

Oh, the Recorders; let me see one. (To withdraw with you——) why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventiges with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note, to the top of my compass; and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think, that I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe? call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—God bless you, Sir;

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By the mass, and it's like a Camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like an Ouzle. (44)

Pol. It is black like an Ouzle.

Ham. Or, like a Whale?

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by—— they fool me to the top of my bent.—— I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends.

[Exeunt.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell it self breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother——
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

(44) *Methinks, it is like an Ouzle.*

Pol. *It is black like an Ouzle.*] The old Quarto and Folio give us this Passage thus;

Methinks, it is like a Weezel.

Pol. *It is black like a Weezel.*

But a Weezel, as Mr. Pope has observ'd, is not black. Some other Editions read the last Line thus;

Pol. *It is back'd like a Weezel.*

This only avoids the Absurdity of giving a false Colour to the Weezel: But Ouzle is certainly the true Reading, and a Word which our Author has used in other Places;

The Ouzel-Cock, so black of hue,

With Orange-tawny Bill, &c.

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Shal. *And how doth my Cousin, your Bedfellow? and your fairest Daughter and mine, my God-daughter Ellen?*

Sil. *Alas, a black Ouzel, Cousin Shallow.*

2 Henry IV.

But there is a Propriety in the Word being used in the Passage before us, which determines it to be the true Reading; the Reason of which, I presume, did not occur to Mr. Pope. 'Tis obvious, that Hamlet, under the Umbrage of suppos'd Madness, is playing on Polonius; and a particular Compliance is shewn in the old Man, (who thinks Hamlet really mad, and, perhaps, is afraid of him) to confess, that the same Cloud is like a Beast, a Bird, and a Fish: viz. a Camel, an Ouzel, and a Whale. Nor is there a little Humour in the Disproportion of the three Things, which the Cloud is suppos'd to resemble.

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The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm bosom;
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
 How in my words soever she be shent,
 To give them seals never my soul consent! [Exit.

Enter King, Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
 To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
 I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to *England* shall along with you.
 The terms of our estate may not endure (45)
 Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
 Out of his Lunes.

Guil. We will provide our selves;
 Most holy and religious fear it is,
 To keep those many, many, Bodies safe,
 That live and feed upon your Majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,
 To keep it self from noyance; but much more,
 That spirit, on whose weal depends and rests
 The lives of many. The cease of Majesty
 Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw

(45) *The Terms of our Estate may not endure
 Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
 Out of his Lunacies.*

Guil. *We will provide our selves.*

The old Quarto's read, — Out of his Brows. This was from the
 Ignorance of the first Editors; as is this unnecessary *Alexandrine*, which
 we owe to the Players. The Poet, I am persuaded, wrote,
 ————— as doth hourly grow

Out of his Lunes.
 i. e. his Madness, Frenzy. So our Poet, before, in his *Winter's Tale*,
 These dangerous, unsafe Lunes ith King! — beforew^{em},
 He must be told of it, &c.

The Reader, if he pleases, may turn to my 10th Remark on that
Play. Perhaps, too, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where all the Edi-
 tions read;

Why, Woman, your Husband is in his old Lines again.

We ought to correct;

————— in his old Lunes again.

i. e. in his old Fits of Madness, Frenzy.

What's

What's near it with it. It's a massy wheel
Fixt on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boistrous ruin. *Never alone*
Exit. Did the King sigh; but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us. *[Exeunt Gent.]*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey my self
To hear the process. I'll warrant, she'll tax him home.
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother
(Since nature makes them partial,) should o'er-hear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. *[Exit.]*

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,
It hath the primal, eldest, curse upon't; (46)
That of a brother's murther. Pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as sharp as will; (47)

U 2 My

(46) *It hath the primal, eldest, Curse upon't;*
A Brother's Murther. — Pray I cannot.] The last Verse, 'tis evident,
halts in the Measure; and, if I don't mistake, is a little lame in the Sense
too. Was a Brother's Murther the eldest *Curse*? Surely, it was rather
the *Crime*, that was the *Cause* of this eldest *Curse*. We have no Assis-
tance, however, either to the *Sense* or *Numbers* from any of the Copies.
All the Editions concur in the Deficiency of a *Foot*: but if we can both
cure the *Measure*, and help the *Meaning*, without a Prejudice to the Au-
thor, I think, the Concurrence of the printed Copies should not be suffi-
cient to forbid a Conjecture. I have ventur'd at two Supplemental Sylla-
bles, as innocent in themselves as necessary to the Purposes for which they
are introduc'd:

That of a Brother's Murther. —

(47) *Tho' Inclination be.]* This Line has lain under the suspicion of many
nice Observers; and an ingenious Gentleman started, at a heat, this
very probable Emendation:

Tho'

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My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
 To wash it white as snow? whereto serves Mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
 To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up;
 My fault is past.—But oh, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen,
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize it self
 Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
 There, is no shuffling; there, the action lies
 In his true nature, and we our selves compell'd,

Tho' Inclination be as sharp as 'twill. The Variation from the Traces of the Letter is very minute, a *t*, with an *Apostrophe*, before it, only being added; which might very easily have slipped out, under the Printer's Hands: so that the Change will not be disputed, supposing there be a Necessity for it: which, however, is submitted to Judgment. 'Tis certain, the Line, as it stands in all the Editions, has so strongly the Air of a flat Tautology, that it may deserve a short Comment; and to have the Difference betwixt *Inclination* and *Will* ascertain'd. The Word *Inclination*, in its Use with us (as my Friend Mr. Warburton defines it to me) is taken in these three Acceptations. First, In its exact philosophical Sense, it signifies, *the drawing or inclining the Will to determine itself one certain Way*: According to this Signification, the Line is Nonsense; and is the same as to affirm, that *the Part is as big as the Whole*. In the next place, *Inclination* signifies the *Will*; and then it is the most absurd Tautology. But, lastly, it signifies a *Disposition to do a Thing, already determin'd of, with Complacency and Pleasure*. And if this is, as it seems to be, the Sense of the Word here; then the Sentiment will be very clear and proper. For *Will*, signifying barely the *Determination of Mind to do a Thing*, the Sense will be this: “*Tho' the Pleasure I take in this Act, be as strong as the Determination of my Mind to perform it; yet my stronger Guilt*”
 “*defeats my strong Intent, &c.*”

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 309

Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try, what repentance can? What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! oh bosom, black as death!
Oh limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! help, angels! make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*The King retires and kneels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't—and so he goes to heav'n.—
And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd;
A villain kills my father, and for that
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heav'n—O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as *May*;
And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid Bent; (48)
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,

(48) *Up, Sword, and know thou a more horrid Time.*] This is a sophisticated Reading, warranted by none of the Copies of any Authority.

Mr. Pope says, I read conjecturally;
~~a more horrid Bent.~~

I do so; and why? the two oldest *Quarto's*, as well as the two elder *Folio's*, read; ~~a more horrid Bent.~~ But as there is no such *English* Substantive, it seems very natural to conclude, that, with the Change of a single Letter, our Author's genuine Word was, *Bent*; i. e. *Drift, Scope, Inclination, Purpose, &c.* I have prov'd his frequent Use of this Word, in my *SHAKESPEARE restor'd*; so shall spare the Trouble of making the Quotations over again here. I took Notice there, that throwing my Eye casually over the fourth *Folio* Edition, printed in 1685, I found my Correction there anticipated. I think myself obliged to repeat this Confession, that I may not be accused of *Plagiarism*, for an *Emendation* which I had made before ever I saw a single Page of that Book.

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Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays;
This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.]

The King rises, and comes forward.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to the Queen's Apartment.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. **H**E will come straight; look, you lay home to him;

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here;
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [within.] Mother, Mother, Mother.

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius hides himself behind the Aras.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so;

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
But, 'would, you were not so!—You are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not
You go not, 'till I set you up a glass. [budge: Where

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 311

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, ho.

Pol. What ho, help. [*Behind the Arras.*]

Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh, I am slain. [*Ham. kills Polonius.*]

Queen. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a King?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,

[*To Polonius.*]

I took thee for thy Betters; take thy fortune;

Thou find'st, to be too busie, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands; peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff:

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
In noise so rude against me? [*trougue*]

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And makes a blister there; makes marriage-vows

As false as dicers oaths. Oh, such a deed,

As from the body of Contraction plucks

The very soul, and sweet Religion makes

A rhapsody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me! what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;

312 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark I

See, what a grace was seated on this brow ;
Hyperion's curls ; the front of *Jove* himself ;
 An eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command ;
 A station, like the herald *Mercury* (49)
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
 A combination, and a form indeed,
 Where every God did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man.
 This *was* your husband, — Look you now what follows ;
 Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moore ? ha ! have you eyes ?
 You cannot call it Love ; for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment ; and what judgment

(49) *A Station, like the herald Mercury.*] The Poet employs this Word in a Sense different from what it is generally us'd to signify : for it means here an *Attitude*, a *silent Posture*, *sixt Demeanour* of Person, in Opposition to an *active Behaviour*. So, our Poet, before, describing *Ottavia* ;

Cleo. *What Majesty is in her Gate ? Remember,*

If e'er thou look'd'st on Majesty ?

Mess. *She creeps :*

Her Motion and her Station are as one.

Anto. and Cleop.

And I ought to observe (which seems no bad Proof of our Author's Learning and Knowledge ;) that amongst the *Latines*, the Word *Statio*, in its first and natural Signification, imply'd *Stantis Actio* : i. e. a *Posture*, or *Attitude*. This Mons. *FRESNOY* in his *Art of Painting* has chose to express by *Positura* :

Querendasq; inter Posituras, luminis, umbra,

Atq; futurorum jam presentire Colorum.

Pax erit Harmoniam.

Which our *DRYDEN* has thus translated ; " 'Tis the Business of a Painter, in his Choice of *Attitudes*, to foresee the Effect and Harmony of " the Lights and Shadows, with the Colours which are to enter into the " Whole." And again, afterwards ;

Mutorumq; fletus Positura imitabitur Actus.

Which I think may be thus render'd ;

Still let the silent Attitude betray

What the mute Figure should in Gesture say.

Would

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have, (50)
 Else could you not have motion: but, sure, that sense
 Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
 Nor sense to extasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
 To serve in such a diff'rence. — What devil was't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling fans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope. —
 O shame! where is thy blush? rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame, (51)
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
 Since frost it self as actively doth burn,

(50) — *Sense, sure, you have, &c.*] Mr. Pope has left out the Quantity of about eight Verses here, which I have taken care to replace. They are not, indeed, to be found in the two elder Folio's, but they carry the Style, Expression, and Cast of 'Thought, peculiar to our Author; and that they were not an Interpolation from another Hand needs no better Proof, than that they are in all the oldest Quarto's. The first Motive of their being left out, I am perswaded, was to shorten Hamlet's Speech, and consult the Ease of the Actor: and the Reason, why they find no Place in the Folio Impressions, is, that they were printed from the Playhouse castrated Copies. But, surely, this can be no Authority for a modern Editor to conspire in mutilating his Author: Such Omissions, rather, must betray a Want of Diligence, in Collating; or a Want of Justice, in the voluntary Stifling.

(51) — *Proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive Ardour gives the Charge;
 Since Frost itself as actively does burn,*

And Reason pardons Will.] This is, indeed, the Reading of some of the elder Copies; and Mr. Pope has a strange Fatality, whenever there is a various Reading, of espousing the wrong one. The whole Tenour of the Context demands the Word *degraded* by that judicious Editor;

And Reason panders Will.

This is the Reflexion which Hamlet is making, "Let us not call it
 "Shame, when Heat of Blood compells young People to indulge their
 "Appetites; since Frost too can burn, and Age, at that Season when
 "Judgment should predominate, yet feels the Stings of Inclination, and
 "suffers Reason to be the Bawd to Appetite."

And

314 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark

And Reason panders Will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more.

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,

And there I see such black and grained spots,

As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,

Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love

Over the nasty sty:—

Queen. Oh, speak no more;

These words like daggers enter in mine ears.

No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain!—

A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe

Of your precedent lord. A Vice of Kings;— (52)

A cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule,

That from a shelf the precious Diadem stole

And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches—

Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings,

[*Starting up.*

You heav'nly guards! what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.—

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by

Th' important acting of your dread command?

O say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

(52) ——— [A Vice of Kings.] This does not mean, a very vicious King; as, on the other hand, in *King Henry V.* this *Grace of Kings*, means, this gracious King, this Honour to Royalty. But here, I take it, a Person, and not a Quality, is to be understood. By a *Vice*, (as I have explain'd the Word in several preceding Notes) is meant that Buffoon Character, which us'd to play the Fool in old Plays; so that *Hamlet* is here design'd to call his Uncle, a ridiculous Ape of Majesty; but the Mimickry of a King.

But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

Speak to her, *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?

That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse;
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements, (53)

Start

(53) *Your bedded Hairs, like Life in Excrements,*

Start up and stand on End.] I took Notice, in my SHAKESPEARE
restor'd, that this Expression as much wanted an Explanation, as any the
most antiquated Word in our Poet wants a Gloss. Mr. *Hughes*, in his
Impression of this Play, has left it out: either because he could make
Nothing of it, or thought it alluded to an Image too nauseous. The
Poet's Meaning is founded on a *physical* Determination, that the *Hair* and
Nails are *excrementitious* Parts of the Body (as indeed, they are) without
Life or Sensation. MACROBIUS in his *Saturnalia*, (lib. vii. cap. 9.) not
only speaks of those Parts of the human Body which have no Sensation;
but likewise assigns the Reasons, why they can have none. *Ossa, Dentes,*
cum Unguibus & Capillis, nimia Siccitate ita densata sunt, ut penetrabilia
non sint effectui Animæ qui Sensum ministrat. Therefore the Poet means to
say, Fear and Surprise had such an Effect upon *Hamlet*, that his Hairs, as
if there were Life in those excrementitious Parts, started up and stood on
End. He has express'd the same Thought more plainly in *Macbeth*.

and my Fell of Hair

Would at a dismal Treatise rowze, and stir,

As Life were in't.

That our Poet was acquainted with this Notion in Physics, of the Hair
being without Life, we need no stronger Warrant, than that he frequently
mentions it as an *Excrement*.

Why is Time such a niggard of Hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an Ex-
crement? Comedy of Errors.

How many Cowards, whose Hearts are all as false

As Stairs of Sand, wear yet upon their Chins

The Beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;

Who, inward search'd, have Liners white as Milk?

And these assume but *Kadaver's* Excrement

To render them redoubted. Merchant of Venice.

For

316 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Start up, and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there? [*Pointing to the Ghost.*]

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes ev'n now out at the portal.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation Ecstasie
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What ecstasie?

My pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful musick. 'Tis not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, from love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place; (54)

Whilst

*For I must tell thee, it will please his Grace (by the World!) sometime
to lean upon my poor Shoulder, and with his royal Finger thus dally with my
Excrement, with my Mustachio.*

Love's Labour lost.

Sec. &c.

(54) *It will but skin and film the ulcerous Place,*

Whilst rank Corruption, running all within,

Infects unseen.] So, our Poet elsewhere speaking of the Force of

Pow'r;

Because

Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess your self to heav'n ;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue ;
For, in the fatness of these pursie times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, coub, and wooe, for leave to do it good.

Queen. Oh Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night ; but go not to mine uncle's bed :
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat (55)
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this ;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on : Refrain to night ;

And

*Because Authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of Medicine in it self,
That skins the Vice o'th' top.*

Meas. for Meas.

But why, in the Passage before us, has Mr. Pope given us a Reading that is warranted by none of the Copies, and degraded One, that has the Countenance of all of them ?

*Whilst rank Corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.*

The Poet describes Corruption as having a corrosive Quality, eating its secret way, and undermining the Parts that are skin'd over, and seem sound to exterior View. He, in another Place, uses the simple Verb for the Compound.

He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a Brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my Gentility with my Education. As you like it.

(55) *That Monster Custome, who all Sense doth eat,
Of Habit's Devil, is Angel yet in this,
That to the Use of Actions fair and good
He likewise gives a Frock or Livery,
That aptly is put on.]* This Passage is left out in the two elder Folios : It is certainly corrupt, and the Players did the discreet part to
stifle

318 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

And That shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence ; the next, more easie ;
For use can almost change the stamp of Nature,
And master ev'n the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night !
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll Blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[Pointing to Polonius.

I do repent : but heav'n hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him ; so, again, good night !
I must be cruel, only to be kind ;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind !

Queen. What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this by no means, that I bid you do.
Let the fond King tempt you again to bed ;
Pinch wanton on your cheek ; call you his mouse ;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know.
For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide ? who would do so ?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,

stifle what they did not understand. *Habit's Devil* certainly arose from some conceited Tamperer with the Text, who thought it was necessary, in Contrast to *Angel*. The Emendation of the Text I owe to the Sagacity of Dr. Thirlby.

*That Monster Custom, who all Sense doth eat
Of Habits evil, is Angel, &c.*

i. e. Custom, which by inuring us to ill Habits, makes us lose the Apprehension of their being really ill, as easily will reconcile us to the Practice of good Actions.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 349

To try conclusions, in the basket creep;
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of Life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know That?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-
fellows,

(Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd:)

They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: let it work,—

For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar: and't shall go hard,

But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet!

This man shall set me packing;—

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;

Mother, good night.—Indeed, this Counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good night, mother.

[*Exit Hamlet, tugging in Polonius.*]

ACT

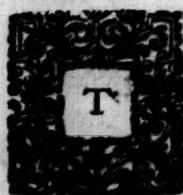


ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Royal Apartment.*

Enter King and Queen, with Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

KING.



Here's matter in these sighs; these profound
heaves

You must translate; 'tis fit, we understand
them.

Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[To Ros. and Guild. who go out.]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to night?

King. What, *Gertrude*? how does *Hamlet*?

Queen. Mad as the seas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all,

To you your self, to us, to every one.

Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

This mad young man. But so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 321

Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shews it self pure. He weeps for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away :
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence ; and this vile deed
We must, with all our Majesty and Skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho! *Guildestern*!

Enter Rosincrantz and Guildestern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :
Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he drag'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chappel. Pray you, haste in this.

[*Ex. Ros. and Guil.*

Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest friends, (56)
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. For, haply, Slander
(Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,

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X

Transports

(56) *Gertrude*, We'll call up our wisest Friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.
Whose Whisper o'er the World's Diameter,
As level as the Cannon to his blank,
Transports its poyson'd Shot, may miss our Name,
And hit the woundless Air. ———— O, come away !]

Mr. Pope takes Notice, that I replace some Verses that were imperfect, (and, tho' of a modern Date, seem to be genuine;) by inserting two Words. But to see, what an accurate and faithful Collator he is! I produc'd these Verses in my *SHAKESPEARE* restor'd, from a Quarto Edition of *Hamlet* printed in 1637, and happen'd to say, that they had not the Authority of any earlier Date in Print, that I knew of, than that Quarto. Upon the Strength of this *Mr. Pope* comes and calls the Lines modern, tho' they are in the Quartos of 1605 and 1611, which I had not then seen, but both of which *Mr. Pope* pretends to have collated. The Verses carry the very Stamp of *Shakespeare* upon them. The Coin, indeed, has been clipp'd from our first receiving it; But it is not so diminish'd, but that with a small Assistance we may hope to make it pass current. 'Tis plain,

322 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Transports its poyson'd shot :) may miss our Name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away ;
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.—

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet ! lord Hamlet !*

Ham. What noise ? who calls on *Hamlet* ?

Oh, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body ?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chappel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what ?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication
should be made by the son of a King ?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

plain, the Sense, as well as one of the Verses, is defective: and a Sentence beginning with the *Relative* WHOSE, without any preceeding Substantive to which it can refer, it is as plain that the latter part of the Hemistich fell out in the Printing, or was so blind in the Manuscript as not to be guess'd at, and therefore necessarily came to be omitted. We have not, indeed, so much as the Footsteps, or Traces, of a corrupted Reading to lead to an Emendation; nor any Means of restoring what is lost, but Conjecture. I am far from affirming, therefore, that I have given the Poet's very Words; but the Supplement is such as the Sentiment naturally seems to demand. The Poet has the same Thought, concerning the diffusive Pow'rs of Slander in another of his Plays.

No, 'tis Slander;
Whose Edge is sharper than the Sword, whose Tongue
Out-venomes all the Worms of Nile, whose Breath
Rides on the posting Winds, and doth belie
All Corners of the World.

Cymbeline.

Ham.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 323

Ham. Ay, Sir, that fokes up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities; but such officers do the King best service in the end; he keeps them, like an apple, in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to be last swallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, spunge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing—

Guild. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him; hide fox, and all after. [Exeunt.]

Enter King.

King. I've sent to seek him, and to find the body;
How dang'rous is it, that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him;
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To beat all smooth,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause in diseases, deep rate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosincrantz.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

324 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Enter Hamlet, and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politike worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a King may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heav'n, send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i'th' other place your self. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay 'till ye come.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for tline especial safety, (Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve

For That which thou hast done) must send thee hence

With fiery quickness; therefore prepare thy self;

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,

Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent

For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub, that sees them; but come, for England! farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 325

Ham. My mother : father and mother is man and wife ; man and wife is one flesh, and, so, my mother. Come, for *England*. [Exit.

King. Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed a-board ;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night.

Away, for every thing is seal'd and done

That else leans on th' affair ; pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guild.*

And, *England* ! if my love thou hold'st at ought, (57)

As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the *Danish* sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us ; thou may'st not coldly set

Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

By letters congruing to that effect,

The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it, *England* :

(57) *And, England, if my Love thou hold'st at Aught,*

As my great Pow'r thereof may give thee Sense,

Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish Sword, and thy free Awe

Pays homage to us ;]

This is the only Passage in the *Play*, from which one might expect to trace the Date of the Action of it : but, I'm afraid, our Author, according to his usual Licence, plays fast and loose with Time. *England* is here suppos'd to have been conquer'd by the *Danes*, and to be a Homager to that State. The Chronology of the *Danish* Affairs is wholly uncertain, till we come to the Reign of *Ivarus* about the Year 870. And 'tis plain from *Saxo Grammaticus*, that the Time, in which *Amlethus* liv'd, was some Generations earlier than the Period of *Christianity*. And the Letters, which the *Danish* King's Messengers carried over to *England*, were wooden Tablets. *Literas ligno insculptas (nam id celebre quondam genus Chartarum erat) secum gestantes, quibus. Britannorum regi transmissi sibi juvenis Occiso mandabatur.* Such a Sort of Mandate implies, that the *English* King was either link'd in the dearest Amity to the *Dane*, or in Subjection to him. But what then shall we do with our own home Chronicles ? They are express, that the *Danes* never set Footing on our Coast till the 8th Century. They infested us for some Time in a piratical Way, then made a Descent and conquer'd part of the Country ; and about the Year 800, King *Egbert* is said to have submitted to a Tribute, call'd *Dane-gelt* : a Tax of 12d on every Hide of Land through the whole Nation. But our Authors differ about this *Dane-gelt* : whether it was a Tax paid, to obtain good Terms of the *Danes* ; or levied by our Kings towards the Charge of Defences, to repel the Invasions of the *Danes*.

328 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

For like the heftick in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me ; 'till I know 'tis done,
How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, a CAMP, on the Frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, with an Army.

For. GO, Captain, from me, greet the *Danish* King;
Tell him, that, by his license, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Realm. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majesty would ought with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exit Fortinbras, with the Army.*]

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose Powers are these ?

Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you ?

Capt. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir ?

Capt. The nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.

Ham. Goes it against the main of *Poland*, Sir,
Or for some frontier ?

Capt. Truly to speak it, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats — five, I would not farm it ;
Nor will it yield to *Norway*, or the *Pole*,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the *Polacke* never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw ;
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,

That

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 327

That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Cap. God b'w'ye, Sir.

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you strait, go a little before. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge? what is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse, (58)
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward :) I do not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to do, "
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me ;
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
Makes mouths at the invisible event ;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,

(58) *Sure, he that made us with such large Discourse,
Looking before and after.] This is an Expression purely Homeric ;*

Οἷς δ' ὁ γέγων μετήσιν, ἄμα ΠΡΟΨΕΩ καὶ ὈΠΙΨΕΩ
Λεύσσει, *Iliad. γ. ver. 109.*

And again ;

— ὁ γὰρ θεὸς ὅρα ΠΡΟΨΕΩ καὶ ὈΠΙΨΕΩ.
Iliad. σ. ver. 250.

The short Scholiast on the last Passage gives us a Comment, that very aptly explains our Author's Phrase. *Συνετὸν γὰρ ἀνδρὸς ἐστὶ, τὰ μέλλοντα τῶν γεγονυμένων ἀποβλέπειν, καὶ ἄνω ὁρᾶν τὰ ἐπείγοντα.* "For it is the
"part of an understanding Man to connect the Reflection of Events to
"come with such as have pass'd, and so to foresee what shall follow."
This is, as our Author phrases it, *looking BEFORE and AFTER.*

328 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Ev'n for an egg shell. 'Tis not to be great,
 Never to stir without great argument ;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When Honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 (Excitements of my reason and my blood)
 And let all sleep ; while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men ;
 That for a fantasie and trick of fame
 Go to their Graves like beds ; fight for a Plot,
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain ? O, then, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [Exit.

SCENE changes to a Palace.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I Will not speak with her.
Gent. She is importunate,
 Indeed, distract ; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have ?

Gent. She speaks much of her father ; says, she hears,
 There's tricks i'th' world ; and hems, and beats her heart ;
 Spurns enviously at straws ; speaks things in doubt,
 That carry but half sense ; her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts ;
 Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
 Indeed, would make one think, there might be thought ;
 Tho nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may
 show,
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
 Let her come in.—

Queen. To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each Toy seems prologue to some great Amills ;

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 329

So full of artless jealousie is guilt,
It spills it self, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia, distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true Love know from another
one?

By his cockle hat and staff, and his sandal shoon. [Singing.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady; what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He's dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia——

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers:

Which bewept to the Grave did go

With true love Showers.

King. How do ye, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God dil'd you! They say, the owl was
a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your table! (59)

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when
they ask you what it means, say you this:
To morrow is St. Valentine's day, all in the morn betime,

(59) *Well, God dil'd you!* i. e. Heaven reward you. We meet with
this Expression a little otherwise writ in *Macbeth*;

Herein I thank you

How you should bid God yield us for our Pains,

And thank us for your Trouble.

But, in *Antony*, we have the phrase in plain and genuine *English*.

Tend me to night two hours, I ask no more,

And the Gods yield you for't!

So, Sir John Gray in a Letter, in *Abnole's Appendix to his Account of the Garter*, Numb. 46. *The King of his gracious Lordship, God yield him, hath chosen me to be one of his Brethren of the Knights of the Garter.*

And

So

330 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and don'd his cloaths, and dapt the chamber-
door ;

Let in the maid, that out a maid never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia !

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity,

Alack, and fie for shame,

Young men will do't, if they come to't,

By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed :

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus ?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient ;
but I cannot chuse but weep, to think, they should lay
him i'th' cold ground ; my brother shall know of it, and
so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach ;
good night, ladies ; good night, sweet ladies ; good
night, good night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray
you ; [Exit Horatio.

This is the poison of deep grief ; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude !
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain ;
Next your Son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just Remove ; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death ; (We've done but greenly,
In private to intert him ;) poor Ophelia,
Divided from her self, and her fair judgment ;
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts :)
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France :
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death ;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 331

Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! [*A Noise within.*]

Queen. Alack! what Noise is this?

Enter a Messenger.

King. Where are my *Switzers*? let them guard the door.

What is the matter?

Mes. Save your self, my lord.

The ocean, over-peering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him lord;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every Ward; (60)
They cry, "Chuse we *Laertes* for our King."
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds;
"*Laertes* shall be King, *Laertes* King!"

Queen. How chearfully on the false trail they cry!
Oh, this is counter, you false *Danish* dogs.

[*Noise within.*]

Enter Laertes, with a Party at the Door.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs! stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave:

(60) *The Ratifiers and Props of ev'ry Word;*] The whole Tenour of the Context is sufficient to shew, that this is a mistaken Reading. What can Antiquity and Custom, being the Props of Words, have to do with the Business in hand? Or what Idea is convey'd by it? Certainly, the Poet wrote;

The Ratifiers and Props of ev'ry Ward;

The Messenger is complaining, that the riotous Head had over-born the King's Officers, and then subjoins, that Antiquity and Custom were forgot, which were the Ratifiers and Props of every Ward, i. e. of every one of those *Securities* that Nature and Law place about the Person of a King. All this is rational and consequential.

Mr. Warburton.

All.

332 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

All. We will, we will.

[*Exeunt.*

Laer. I thank you ; keep the door.

O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me
bastard ;

Crys cuckold to my father ; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste and unsmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so giant-like ?
Let him go, *Gertrude* ; do not fear our person :
There's such divinity doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
Why are you thus incens'd ? Let him go, *Gertrude*.
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father ?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead ? I'll not be juggled with :
To hell, allegiance ! vows, to the blackest devil ! (61)
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit !
I dare damnation ; to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come, what comes ; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

(61) *To Hell, allegiance ! Vows, to the blackest Devil !]* *Laertes* is a good Character ; But he is here in actual Rebellion. Least, therefore, this Character should seem to sanctify Rebellion, instead of putting into his Mouth a reasonable Defence of his Proceedings, such as the Right the Subject has of shaking off Oppression, the Usurpation, and the Tyranny of the King, &c. *Shakespeare* gives him Nothing but absurd and blasphemous Sentiments : such as tend only to inspire the Audience with Horror at the Action. This Conduct is exceeding nice. Where, in his Plays, a Circumstance of Rebellion is founded on History, or the Agents of it infamous in their Characters, there was no Danger in the Representation : But as here, where the Circumstance is fictitious, and the Agent honourable, he could not be too cautious. For the Jealousie of the Two Reigns, he wrote in, would not dispense with less Exactness.

Mr. Warburton.

King.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 333

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes*,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge,
(That sweep-stake) you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And, like the kind life-rendring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [*A Noise within, Let her come in.*]

Laer. How now, what Noise is that?

Enter Ophelia fantastically drest with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and vertue of mine eye!
By heav'n, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
'Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*!

O heav'ns, is't possible a young maid's wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine, (62)

(62) *Nature is fine in love.* Mr. Pope seems puzzled at this Passage, and therefore in both his Editions subjoins this Conjecture. Perhaps, says He,

Nature is fire in love, and where 'tis fire,

It sends some precious Incense of itself

After the Thing it loves.

I own, this Conjecture to me imports no Satisfactory Idea. Nature is suppos'd to be the Fire, and to furnish the Incense too: Had Love been suppos'd

334 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

It sends some precious instance of it self
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,
And on his Grave rains many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade Re-
venge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, down a-down, and you call him
a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it! it is the false
steward that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
pray, love, remember; and there's pansies, that's for
thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remem-
brance fitted.

suppos'd the Fire, and Nature sent out the Incense, I should more readily
have been reconcil'd to the Sentiment. But no Change, in my Opinion,
is necessary to the Text; I conceive, that This might be the Poet's
Meaning. "In the Passion of Love, Nature becomes more exquisite
"of Sensation, is more delicate and refin'd; that is, Natural Affection,
"rais'd and sublim'd into a Love-Passion, becomes more inflamed and
"intense than usual; and where it is so, as People in Love generally feel
"what they have of most valuable, after their Lovers; so poor Ophelia
"has sent her most precious Senses after the Object of her inflamed Af-
"fection." If I mistake not, our Poet has play'd with this Thought,
of the Powers being refin'd by the Passions, in several other of his Plays.
His Clown, in *As you like it*, seems sensible of this Refinement; but,
talking in his own Way, interprets it a sort of Frantickness.

*We, that are true Lovers, run into strange Capers; but as All is mortal
in Nature, so is all Nature in Love mortal in Folly.*

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, the latter expresses herself concerning
Grief, exactly as *Laertes* does here of Nature.

*The Grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste;
And in its Sense is no less strong, than That
Which causeth it.*

But *Jago*, in *Othello*, delivers himself much more directly to the Par-
pose of the Sentiment here before us.

*Come hither, if thou bee'st valiant; as they say, base Men, being in Love,
have then a Nobility in their Natures more than is native to them.*

Oph.

HAMLET Prince of Denmark. 335

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisie; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: they say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell it self,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his pole:

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,

Gramercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! God b'w'ye. [*Exit Ophelia.*]

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods!

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us;
And we shall jointly labour with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King.

336 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

King. So you shall.
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me.

Enter Horatio, with an attendant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir; they say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, Sir, a'nt please him. — There's a letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. reads the letter.

HORATIO, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did. I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thy ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosincrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee, farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark 337

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter King, and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance
Seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. Two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd,
And yet to me are strong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue or my plague, be't either which)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows,
Too slightly timbred for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, with praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you must not
think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,

338 HAMLET Prince of Denmark

That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shall soon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—
How now? what news?

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
These to your Majesty: this to the Queen.
King. From Hamlet? who brought them?
Mes. Sailors, my lord, they say, I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them.
King. Laertes, you shall hear them: leave us, all—

Exit Mes.

Hamlet. High and Mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on
your Kingdom. To morrow shall I beg leave to see your
kingly eyes. When I shall, (first asking your pardon thereunto,
to,) recount the occasion of my sudden return.

What should this mean? and all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse? and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis Hamlet's character; Naked, and (in a postscript here, he says)
Alone: can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it; my lords, but let him come.
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and talk him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Hamlet, you of better sense
As how should it be so?—how otherwise?
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. I, so you'll not over-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace; if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 339

But ev'n his mother shall uncharge the practice,
 And call it accident.

Laer. I will be rul'd,
 The rather if you could devise it so, (63)
 That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right:
 You have been talkt of since your travel much,
 And that in *Hamlet's* Hearing, for a quality
 Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts
 Did not together pluck such envy from him,
 As did that one, and that in my regard
 Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
 Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
 The light and careless livery that it wears,
 Than settled age his fables, and his weeds
 Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
 Here was a gentleman of *Normandy*;
 I've seen myself, and serv'd against the *French*,
 And they can well on horse-back; but this Gallant
 Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat;
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
 As he had been incorp'd and demy-natur'd
 With the brave beast; so far he top'd my thought,
 That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
 Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

(63) *The rather if you could devise it so,
 That I might be the Instrument.*

King. It falls right.] The latter Verse is slightly main'd in the Mea-
 sure, and, I apprehend, without Reason. This Passage is in neither of
 the Impressions set out by the Players; and the two eldest *Boys* told
 as I have reform'd the Text:

That I might be the Organ.
 And it is a Word, which our Author chooses to use in other Places. So,
 before, in this Play,

*For Murther, tho' it have no Tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous Organ.*

So, in Measure for Measure
 And give it his Disposition in the Organ
 Of our own Power.

140 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence;
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a Sight indeed,
If one could march you. The Scrimers of their nation, (64)
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd 'em.——Sir, this Report of his
Did Hamlet so enycnom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father,
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still;

(64) ——The Scrimers of their Nation,

He swore, had neither Motion, Guard, nor Eye,
If you oppos'd them.] This likewise is a Passage omitted in the
Folio. The reducing the Play to a reasonable Length was the Motive of
so many Castrations. Some of the modern Quarr's have, in the room of
Scrimers substituted Fencers: which is, but a Gloss of the more obsolete
Word. *Brinio* is properly a Gladios, Fencer, from which we have
deriv'd our Word, *Skirmish*. The Science of Defence was by the Dutch
call'd *Scherms*, by the Italians, *Scherma* and *Scrima*; and by the French,
Escrime: As the Anglo-Saxons of old used to call a Fencer or Sword-
man, *Scrimbre*: which (the *b* being left out, and a *M* added, made in the
Letters of the last Syllable) is the very Term us'd by our Author.

For

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 341

For goodness, growing to a pleurisy, (65)
Dies in his own too much; what we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spend-thrift sigh
That hurts by easing; but to th' quick o' th' ulcer —
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To shew your self your father's Son indeed
More than in words?

Laert. To cut his throat i'th' church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarise;
Revenge should have no bounds; but, good Laertes,
Will you do this? keep close within your chamber;
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,

(65) For Goodness, growing to a Pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much.] Mr. Warton sagaciously observ'd to
me, that this is Nonsense, and untrue in Fact; and therefore thinks
that Shakespeare must have wrote:

For Goodness, growing to a Plethora, &c.

For the *Pleurisy* is an Inflammation of the Membrane which covers the
whole *Thorax*; and is generally occasion'd by a Stagnation of the Blood;
but a *Plethora*, is, when the Vessels are fuller of Humours than is agree-
able to a natural State, or Health: and too great a Fullness and Florid-
ness of the Blood are frequently the Causes of sudden Death. But I have
not disturb'd the Text, because, 'tis possible, our Author himself might
be out in his *Physic*; and I have the more Reason to suspect it, because
Beaumont and *Fletcher* have twice committed the self-same Blunder.

————— You are too insolent

And those too many Excellencies, that feed

Your Pride, turn to a Pleurisy, and kill

That which should nourish Virtue.

Custom of the Country.

So, again;

————— Thou grand Decider

Of dusty and old Titles, that beatst with Blood

The Earth when it is sick, and cur'st the World

O' th' Pleurisy of People.

Two noble Kinsmen,

If I may guess at the Accident which caus'd their Mistake, it seems
this. They did not consider, that *Pleurisy* was deriv'd from *Pleur*;
but the Declination of *plus*, *pluris*, cross'd their Thoughts, and so they
naturally suppos'd the Distemper to arise from some *Superfluity*.

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And set a double varnish on the same.
The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pals of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have virtue
Under the Moon, can laye the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this.
Weigh, what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold.
If this should blast in proof. Soft—let me see.
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings;
I ha't—when in your motion you are hot,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end.)
And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd touch,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet Queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a Brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassie stream:

There

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 343

There with fantastick garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
(That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;)—
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious slyver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and her self
Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths spread wide,
And mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native, and indew'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd!

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; Nature her custom holds,
Let Shame say what it will; when these are gone,
The woman will be out: adieu, my lord;
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.]

King. Follow, Gertrude:

How much had I to do to calm his rage?

Now fear I, this will give it start again;

Therefore let's follow. [Exeunt.]

Y 4 ACT

ACT V.

SCENE A CHURCH.

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattocks.

1 CLOWN.



She to be buried in christian burial, that willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clown. I tell thee, she is, therefore make her Grave straight; the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it christian buriall.

1 Clown. How can that be, unless she drowned her self in her own defence?

2 Clown. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clown. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lyes the point, if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches: It is to act, to do, and to perform; *argal*, she drowned her self wittingly.

2 Clown. Nay, but hear you, Goodman Delver.

1 Clown. Give me leave, here lies the water, good: here stands the man, good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself. *argal*, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 Clown. But is this law?

1 Clown. Ay, marry is't, crowner's quest-law.

2 Clown. Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian buriall.

1 Clown. Why, there thou say'st. And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to

drown

drown or hang themselves, more than other christians.
(66) Come, my spade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 Clown. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clown. He was the first, that ever bore arms.

2 Clown. Why, he had none.

1 Clown. What, art a heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture says, Adam digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thy self—

2 Clown. Go to.

1 Clown. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the ship-wright, or the carpenter?

2 Clown. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 Clown. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 Clown. Who builds stronger than a mason, a ship-wright, or a carpenter?

1 Clown. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 Clown. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clown. To't.

2 Clown. Mass, I cannot tell.

(66) ~~more than other Christians.]~~ All the old Books read, as Doctor *Thirlby* accurately observes to me, *their even Christen*, i. e. their fellow-Christians. This was the Language of those Days, when we retain'd a good Portion of the Idiom receiv'd from our Saxon Ancestors. *Emne Christen*.] Frater in Christo. *Saxonicum* : quod male intelligentes, even *Christian* proferunt; atq; ita editur in Oratione *Henrici VIII.* ad Parlamentum An. regn. 37. Sed rectè in L. L. *Edouardi* confess. ca. 36. fratrem suum, quod *Angli* dicunt *Emne* epistola. Et *riten* in his Glossary. The Doctor thinks this learned Antiquary mistaken, in making even, a Corruption of *Emne*; for that *Eylen* or *Eymen* and *Emne* are Saxon Words of the same Import and Signification. I'll subjoin, in Confirmation of the Doctor's Opinion, what *Somner* says upon this Head. *Eylen*, *Equus*, equalis, par, justus, evenus, equal, alike, &c. *Emne*, *Equus*, justus, equalis, evenus, &c. equal. *Emne* prolepe, Condiscipulus, a school-fellow.

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Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

Clown. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this question next, say, a gravemaker. The houses, he makes, last 'till dooms-day; go, get thee to Youghan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit a Clown.]

He digs, and sings.

In youth when I did love, did love, (67)

Metbought, it was very sweet;

To contrast, oh, the time for, a, my behove,

Oh, metbought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at Grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it to him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little imployment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

But age, with his stealing steps,

Hath claw'd me in his clutch;

And hath shipped me into the land,

As if I had never been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! this might be the pate of a politician, which this ass o'er-offices; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

(67) *In Youth, when I did love, &c.* The Three Strains, now sung here by the Grave-digger, are extracted, with a slight Variation, from a little Poem, call'd, *The Aged Lover's lamentable Love*: written by Henry Howard Earl of Surrey, who flourished in the Reign of King Henry VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a false Accusation of Treason.

Ham.

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Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, "good-morrow, sweet lord; how dost thou, good lord?" this might be my lord such a one, that prais'd my lord such a one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so; and now my lady Worm's, chapless, and knockt about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ake to think on't. (68)

Clown sings.

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,

For;—and a shrouding sheet;

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillers? his cases? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

(68) *Did these Bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them?* I have restord, from the old Copies, the true Word, *Loggats*. We meet with it again in *Ben Jonson*:

Now are they tossing of his legs and arms

Like Loggats in a Pear-tree.

A Tale of a Tub.

What sort of Sport this was, I confess, I do not know, but I find it in the List of unlawful Games, prohibited by a Statute 33 *Henry VIII.* Chap. 9. § 16.

Hor.

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Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves that seek out afflu-
 rance in that. I will speak to this fellow: Whose Grave's
 this, Sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir—

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a Guest is meet.

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not
 yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say, 'tis thine;
 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from
 me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One, that was a woman, Sir; but, rest her
 soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by
 the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord,
Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it, the
 age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes
 so near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe! How
 long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days I th' year, I came to't that day
 that our last King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that:
 it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that
 was mad, and sent into *England*.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clown. Why, because he was mad; he shall recover
 his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 349

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here, in *Denmark*. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarces now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. A whorson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think 'it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, was *Yorick's* scull, the King's jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick*! I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor.

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Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, *Alexander* look'd o' this fashion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so, puh? [*Smelling to the Scull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, *Horatio*! why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot: But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make lome; and why of that lome, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft a while——here comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a coffin, with Lords, and Priests, attendant.

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life; 'twas of some estate.

Couch We a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a most noble youth: mark——

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

As we have warranty; her death was doubtful;

And but that great Command o'er-sways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd

Till the last Trump. For charitable prayers,

Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,

Her

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Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must no more be done?

Priest. No more be done!

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *Requiem*, and such Rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Opbelia*!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell!
I hop'd, thou should'st have been my *Hamlet's* wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O treble woe
Fall tentimes treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in my arms;

[*Laertes leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. [*discovering himself.*] What is he, whose griefs
Bear such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,

[*Hamlet leaps into the Grave.*
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat—
For though I am not splenative and rash;
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them afunder—

Queen.

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Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The attendants part them.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Learies.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Come, shew me what thou'lt do.
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thy self?
Woo't drink up Eisel, eat a crocodile? (69)
I'll do't.—Do'st thou come hither but to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
Be buried quick with her; and so will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground,

Singeing

(69) *Would drink up Eisel, eat a Crocodile?* This Word has thro' all the Editions been distinguished by Italic Characters, as if it were the proper Name of some River; and so, I dare say, all the Editors have from time to time understood it to be. But then this must be some River in Denmark; and there is none there so call'd; nor is there any near it in Name, that I know of, but *Issel*, from which the Province of *Over-issel* derives its Title in the German Flanders. Besides, Hamlet is not proposing any Impossibilities to Laertes, as the drinking up a River would be; but he rather seems to mean, Wilt thou resolve to do things the most shocking and distastful to Human Nature? and, behold, I am as resolute. I am perswaded, the Poet wrote;

Wilt drink up Eisel, eat a Crocodile?

i. e. Wilt thou swallow down large Draughts of Vinegar? The Proposition, indeed, is not very grand; but the doing it might be as distastful and unfavoury, as eating the Flesh of a Crocodile. And now there is neither an Impossibility, nor an *Amidiman*; and the Lowness of the Idea is in some measure remov'd by the uncommon Term. CHAUCER has it in his *Romaunt of the Rose*.

*So evil-hew'd was her Coloure,
Her semel I have livid in Langoure;
She was like Thing for Hunger and,
That led her Life only by Bred
Knedin with Eisel strong and egre;
And thereto she was lene and megre.*

But

Singeing his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Offa* like a wart ! nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is meer madness ;
And thus a while the Fit will work on him :
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When ~~that~~ her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir—
What is the reason that you use me thus ?
I lov'd you ever ; but it is no matter—
Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
The cat will mew ; a dog will have his day. [Exit.

King. I pray you, good *Horatio*, wait upon him. [Exit *Hor.*
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech. [To *Laertes*.

We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good *Gertrude*, set some watch over your son :
This Grave shall have a living Monument.
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to a HALL, in the Palace.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, now shall you see the other.
You do remember all the circumstance ?

But least this Authority should be thought of too long a Date, and the
Word to have become obsolete in our Author's Time, I'll produce a Pas-
sage where it is used by himself. In a Poem of his, call'd, *A Complaint*,
he thus expresses himself:

*Whilst, like a willing Patient, I will drink
Patience of Bifel gainst my strong Infection ;
No Pittaruffs, that I will bitter think,
Nor double Penance to correct Correction.*

So, likewise, in *Sir Thomas More's Poems*.

— Remember therewithal,
How Christ for thee fasted with Bifel and Gall.

Eyle, acetum, Vinegar ; saith *SOMMER* : and the Word is acknow-
ledg'd by *Minsheu, Skinner, Blount, &c.*

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Hor. Remember it, my lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes; Rashness
(And prais'd be rashness for it) lets us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and That should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unseal
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royal knavery; an exact Command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing *Denmark's* health, and *England's* too,
(With, ho! such buggs and goblins in my life;) *Devis'd*
That on the supervize, no leisure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the ax,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainy,
(Ere I could make a prologue, to my Bane (70)
They had begun the Play :) I sate me down,

(70) *Being thus benetted round with Villains,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my Brains,
They had begun the Play. I sate me down, &c.]*

This Passage is certainly corrupt both in the Text and Pointing. *Making a Prologue to his Brains* is such a Phrase as SHAKESPEARE would never have us'd, to mean, *ere I could form my Thoughts to making a Prologue*. I communicated my Doubts to my two ingenious Friends *Mr. Warburton* and *Mr. Bishop*; and by their Assistance, I hope, I have reform'd the whole to the Author's Intention:

Being

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Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair :
 (I once did hold it, as our Statists do,
 A baseness to write fair ; and labour'd much
 How to forget that Learning ; but, Sir, now
 It did me yeoman's service ;) wilt thou know
 Th' effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
 As *England* was his faithful tributary,
 As love between them, like the palm, might flourish,
 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear, (71)
 And stand a Commere 'tween their amities ;
 And many such like *As's* of great charge ;
 That on the view and knowing these contents,
 Without debatement further, more or less,
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
 Not shriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, ev'n in that was heaven ordinant ;
 I had my father's Signet in my purse,
 Which was the model of that *Danish* seal :

*Being thus benetted round with Villany,
 (E're I could make a Prologue, to my Bane
 They had begun the Play :) I fate me down,*

i. e. Being thus in their Snares, e're I could make a *Prologue* (take the least previous Step) to ward off Danger, they had begun the *Play* (put their Schemes in Action) which was to terminate in my Destruction.

(71) *As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
 And stand a Comma 'tween their Amities, &c.]*

Peace is finely and properly personaliz'd here, as the Goddess of good League and Friendship : but what Ideas can we form of her standing as a *Comma*, or Stop, betwixt their Amities ? I am sure, she stands rather like a *Cypber*, in this Reading. I have no Doubt, but the Poet wrote ;

And stand a Commere 'tween their Amities ;

i. e. a Guarantee, a Common Mother. Nothing can be more picturesque than this Image of *Peace's* standing dress'd in her wheaten Garland between the two Princes, and extending a Hand to each. In this Equipage and Office we frequently see her on *Roman Coins* : particularly, on two exhibited by Baron *Spanheim* ; one of *Augustus*, and the other of *Vespasian*. The Poets likewise image to us *Peace* holding an Ear of Corn, as the Emblem of Plenty. *Tibull. lib. I. Eleg. x.*

At nobis, Pax alma, veni, spicamq; teneto.

Mr. Warburton.

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I fold'd the Writ up in form of th' other;
Subscrib'd it, gave th' impressi'on, plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known; now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So, *Guildenstern* and *Rosincrantz* go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employ-
ment. —

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass, and fell incensed points,
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from *England*,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short.

The *Interim's* mine; and a man's life's no more
Than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my self;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his; I'll court his favour:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tawring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Osrick.

Os. Your lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Dost know this wa-
ter-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

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Ham. Thy state, is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the King's mess; 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit: your bonnet to his right use,—'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot. (72)

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot for my complexion.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how:—My lord, his Majesty bid me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease, in good faith:—Sir, here is newly come to Court *Laertes*; (73) believe me, an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent Differences,

(72) *I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.*

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the Wind is northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot for my Complexion.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how.] The humorous Compliance of this fantastic Courtier, to every thing that *Hamlet* says, is so close a Copy from *Juvenal*, (Sat. III.) that our Author must certainly have had that Picture in his Eye.

———*Rides ? majore Cachinno*

Concutitur : flet, si lacrymas aspexit amici,

Nec dolet : igniculum brumæ si tempore possas,

Accipit endromidem : si dixeris, Ætuo, sudat.

(73) *Sir, here is newly come to Court Laertes.*] I have restor'd here several speeches from the elder *Quarta's*, which were omitted in the *Folio* Editions, and which Mr. *Pope* has likewise thought fit to sink upon us. They appear to me very well worthy not to be lost, as they thoroughly shew the Foppery and Affectation of *Ofrick*, and the Humour and Address of *Hamlet* in accosting the other at once in his own Vein and Style.

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of very soft society, and great shew: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or kalendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, tho' I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; and yet but raw neither in respect of his quick sail: But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a Soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his Semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Ofr. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The Concernancy, Sir?—Why do we wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath? [*To Horatio.*

Ofr. Sir,—

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? you will do't, sir, rarely.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Ofr. Of *Laertes*?

Hor. His purse is empty already: all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Ofr. I know, you are not ignorant,—

Ham. I would, you did, Sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, Sir.

Ofr. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, least I should compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well, were to know himself.

Ofr. I mean, sir, for his weapon: but in the Imputation laid on him by them in his Meed, he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him six *Barbary* horses, against the which he has impon'd, as I take it, six *French* rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate

delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the Margent,
e'er you had done. [*aside.*]

Ofr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers 'till then. But, on; six *Barbary* horses, against six *French* swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the *French* bett against the *Danish*; why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Ofr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a Dozen Passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryal, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer, no?

Ofr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; If it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did so, sir, with his dug before he suck'd it: thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their tryals, the bubbles are out.

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Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Osrick*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the Hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. *[Exit Lord.]*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart—but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and lords, Osrick, with other attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir; I've done you wrong;

But

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? never, *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself, does wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not; *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd Evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation;
'Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice, and president of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i'th' darkest night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young *Osrick*.

Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Well, my lord;

Your Grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both:

But

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But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well; these foils have all a length?
[Prepares to play.

Ofr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table :

If *Hamlet* gives the first, or second, Hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire ;

The King shall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath :

And in the cup an Union shall he throw, (74)

Richer than that which four successive Kings

In *Denmark's* Crown have worn. Give me the cups ;

And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,

The trumpets to the canoneer without,

The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth :

Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*.—Come, begin,

And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my lord.

[They play.

Ham. One——

Laer. No——

(74) *And in the Cup an Onyx shall be throw,*

Richer than that which four successive Kings

In Denmark's Crown have worn.]

This is a various Reading in several of the old Copies ; but *Union* seems to me to be the true word, for several reasons. The *Onyx* is a species of lucid Stone, of which the Antients made both Columns and Pavements for Ornament, and in which they likewise cut *Seals*, &c. but, if I am not mistaken, neither the *Onyx*, nor *Sardonyx*, are Jewels which ever found Place in an Imperial Crown. On the other hand, an *Union* is the finest sort of Pearl, and has its Place in all Crowns and Coronets. *Multum enim interest utrum Unio statuatur in Cæno, an verò situs & insertus in Coronâ resplendeat :* says *Theodoret* upon *St. Matthew*. Besides, let us consider what the King says on *Hamlet's* giving *Laertes* the first Hit.

Stay, give me Drink : Hamlet, this Pearl is thine :

Here's to thy Health.

The Terms upon which the King was to throw a Jewel into the Cup, were, if *Hamlet* gave *Laertes* the first Hit : which *Hamlet* does. Therefore, if an *Union* be a Pearl, and an *Onyx* a Gemm or Stone, quite differing in its Nature from Pearls ; the King saying, that *Hamlet* has earn'd the Pearl, I think, amounts to a Demonstration that it was an *Union-Pearl*, which he meant to throw into the Cup.

Ham.

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Ham. Judgment.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well——again——

King. Stay, give me Drink. Hamlet, this Pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[Trumpets sound, Shot goes off.]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

[They play.]

Come——another hit——what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our fon shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam,——

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord ; I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup, it is too late. [aside.]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [aside.]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes, you but dally ;

I pray you, pass with your best violence ;

I am afraid, you make a Wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so ? come on. [Play.]

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[Laertes wounds Hamlet ; then, in scuffling, they
change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again——

Ofr. Look to the Queen there, ho !

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my lord?

Ofr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own sprindge, Ofrick ;
I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen.

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Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink——
Oh my dear Hamlet, the drink, the drink,——
I am poison'd—— [Queen dies.

Ham. Oh villainy! hoe! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out——

Laer. It is here. Hamlet, thou art slain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand, (75)
Unbated and evenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lye,
Never to rise again; thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more——the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point evenom'd too?
Then venom to thy work. [Stabs the King.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion: is the Union here?
Follow my mother. [King dies.

(75) *The treach'rous Instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and evenom'd.] The King in the fourth Act, in the
Scene betwixt him and Laertes, says;*

—— So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A Sword unbated, and in a Pass of Practice
Requite him for your Father.

In which Passage the old Folio's read,

A Sword unbaited——

which makes Nonsense of the Place, and destroys the Poet's Meaning.
Unbated signifies, *unabated*, *unblunted*, not charg'd with a Button as Foils
are. There are many Passages in our Author, where *bate* and *abate* signi-
fy to *blunt*.

*But doth rebate and blunt his natural Edge
With Profits of the Mind.* Meas. for Meas.
That Honour which shall bate his Scythe's keen Edge.

Love's Labour lost.

*For from his Metal was his Party steel'd,
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves like dull and heavy Lead.*

2 Henry IV.

So, likewise, Ben Jonson in his *Sad Shepherd*,
*As far as her proud Scorning him could bate,
Or blunt the Edge of any Lover's Temper.*

Laer.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 365

Laer. He is justly served.

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble *Hamlet* ;

Mine and my father's death come not on thee,

Nor thine on me !

[Dies]

Ham. Heav'n make the free of it ! I follow thee.

I'm dead, *Horatio* ; wretched Queen, adieu !

You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell Serjeant death

Is strict in his arrest) oh I could tell you——

But let it be——*Horatio*, I am dead ;

Thou liv'st, report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.

I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane* ;

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th' art a man,

Give me the cup ; let go ; by heav'n, I'll have't.

Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me ?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity a while,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my tale.

[March afar off, and shout within.]

What warlike noise is this ?

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Young *Fortinbras*, with Conquest come from *Poland*,

To the Ambassadors of *England* gives

This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, *Horatio* :

The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit ;

I cannot live to hear the news from *England*.

But I do prophesie, th' election lights

On *Fortinbras* ; he has my dying voice ;

So tell him, with the occurrences more or less,

Which have solicited,——The rest is silence. [Dies.]

Hor.

366 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart ; good night, sweet Prince ;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy Rest !
Why does the Drum come hither ?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassadors, with drum, colours, and attendants.

Fort. Where is this fight ?

Hor. What is it you would see ?

If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havock. Oh proud death ! (76)

What feast is tow'rd in thy infernal cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck ?

Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late :
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing ;
To tell him, 'his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Rosincrantz* and *Guildestern* are dead :
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you :
He never gave command'ment for their death. (77)
But since so full upon this bloody question,

(76) ———— *Oh, proud Death !*

What Feast is tow'rd in thy eternal Cell,] This Epithet, I think, has no great Propriety here. I have chose the Reading of the old *Quarto* Editions, *infernal*. This communicates an Image suitable to the Circumstance of the Havock, which *Fortinbras* looks on and would represent in a light of Horror. Upon the Sight of so many dead Bodies, he exclaims against Death as an execrable, riotous, Destroyer ; and as preparing to make a savage, and *bellish* Feast.

(77) *He never gave Commandment for their Death.]* We must either believe, the Poet had forgot himself with Regard to the Circumstance of *Rosincrantz* and *Guildestern's* Death ; or we must understand him thus ; that he no otherways gave a Command for their Deaths, than in putting a Change upon the Tenour of the King's Commission, and warding off the fatal Sentence from his own Head.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 367

You from the *Polack Wars*, and you from *England*,
Are here arriv'd ; give Order, that these bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts ;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause ;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on th' inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Nobles to the audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my fortune ;
I have some rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which, now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more : (78)
But let this fame be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet*, like a soldier, to the Stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally. And for his passage,

(78) *And from his Mouth, whose Voice will draw no more.] This is the*
Reading of the old *Quarto's*, but certainly a mistaken one. We say, *a*
Man will no more draw Breath ; but that a *Man's Voice will draw no*
more, is, I believe, an Expression without any Authority. I chuse to
espouse the Reading of the *Elder Folio*.

And from his Mouth, whose Voice will draw on more.

And this is the Poet's Meaning. *Hamlet*, just before his Death, had
said ;

*But I do prophesie, th' Election lights
On Fortinbras : He has my dying Voice ;
So tell him, &c.*

Accordingly, *Horatio* here delivers that Message ; and very justly in-
fers, that *Hamlet's Voice* will be seconded by others, and procure them in
Favour of *Fortinbras's* Succession.

368 **HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.**

The Soldiers' musick, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him—

Take up the body : such a fight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the Soldiers shoot.

*[Exeunt, marching : after which, a peal of Ordnance
are shot off.]*



OTHELLO

OTHELLO

THE

Moor of *VENICE*

SCENE, for the First Act, in Venice;
during the rest of the Play, in Cyprus.

Dramatis Personæ.

D U K E of Venice.

Brabantio, *a noble Venetian.*

Gratiano, *Brother to Brabantio.*

Lodovico, *Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*

Othello, *the Moor, General for the Venetians in Cyprus.*

Cassio, *his Lieutenant-General.*

Iago, *Standard-bearer to Othello.*

Roderigo, *a foolish Gentleman, in love with Desdemona.*

Montano, *the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.*

Clown, *Servant to the Moor.*

Herald.

Desdemona, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*

Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*

Bianca, *Curtizan, Mistress to Cassio.*

*Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians,
Sailors, and Attendants.*

S C E N E, *for the First Act, in Venice;
during the rest of the Play, in Cyprus.*

O T H E L



O T H E L L O, (I)

The Moor of VENICE.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Street in VENICE.*

Enter Rodorigo and Iago.

R O D O R I G O.

N Ever tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know
of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me.

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

A 2.

Iago.

(1) *Othello.*] The Groundwork of this Play is built on a Novel of Cinthio Giraldi, (Dec. 3. Nov. 7.) who seems to have design'd his Tale a Document to young Ladies against disproportion'd Marriages: *di non se accompagnare con huomo, cui la Natura & il cielo, & il modo della Vita disgiunge da noi*: That they should not link themselves to such, against whom Nature, Providence, and a different way of Living have interpos'd a Bar. Our Poet inculcates no such Moral: but rather, that a Woman may fall in Love with the Virtues and shining Qualities of a Man; and therein overlook the Difference of Complexion and Colour. Mr. Rymer has run riot against the Conduct, Manners, Sentiments, and Diction, of this Play: but in such a Strain, that one is mov'd rather to laugh at the Freedom

Iago. Despise me,
 If I do not. Three Great ones of the city,
 In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
 Off-cap'd to him: and, by the faith of man, (2)
 I know my price, I'm worth no worse a Place.
 But he, as loving his own pride and purpose,
 Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
 Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
 And, in conclusion,
 Nor-suits my mediators. " Certes, says he,
 " I have already chose my officer."
 And what was he?
 Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

Freedom and Coarseness of his Raillery, than provok'd to be downright angry at his Censures. To take a short Sample of his Criticism;—
 " *Shakespeare* in this Play calls 'em the super-subtle *Venetians*: yet examine thoroughly the Tragedy, there is nothing in the noble *Desdemona*, that is not below any Country Chamber-maid with us. And the Account, he gives of their Noblemen and Senate, can only be calculated for the Latitude of *Gotham*. The Character of the *Venetian* State is to employ Strangers in their Wars: but shall a Poet thence fancy, that they will set a *Negro* to be their General? or trust a *Moor* to defend them against the *Turk*? With us a *Black-a-moor* might rise to be a Trumpeter; but *Shakespeare* would not have him less than a Lieutenant-General. With us a *Moor* might marry some little Drab, or Smallcoal-Wench; *Shakespeare* would provide him the Daughter and Heir of some great Lord, or Privy-Counsellour: and all the Town should reckon it a very suitable Match. Yet the *English* are not bred up with that Hatred and Aversion to the *Moors*, as are the *Venetians* who suffer by a perpetual Hostility from them. *Littora littoribus contraria*. Nothing is more odious in Nature than an improbable Lie: and certainly never was any Play fraught like this of *Othello* with Improbabilities." &c.—

Thus this *Critic* goes on; but such Reflexions require no serious Answer. This Tragedy will continue to have lasting Charms enough to make us blind to such Absurdities, as the Poet thought were not worth his Care.

(2) Off cap't to him:] Thus the oldest *Quarto*, and some modern Editions; but I have chose to restore the Reading of the first and second *Folio* Impressions, Off-cap't; i. e. stood Cap in Hand, soliciting him. So, in *Anthony*; ——— I have ever held my Cap off to thy Fortune. And in *Timon*;

And let his very Breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy Cap—

One Michael Cassio;—(“ the Florentine’s (3)
 “ A fellow almost damn’d in a fair wife;”)—

A a 3

That

- (3) Forsooth, a great Arithmetician,
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

A Fellow almost damn’d in a fair Wife.] Thus has this Passage ignorantly been corrupted, (as Mr. Warburton likewise saw with me;) by false Pointing, and an Inadvertence to Matter of Fact, thro’ the whole Course of the Editions. By the Bye, this Play was not publish’d even singly, that I can find, till six Years after the Author’s Death: and by that Interval became more liable to Errors. I’ll subjoin the Correction, and then the Reasons for it.

And, in Conclusion,

Nonsuits my Mediators: “ Certes, says he,

“ I have already chose my Officer;” —

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great Arithmetician,

One Michael Cassio;—(“ the Florentine’s

“ A Fellow almost damn’d in a fair Wife;” —)

That never, &c.

This Pointing sets Circumstances right, as I shall immediately explain; and it gives a Variety, in *Iago* reporting the Behaviour of *Othello*, to start into these Breaks; now, to make *Othello* speak; — then, to interrupt what *Othello* says with his own private Reflexions; — then, again, to proceed with *Othello*’s Speeches:—For this not only marks the Inquietude of *Iago*’s Mind upon the Subject in hand; but likewise shews the Actor in the Variation of Tone and Gesture, whilst he (in a Breath, as ’twere) personates alternately *Othello* and himself. Besides, to come to the Necessity of the Change made; *Iago*, not *Cassio*, was the Florentine; *Iago*, not *Cassio*, was the married Man; *Iago*’s Wife attends *Desdemona* to Cyprus; *Cassio* has a Mistress there, a common Strumpet; and *Iago* tells him in the fourth Act,

She gives it out, that you shall marry her:

Which would be very absurd, if *Cassio* had been already married at Venice. Besides, our Poet follows the Authority of his Novel in giving the villanous Ensign a fair Wife. “ *Havea similmente menata questo Malvagio la sua Moglie in Cipri, la quale era bella & honesta Giovane.*” And it is very good Reason for rejecting *Iago*, because he was a married Man, and might be thought too much govern’d by his Wife to be capable of this Charge. And this was a natural Objection in an unmarried General, as *Othello* was when he chose his Officers. *Iago* therefore was the Fellow almost damn’d in a fair Wife: which is an Expression obscure enough to deserve a short Explanation. The Poet means, *Iago* had so beautiful a Wife, that she was his Heaven on Earth; that he idoliz’d her; and forgot to think of Happiness in an After-state, as placing all his Views of Bliss in the single Enjoyment of her. In this sense, Beauty, when it can so seduce and ingross a Man’s Thoughts, may be said almost to damn him.

Jessica,

That never set a Squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster ; but the bookish theorick,
Wherein the toged counsllors can propose (4)

As

Jessica, speaking of Bassanio's Happiness in a Wife, says something almost equal to this.

For having such a Blessing in his Lady,

He finds the Joys of Heaven here on Earth ;

And if on Earth he do not merit it,

In Reason he should never come to Heav'n.

[Merch. of Venice.

Beaumont and Fletcher likewise, in their *King and no King*, make *Ti-granes* speak of such a Degree of Beauty sufficient to damn Souls.

— *had She so tempting Fair,*

That She could wish it off for damning Souls,

i. e. either, for that it did damn Souls ; or, for Fear it should.

(4) *Wherein the tongued Consuls.*] So the generality of the Impressions read ; but the oldest *Quarto* has it, *toged* ; (which gave the Hint for my Emendation ;) the Senators, that assisted the Duke in Council, in their proper Gowns.—*Iago*, a little lower, says to *Brabantio*,

Zounds, Sir, you're robb'd : for shame, put on your Gown ;

Now I think, 'tis pretty certain, that *Iago* does not mean, " Slip on your Night-gown, but your Gown of Office, your Senatorial Gown ; " put on your Authority, and pursue the Thief who has stole your " Daughter." Besides, there is not that Contrast of Terms betwixt *tongued*, as there is betwixt *toged*, and *Soldiership*. This Reading is peculiarly proper here ; and the same Opposition is almost for ever made by the Roman Writers. For Instance ;

Cicero in Offic.

Cedant Arma Togæ,—

Idem in Pisonem.

— *Sed quæd Pacis est Insigne Et Otii, Toga: contra autem Arma, Tumultus atq; Belli.*

Vell. Paternulus de Scipione Æmiliano.

— *paternisq; Lucii Pauli Virtutibus simillimus, omnibus Belli ac Togæ dotibus, &c.*

Cassius Ciceroni.

Etenim tua Toga omnium Armis felicior.

Ovid. Metamor. lib. xv.

Cæsar in urbe sua Deus est ; quem Marte Togâq;

Præcipuum, &c.

Idem in Epist. ex Ponto, li. 2. Ep. 1.

— *Jam nunc hæc à me, juvenum bellâq; togâq;*

Maxime.

Juvenal. Sat. 10.

— *nocitura Togâ, nocitura petuntur*

Militiâ.

And in a great Number of Passages more, that might be quoted.

But

As masterly as he; meer prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership—he had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heath'n, must be belee'd and calm'd (5)
By Debitor, and Creditor, this Counter-caster;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moor-ship's Ancient.

Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be judge your self,
If I in any just term am assign'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;

But now let me proceed to explain, why I have ventured to substitute
Counsellors in the Room of *Consuls*: and then, I hope, the Alteration
will not appear arbitrary. The *Venetian Nobility*, 'tis well known, con-
stitute the great *Council* of the Senate, and are a Part of the Administra-
tion; and summon'd to assist and counsel the *Doge*, who is Prince of the
Senate; and, in that Regard, has only Precedency before the other Ma-
gistrates. So that, in this Respect, they may very properly be call'd
Counsellors. Again, when the Officer comes from the Duke to *Brabantio*,
in a subsequent Scene of this Act, he says,

*The Duke's in Council, and your Noble self,
I'm sure, is sent for.*

And when *Brabantio* comes into the Senate, the Duke says to him;

We lack'd your Counsel, and your Help to Night.

Now *Brabantio* was a Senator, but no *Consul*. Besides, tho' the Go-
vernment of *Venice* was Democratic at first, under *Consuls* and *Tribunes*;
that Form of Power has been totally abrogated, since *Doges* have been
elected: And whatever *Consuls* of other States may be resident there, yet
they have no more a Voice, or Place, in the publick *Councils*, or in
what concerns Peace or War; than foreign Ambassadors can have in our
Parliament.

(5) *Must be led and calm'd.*] There is no Consonance of Metaphor in
these two Terms. I have chose to read with the first *Folio*, and several
other of the old Editions. *Belee'd* is a Sea-Term as well as *calm'd*; and a
Ship is said to be *belee'd*, when she lies close under the Wind, on the *Lee*-
Shore; makes no Sail.

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender; and when he's old, cashier'd;
 Whip me such honest knaves.—Others there are,
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
 Do themselves homage. These folks have some soul,
 And such a one do I profess my self.
 It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*:
 In following him, I follow but my self.
 Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty;
 But, seeming so, for my peculiar end:
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
 For daws to peck at; I'm not what I seem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
 If he can carry her thus?

Iago. Call up her father;
 Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight.
 Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen.
 And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
 Plague him with flies: tho' that his joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
 As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
 As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio*! Signior *Brabantio*! ho.

Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio*! ho! thieves!
 thieves!

Look

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags :
Thieves ! thieves !

Brabantio appears above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are all doors lock'd ?

Bra. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Zounds ! Sir, you're robb'd : for shame, put
on your Gown ;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;

Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram

Is tupp'ng your white ewe. Arise, arise,

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the Devil will make a grandfire of you.

Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

Bra. Not I ; what are you ?

Rod. My name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome ;

I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors :

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,

My daughter's not for thee. And now in madness,

Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts,

Upon malicious bravery dost thou come

To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,

My spirit and my place have in their power

To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is *Venice* :

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave *Brabantio*,

In simple and pure soul, I come to you.

Iago. Zounds ! Sir, you are one of those that will not
serve God, if the Devil bid you. Because we come to do
you service, you think we are ruffians ; you'll have your
daughter

daughter cover'd with a *Barbary* horse, you'll have your nephews neigh to you ; you'll have courfers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou ?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, *Rodorigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you, If't be your pleasure and most wise consent, (As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter, At this odd even and dull watch o'th' night, Transported with no worse nor better guard, But with a knave of hire, a *Gundalier*, To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor : If this be known to you, and your allowance, We then have done you bold and sawcy wrongs. But if you know not this, my manners tell me, We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe, That from the sense of all civility I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence. Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave, I say again, hath made a gross revolt ; Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes To an extravagant and wheeling stranger, Of here and every where ; straight satisfie your self. If she be in her chamber, or your house, Let loose on me the justice of the State For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !

Give me a taper ; — call up all my people ; —

This accident is not unlike my Dream,

Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say, light !

Iago. Farewel ; for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produc'd (as if I stay, I shall)

Against the Moor. For I do know, the State,

However

However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
Which ev'n now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their business. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love :
(Which is, indeed, but sign.) That you may surely find
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raised search ; [him,
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

Enter Brabantio, and servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is ;
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didst thou see her ? oh unhappy girl !
With the Moor, saist thou ? who would be a father ?
How didst thou know 'twas she ; oh, she deceives me
Past thought—What said she to you ? get more tapers—
Raise all my kindred—are they married, think you ?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. Oh heaven ! how gat she out ?
Oh treason of my blood !
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters minds
By what you see them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd ? have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of some such thing ?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother : oh, would you had had her ;
Some one way, some another—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moor ?

Rod. I think, I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call,
I may command at most : get weapons, ho !
And raise some special officers of might :
On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE changes to another STREET, before
the Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with Torches.

Iago. Tho' in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'th' conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service.—Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. It's better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour;
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential (6)
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t' enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his sight:
My services, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that Boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch my Life and Being (7)

From

(6) *And hath in his effect a Voice potential,*
As double as the Duke's.] Rymer seems to have had his Eye on
this Passage amongst others, when he talks so much of the Impropriety
and Barbarity in the Style of this Play. But it is, in Truth, a very ele-
gant Grecism. As double, signifies, as large, as extensive. So the Greeks
us'd διπλός, for, *latus, grandis*, as well as, *duplex*; and, in the same
Manner and Constructions, the Latines sometimes us'd their *duplex*.

Mr. Warburton.

(7) ——— *I fetch my Life and Being*
From Men of royal Siege; and my Demerits
May speak unbosomed to as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd.] Thus all the Copies read this Passage.

But

From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, and bonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth. But look! what lights come yonder?

Enter Cassio, with torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect Soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think, no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant:
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, General;
And he requires your haste, post-haste, appearance,
Even on the instant.

But, to speak *unbonnetted*, is to speak *with the Cap off*, which is directly
opposite to the Poet's Meaning. So, in King Lear;

*This Night, in which the cub-drawn Bear would couch,
The Lion, and the belly-pinched Wolf,
Keep their Furr dry, unbonnetted he runs,
And bids what will take all.*

Othello means to say, that his Birth and Services set him upon such a
Rank, that he may speak to a Senator of Venice with his Hat on; i. e.
without shewing any Marks of Deference, or Inequality. I, therefore,
am inclin'd to think, *Shakespeare* wrote;

May speak, and bonnetted, &c.

Or, if any like better the Change of the Negative *un*, in the cor-
rupted Reading, into the Epitatic *in*, we may thus reform it:

May speak imbonnetted, &c.

I propos'd the Correction of this Passage in my SHAKESPEARE restored;
upon which, Mr. Pope, in his last Edition, has found out an other Expe-
dient, and would read,

May speak unbonnetting, &c.

i. e. as he says, *without pulling off the Bonnet*. But the Sense thus is
equivocal and obscure: and *unbonnetting* more naturally signifies, *pulling
off the Bonnet*, than the contrary.

Oth.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one anothers heels:
And many of the Couns'lers, rais'd and met, (8)
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate sent above three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [Exit Othello.]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Iago. Marry to——Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with officers and torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Br. Down with him, thief! [They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, *Rodorigo*! come, Sir, I am for you——

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust
'em.

(8) *And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,*

Are at the Duke's already.] Thus all the Editions concur in reading; but there is no such Character as a *Consul* appears in any Part of the Play. I change it to, *Counsellors*; i. e. the *Grandees* that constitute the great Council at *Venice*. The Reason I have already given, above, in the Close of the 5th Note,

Good Signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magick were not bound,

Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd (9)

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

(9) ——— that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled Darlings of our Nation.] Tho' I have not disturb'd the Text here, I ought to subjoin a very probable Conjecture which Mr. Warburton propos'd to me.

The wealthy culled Darlings of our Nation.

i. e. pick'd, select, chosen, from the common Suitors. For the Epithet *curled*, as he observes, was no Mark of Distinction or Difference between a *Venetian* and a *Moor*; which latter People are remarkably *curl'd* by Nature. And tho' *culled* now, when our Ears are nicer than our Understandings, may not so frequently find a Place in the *Drama*; the same Objection did not lie to the Sound of it in *Shakespeare's* Days.

Of all Complexions the cull'd Sow'reignty.

Love's Labour lost.

Call for our chiefest Men of Discipline

To cull the Plots of best Advantages.

King John.

Then, in a Moment, Fortune shall cull forth

Out of one Side her happy Minion.

ib.

Before I drew this gallant Head of War,

And cull'd these fiery Spirits from the World

To out-look Conquest.

ib.

For who is He, whose Chin is but enrich'd

With one appearing Hair, that will not follow

These cull'd and choice-drawn Cavaliers to France?

Henry V.

Now ye familiar Spirits, that are cull'd

Out of the pow'rful Regions under Earth.

Henry VI.

And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,

And cull their Flow'r, Ajax shall cope the best.

Troil. and Cress.

No, Madam; we have cull'd such Necessaries

As are bebovesfull for our State to morrow.

Rom. and Jul.

In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,

Culling of Simples.

ibid.

&c. &c. &c.

Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
 Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense, (10)
 That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
 Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,

(10) *Judge me the World, if 'tis not gross in Sense,
 That thou hast practis'd on her with foul Charms,
 Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs, or Minerals,
 That weaken Motion.]* Brabantio is here accusing Othello of having

us'd some foul Play, and intoxicated Desdemona by Drugs and Potions to win her over to his Love. But why, Drugs to weaken Motion? How then could she have run away with him voluntarily from her Father's House? Had she been averse to chusing Othello, tho' he had given her Medicines that took away the Use of her Limbs, might she not still have retain'd her Senses, and oppos'd the Marriage? Her Father, 'tis evident, from several of his Speeches, is positive that she must have been abused in her rational Faculties; or she could not have made so preposterous a Choice, as to wed with a Moor, a Black, and refuse the finest young Gentlemen in Venice. What then have we to do with her Motion being weaken'd? If I understand any thing of the Poet's Meaning here, I cannot but think, he must have wrote;

*Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs, or Minerals,
 That weaken Motion.*

i. e. her Apprehension, right Conception and Idea of Things, Understanding, Judgment, &c. 'Tis usual with us to say, *we have no Notion of a Thing*, when we would mean, we don't very clearly understand it. The Roman Classics used the Word in the same Manner; and Cicero has thus defin'd it for us. NOTIONEM appello, quod Greci τὴν νοήσιν τὴν ἀνθρώπων. Dei notionem nullum Animal est quod habeat præter hominem. Idem 1. de Legibus. Cujus rei rationem notionemque eodem Volumine tradidit. Plin. lib. 17. cap. 28, &c. Nor is our Author infrequent in the Usage of this Term.

*Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his Eyes?
 Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings
 Are lethargied, &c.*

King Lear.

*Your Judgments, my grave Lords,
 Must give this Cur the Lye; and his own Notion,
 Who wears my Stripes, &c.*

Coriolanus.

*And all things else, that might
 To half a Soul, and to a Notion craz'd
 Say, thus did Banquo.*

Macbeth.

And, in Cymbeline, he has express'd the same Idea by an equivalent Term.

*The Drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murth'rous to th' Senses?*

I made this Emendation in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE restor'd, and Mr. Pope has adopted it in his last Edition.

That

That weaken Notion. — I'll hav't disputed on ;

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee

For an abuser of the world, a practicer

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant ;

Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest.

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it.

Without a prompter. Where will you I go

To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison, 'till fit time

Of law, and course of direct Session

Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?

How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,

Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the State,

To bring me to him ?

Off. True, most worthy signior,

The Duke's in Council ; and your noble self,

I'm sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the Duke in Council ?

In this time of the night ? bring him away ;

Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,

Or any of my Brothers of the State,

Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own ;

For if such actions may have passage free, (11)

Bond-slaves and Pageants shall our Statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*]

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B b

SCENE

(11) For if such Actions may have Passage free,

Bondslaves and Pagans shall our Statesmen be.] I have long had a Suspicion of Pagans here. Would *Brabantio* infer, if his private Injury were not redress'd, the Senate should no longer pretend to call themselves *Christians* ? But *Pagans* are as strict and moral, we find, all the World over, as the most regular *Christians*, in the Preservation of private Property. The Difference of *Faith*, is not at all concern'd, but mere humane Policy, in ascertaining the Right of *meum and tuum*. I have ventur'd to imagine, that our Author wrote,

Bondslaves and Pageants shall our Statesmen be.

SCENE *changes to the Senate House.*

Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights, and attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they're disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred;
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with diff'rence;) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish Fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve,
In fearful sense.

Sailors within.] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailor.

Offi. A messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now!—what's the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant,

i. e. if we'll let such injurious Actions go unpunish'd, our Statesmen must
be Slaves, Cyphers in Office, and have no Pow'r of redressing; be Things
of meer Show, and gaudy Appearance only.

So, in Meas. for Meas.

Mine were the very Cypher of a Function,

To fine the Faults, whose Pains stand in Record,

And let go by the Act.

And, so, in King Henry VIII.

—if we stand still in fear

Our Motion will be tickled or carried at,

We should take root here where we sit

Or sit State-Statues only.

To

To keep us in false gaze ; when we consider
Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let our selves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile question bear it ; (12)
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That *Rhodes* is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not think the *Turk* is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first ;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering with due course toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after fleet——

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought ; how many, as you guess ?

Mes. Of thirty sail ; and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their Purposes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your trusty and most valiant Servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus* : *Marcus Luccicos*,
Is he not here in town ?

1 Sen. He's now in *Florence*.

(12) So may he with more fertile Question bear it ; This is Mr. Pope's
Reading ; but upon what Authorities, I am yet to learn. All the old
Impressions, *Quarto's* and *Folio's*, I know, have it ;

So may he with more facile Question bear it.

i. e. He may with a more easy Struggle, with less Strength, carry
Cyprus ; and the Poet subjoins this Reason for it, because *Cyprus* was not
near so well fortified, nor in the Condition to oppose, as *Rhodes* was. I
ought to mention, to the Praise of my Friend Mr. Warburton's Sagacity,
that tho' he had none of the old Editions to collate or refer to, he sent
me word by Letter, that the Context absolutely requir'd *facile Question*.

Duke. Write from us, to him, post, post-haste, dispatch,
 1 Sen. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant Moor.

To them, enter *Brabantio*, *Othello*, *Cassio*, *Iago*, *Roderigo*, and *Officers*.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
 Against the general enemy *Ottoman*.
 I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; [*To Braban.*
 We lack'd your counsel, and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your Grace, pardon me;
 Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
 Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
 Take hold on me: For my particular grief
 Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
 That it ingluts and swallows other sorrows,
 And yet is still it self.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh my daughter!—

Sen. Dead?—

Bra. To me;

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
 By spells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
 For nature so preposterously to err,
 (Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
 Sans Witchcraft could not—

Duke. Who-e'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
 Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of her self,
 And you of her, the bloody book of law
 You shall your self read in the bitter letter,
 After your own sense; yea, though our proper Son
 Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
 Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
 Your special mandate, for the State-affairs,
 Hath hither brought.

All. We're very sorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you lay to this?

[*To Othel.*

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My

My very noble and approv'd good masters ;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years Pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battel ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my self. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at it self ; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on——
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect, (13)
That will confess, Affection so could err

(13) *It is a Judgment maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess, Perfection so could err
Against all Rules of Nature.*] *Perfection erring*, seems a Contradiction in *Terminis*, as the Schoolmen call it. Besides, *Brabantio* does not blazon his Daughter out for a Thing of absolute Perfection ; he only says, she was indued with such an extreme innate Modesty, that for her to fall in Love so preposterously, no sound Judgment could allow, but it must be by magical Practice upon her. I have ventur'd to imagine that our Author wrote ;

That will confess, Affection so could err, &c.

This is entirely consonant to what *Brabantio* would say of her ; and one of the Senators, immediately after, in his Examination of the *Moor*, thus addresses himself to him ;

——But, *Othello*, speak ;

Did you by indirect and forced Courses

Subdue and poison this young Maid's Affections, &c.

Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
 Without more certain and more overt test,
 Than these thin habits and poor likelyhoods
 Of modern Seeming do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, *Othello*, speak ;
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth. I beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,
 And let her speak of me before her father ;
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your Sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither. [*Exeunt two or three.*]

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.
 [*Exit Iago.*]

And 'till she come, as truly as to heav'n
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello*.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me ;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battels, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have past.

I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
 To th' very moment that he bad me tell it :
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth scapes in th' imminent deadly breach ;

Of being taken by the Insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle, (14)
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch
heav'n,
It was my hint to speak; such was the process; (15)

B b 4

And

(14) *Wherein of Antres vast and Desarts idle, &c.*] Thus it is in all the old Editions: But Mr. Pope has thought fit to change the Epithet. *Desarts idle*; in the former Editions; (says he,) *doubtless, a Corruption from wilde.*—But he must pardon me, if I do not concur in thinking this so *doubtless*. I don't know whether Mr. Pope has observ'd it, but I know that *Shakespeare*, especially in Descriptions, is fond of using the more uncommon Word, in a poetick Latitude. And *idle*, in several other Passages, he employs in these Acceptations, *wild, useless, uncultivated, &c.*

*Crown'd with rank Fumitar, and Furrow Weeds,
With Hardocks, Hemlock, Nettles, Cuckow-flow'rs,
Darnel, and all the idle Weeds that grow
In our sustaining Corn.*

King Lear.

i. e. wild and uselels.

————— *The murmur'ing Surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle Pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.*

Ibid.

i. e. useless, worthless, nullius Pretii: for Pebbles, constantly wash'd and chaf'd by the Surge, can't be call'd *idle*, i. e. to lie still, in a state of Rest.

*The even Mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and green Clover,
Wanting the Scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by Idleness.*

Henry V.

i. e. by *Wildness*, occasion'd from its lying *uncultivated*. And exactly with the same Liberty, if I am not mistaken, has VIRGIL twice used the Word *ignavus*:

————— *Hyems ignava Colono.*

Georg. I. v. 299.

Et nemora evertit multos ignava per annos.

Georg. II. v. 208.

(15) ————— *Such was the Process:*

*And of the Canibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi; and Men whose Heads
Do grow beneath their Shoulders.]*

This Passage Mr. Pope has thought fit to throw out of the Text, as containing incredible Matter, I presume: but why, if he had any Equality in his critical Judgment, did he not as well castrate the *Tempest* of these Lines?

And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
 The *Anthropophagi* ; and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. All these to hear
 Would *Desdemona* seriously incline ;
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate ;
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively : I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore, " In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
 " 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful " —
 She wish'd, she had not heard it ; — yet she wish'd,
 That heav'n had made her such a man : — she thank'd me,
 And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake,

She

*Who would believe, that there were Mountaineers
 Downlapt like Bulls, whose Throats had hanging at 'em
 Wallets of Flesh ? Or that there were such Men,
 Whose Heads stood in their Breasts ?*

I have observ'd several times, in the Course of these Notes, our Author's particular Deference for Sir *Walter Raleigh* ; and both these Passages seem to me intended complimentally to him. Sir *Walter*, in his *Travels*, has given the following Account, which I shall subjoin as briefly as I may. Next unto *Aror*, there are two Rivers *Awica* and *Caora* ; and on that Branch which is call'd *Caora*, are a Nation of a People whose Heads appear not above their Shoulders : which, tho it may be thought a meer Fable, yet, for mine own part, I am resolv'd it is true ; because every Child in the Provinces of *Arromaia* and *Camuri* affirm the same. They are call'd *Ewaipanomas*, they are reported to have their Eyes in their Shoulders, and their Mouths in the middle of their Breasts. It was not my Chance to hear of them, till I was come away ; and if I had but spoken one word of it while I was there, I might have brought

" one

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too—
Good Brabantio,

“one of them with me, to put the Matter out of Doubt. Such a Na-
“tion was written of by Mandeville, whose Reports were holden for
“Fables for many years: and yet since the East-Indies were discover'd,
“we find his Relations true of such things as heretofore were held incredi-
“ble. Whether it be true, or no, the Matter is not great; for mine
“own part, I saw them not; but I am resolv'd, that so many People did not
“all combine, or forethink to make the Report. To the West of Caroli-
“are diverse Nations of Canibals, and of those Ewaipanomaws without
“Heads.”

Sir Walter Raleigh made this Voyage to Guiana in 1595. Mr. Lawrence Keymish, (sometime his Lieutenant) who went thither the next Year, and who dedicates his Relation to Sir Walter, mentions the same People; and, speaking of a Person who gave him considerable Informations, he adds, “He certified me of the headless Men, and that their Mouths in their
“Breasts are exceeding wide.” Sir Walter, at the time that his Travels were publish'd, is styl'd Captain of her Majesty's Guard, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and Lieutenant General of the County of Cornwall. If we consider the Reputation, as the ingenious Martin Folkes Esq; observ'd to me, any thing from such a Person, and at that time in such Posts, must come into the World with, we shall be of Opinion that a Passage in Shakespeare need not be degraded for the Mention of a Story, which, however strange, was countenanc'd with such an Authority. Shakespeare, on the other hand, has shewn a fine Address to Sir Walter, in sacrificing so much Credulity to such a Relation. Besides, both the Passages in our Author have this further Use; that they do in some Measure fix the Chronology of his writing Othello, as well as the Tempest: for as neither of them could be wrote before the Year 1597; so the Mention of these Circumstances should persuade us, they appear'd before these Travels became stale to the publick, and their Authority was too narrowly scrutiniz'd.

We may be able to account, perhaps, in a few Lines, for the Mystery of these suppos'd headless People; and with that I will close this long Note. OLBARRUS, speaking of the Manner of Cloathing of the Samojeds, a People of Northern Muscovy, says; “Their Garments are
“made like those that are call'd Cosaques, open only at the Necks.
“When the Cold is extraordinary, they put their Cosaques over their
“Heads, and let the Sleeves hang down; their Faces being not to be
“seen, but at the Cleft which is at the Neck. Whence Some have taken
“Occasion to write, that in these Northern Countries, there are People with-
“out Heads, having their Faces in their Breasts.”

Take up this mangled matter at the best.
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak ;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man ! Come hither, gentle mistress,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you most owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty ;
To you I'm bound for life and education :
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you. You're the lord of duty ;
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband ;
And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father ;
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you : I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State-affairs ;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor ;
I here do give thee That with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I'm glad at soul I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like your self ; and lay a Sentence,
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour —

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new Mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief ;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We lose it not, so long as we can smile;
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence, and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear, (16)
That the bruise'd heart was pieced through the ear.—
Beseech you, now to the affairs o'th' State.

Duke. The *Turk* with a most mighty preparation makes
for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place is best
known to you. And though we have there a substitute
of most allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a sovereign
mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you; you
must therefore be content to stubber the gloss of your new
fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedi-
tion.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,

(16) *But Words are Words; I never yet did hear,*

That the bruise'd Heart was pierced thro' the Ear.] One super-
fluous Letter has for these hundred Years quite subverted the Sense of this
Passage; and none of the Editors have ever attended to the Reasoning
of the Context, by which they might have discover'd the Error. The
Duke has by sage Sentences been exhorting *Brabantio* to Patience, and to
forget the Grief of his Daughter's stoln Marriage; to which *Brabantio*
is made very pertinently to reply, to this Effect: "My Lord, I appre-
hend very well the Wisdom of your Advice; but tho' you would com-
fort me, Words are but Words; and the Heart, already bruise'd, was
"never pierc'd, or wounded, thro' the Ear."——Well! If we want Argu-
ments for a Senator, let him be educated at the Feet of our sagacious
Editors. It is obvious, I believe, to my better Readers, that the Text
must be restor'd, as Mr. *Warburton* acutely observ'd to me.

That the bruise'd Heart was pieced thro' the Ear.

i. e. That the Wounds of Sorrow were ever cur'd, or a Man made
heart-whole merely by Words of Consolation. I ought to take Notice, this
very Emendation was likewise communicated to me by an ingenious,
unknown, Correspondent, who subscribes himself only *L. H.*

I find

I find it hardness; and do undertake
 This present war against the *Ottomites*.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reference of place and exhibition,
 With such accommodation and besort
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,

To put my father in impatient thoughts
 By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke,
 To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
 And let me find a charter in your voice
 T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
 My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
 May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
 Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;
 I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,
 And to his honours and his valiant parts
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me;
 And I a heavy interim shall support,
 By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords; beseech you, let her will
 Have a free way. I therefore beg it not; (17)

(17) — I therefore beg it not

To please the *Palate of my Appetite*,

Nor to comply with *Heat the young affects*,

In my desunct and proper Satisfaction;

But to be free and bounteous to her Mind.] As this has been all along

hitherto printed and stop'd, it seems to me a Period of as stubborn Non-
 sense, as the Editors have obtruded upon poor *Shakespeare* throughout his
 whole Works. What a preposterous Creature is this *Othello* made, to fall
 in Love with, and marry, a fine young Lady, when *Appetite* and *Heat*,
 and

To please the palate of my appetite ;
Nor to comply with heat, the young Affects,
In my distinct and proper Satisfaction ;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
And heav'n defend your good souls, that you think,
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me.—No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business ;
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Or for her stay or going ; th' affair cries haste ;
And speed must answer. You must hence to night.

Des. To night, my lord ?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again.

and proper Satisfaction are dead and defunct in him ! (For, *defunct* signifies nothing else, that I know of, either primitively or metaphorically :) But if we may take Othello's own Word in the Affair, when he speaks for himself, he was not reduc'd to this fatal unperforming State.

———— or, for I am declin'd
Into the Vale of Years ; yet That's not much.

Again, Why should our Poet say, (for so he says, as the Passage has been pointed ;) that the young affect Heat ? Youth, certainly, has it, and has no Occasion or Pretence of affecting it, whatever superannuated Lovers may have. And, again, after *defunct*, would he add so absurd a collateral Epithet as proper ? But, I think, I may venture to affirm, that *affect* was not design'd here as a Verb ; and that *defunct* was not design'd here at all. I have, by a slight Change, rescued the Poet's Text from Absurdity ; and this I take to be the Tenour of what he would say ; “ I do not beg her Company with me, merely to please myself ; nor to indulge the Heat and Affects (i. e. Affections) of a new-married Man, in my own distinct and proper Satisfaction ; but to comply with her in her Request, and Desire, of accompanying me.” *Affects*, for *Affections*, our Author in several other Passages uses.

For ev'ry Man with his Affects is born.

As I have to banish their Affects with him.

Th' Affects of Sorrows for his valiant Son.

&c. &c.

Love's Labour Lost.

Richard II.

Titus Andronicus.

Othello.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Antient;
(A man he is of honesty and trust,)
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so;
Good night to every one. And, noble Signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see,
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[Exit Duke, with Senators.]

Oth. My life upon her faith. — Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I prythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. [Exeunt.]

Manent Rodorigo and Iago.

Rod. Iago —

Iago. What sayest thou, noble heart?

Rod. What wilt thou do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after.
Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is filliness to live, when to live is a torment;
and then have we a prescription to dye, when death is our
physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for
four times seven years, and since I could distinguish be-
twixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that
knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would
drown

drown my self for the love of a Guinney-hen; I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in our selves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it sterill with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. (18) If the beam of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect, or syen.

(18) *If the Balance of our Lives had not one Scale of Reason to poise another of Sensuality.] i. e. If the Scale of our Lives had not one Scale, &c. which must certainly be wrong. Some of the old Quarto's have it thus, but the two elder Folio's read,*

If the Braine of our Lives had not one Scale, &c.

This is corrupt; and I make no doubt but Shakespeare wrote, as I have reform'd the Text,

If the Beame of our Lives, &c.

And my Reason is this; that he generally distinguishes betwixt the *Beam* and *Balance*, using the latter to signify the Scales; and the former, the Steel-bar to which they are hung, and which poises them. I'll subjoin a few Instances of his Usage of both Terms.

*In your Lord's Scale is nothing but himself,
And some few Vanities that make him light,
But in the Balance of great Bolingbroke, &c.*

Richard II.

I have in equal Balance justly weigh'd, &c.

2 Henry IV.

*Weigh'd between Loathness and Obedience, at
Which end the Beam should bow.*

Tempest.

*We, poizing us in her defective Scale,
Shall weigh thee to the Beam.*

All's well, &c.

*We, poize the Cause in Justice' equal Scale,
Whose Beam stands sure.*

2 Henry VI.

— thy Madness shall be paid with Weight,

Hamlet.

Till our Scale turn the Beam.

In like manner, the French always use *le Balance* to signify the Scales; *le Fleau*, the Beam of the Balance.

Rod.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profest me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration,—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money. (19) The food, that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall shortly be as bitter as coloquintida. When she is sated with his body, she will find the errors of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and a superstitious *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

(19) The Food, that to him now is as luscious as Locusts, shall shortly be as bitter as Coloquintida.] Mr. Warburton has suspected this Passage, and attempted an Emendation; which I ought to subjoin, with his Reasoning upon it. “Tho some kind of *Locusts* have been sometimes eaten, I think, they cannot be given as an Instance of very delicious Food. Besides, how comes *Locusts*, a kind of *Insect*, to be oppos'd to *Coloquintida*, a medicinal Drugg? Be assur'd, the true Reading is not *Locusts*, but *Loches*, a very pleasant Confection, introduced into Medicine by the *Arabian* Physicians; and so is very fitly oppos'd both to the Bitterness, and the Use of *Coloquintida*.—I have not, however, disturb'd the Text for two Reasons; because all the printed Copies agree in one Reading without any Variation: and because I am not sure, that by *Locusts* the Poet means the *Insect*, but the Fruit of the *Locust* Tree; which is sweet and luscious in the same degree, as *Coloquintida*, the Fruit of the wild Gourd, is acerb and bitter.

Rod.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.——Go, make money.——I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd; I'll go sell all my land. [Exit.]

Manet Iago.

Iago. Goto, farewell, put money enough in your purse—
Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not, if't be true—
But I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well—
The better shall my purpose work on him;
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his Place, and to plume up my Will,
A double knavery—How? how?—let's see—
After some time, t'abuse *Othello's* ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
As asses are:

I hav't—it is ingendred—Hell and Night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[*Exit.*]



ACT II.

SCENE, *The Capital City of Cyprus.*

Enter Montano Governor of Cyprus, and Gentlemen.

MONTANO.



HAT from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought
flood;

I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them, (20)
Can hold the morties? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent.

(20) *What ribs of Oak, when the huge Mountains melt,
Can hold the morties?* This is an arbitrary Change of Mr. Pope's,
without any Authority or Reason, but the smoothing the Versification.
But, I am afraid, this great Critick was dreaming of Mountains at Land;
and these, he thought, could not well melt on Ribs of Oak (i. e. Ships)
at Sea. But our Poet happens to mean, Waves as big as Mountaine;
and these are often known to melt on Ships: nor is any Metaphor more
common in Poetry. So, again, afterwards, in this very Play;

*And let the lab'ring Bark climb Hills of Seas
Olympus-high;*

*and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd Bark thro' liquid Mountains cuts.*

Troil. and Cress.

Like

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fired pole;
I never did like molestation view
On the enchain'd flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not in shelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords, our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice (21)
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of the fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

C c 2

3 Gent.

Like as we see the wrathful Sea from far,
In a great Mountain heap'd, with hideous Noise,
With thousand billows beat against the Ships:

Lochrine.

And, so, Beaumont and Fletcher in their Elder Brother;
The Merchant, when he ploughs the angry Sea up,
And sees the mountain Billows falling on him:

In all which Passages our Poets have but imitated their Predecessors the
Classics.

Πορφύρεον δ' ἄρα κύμα πεισάθην κρείττον,
Κυβώδην. ————— Hom. Odys. λ. 242.

Κύμα δ' τε τρεφόντα, πλώεια, ἴσα ὄρεσιν.
————— Odys. γ. 290.

————— ἡλεβήλοισι δ' εὐκότα κύμα' ὄρεσιν
Ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα φέροντο. ————— Qu. Calaber. l. xiv.

Curvata in montis faciem circumstetit unda. ————— Virg. Geor. iv.

————— insequitur cumulo præruptus aquæ mons. ————— Idem. Æn. I.

Cum Mare surrexit, cumulusq; immanis aquarum
In montis speciem curvari, & crescere visus. ————— Ovid. Metam. l. xv.

Me miserum, quanti montes voluuntur aquarum! ————— Id. Trist. l. i. El. 2.

(21) ————— Another Ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous Wreck, &c.] But no Ship, before this, has ar-
riv'd,

3 *Gent.* The Ship is here put in, (22)
A Veronessa; *Michael Cassio*,
 Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
 Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea,
 And is in full commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy Governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, though he speak of comfort,

Touching the *Turkish* loss, yet he looks sadly,
 And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
 With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heav'ns, he be:

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
 Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,
 As well to see the vessel that's come in,
 As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
 Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
 An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
 For every minute is expectancy
 Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
 That so approve the Moor: oh, let the heav'ns

reviv'd, or brought any Account of the *Turkish* Fleet's Distress: How then
 can This be call'd another Ship? Oh, but the eldest *Quarto* has call'd it so;
 and, if there be a various Reading, Mr. *Pope* is pretty good at taking
 the wrong one. The two Elder *Folio's* and the *Quarto* in 1630 read, as
 I have restor'd to the Text;

————— *A noble Ship of Venice.*

(22) ————— *The Ship is here put in;*

A Veronessa, Michael Cassio, &c.] But *Michael Cassio* was no *Veronese*; we find, from other Passages in the Play, he was of *Rome*. I
 read with the best Copies, only altering the Pointing.

The Ship is here put in.

A Veronessa:

i. e. A Vessel properly belonging to the State of *Verona*, but in the Service of *Venice*: and *Verona*, I believe, does, by the *Adige*, send down
 Ships to the *Adriatick*.

Give

Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Wubin.] A sail, a sail, a sail !

Cas. What noise ?

Gent. The town is empty ; on the brow o'th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesie :
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

[Exit.

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath archiev'd a maid
That paragon's description and wild fame :
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Do's bear all excellency——

Enter Gentleman.

How now ? who has put in ?

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, Ancient to the General.

Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy speed ;
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds :
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
(Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel ;)

As having sense of beauty, do omit

Their mortal natures, letting safe go by

The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she ?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great Captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago ;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Osbello guard!

And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona's* arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguish'd spirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort—

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Emilia.

O behold!

The riches of the ship is come on shore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*,
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—how lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But, hark, a sail!

Within.] A sail, a sail!

Gent. They give this greeting to the Cittadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news:

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.
[*To Emilia*]

Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago.

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds!

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turk*;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst
praise me?

Iago. Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come, one assay. There's one gone to the har-
bour——

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise;——
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention comes
from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks
out brains and all. But my muse labours, and thus she is
delivered.

*If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd; how if she be black and witty?

Iago. *If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.*

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. *She never yet was foolish, that was fair;
For even her folly helpt her to an heir.*

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools
laugh i'th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for
her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.*

Des. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? (23) one, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put down the vouch of very malice it self?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See sailors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were)——

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion! I do not

(23) One, that in the Authority of her Merit, did justly put on the Vouch of very Malice it self.] Tho' all the printed Copies agree in this Reading, I cannot help suspecting it. If the Text should be genuine, I confess, it is above my Understanding. In what Sense can Merit be said to put on the Vouch of Malice? I should rather think, Merit was so safe in it self, as to repel and put off all that Malice and Envy could advance and affirm to its Prejudice; was upon its Guard against every Attack of Calumny, and defied it. I have ventur'd to reform the Text to this Construction, by a very slight Change that makes it intelligible. To the same purpose the Duke says, in *Measure for Measure*.

——— Lord Angelo is precise,
Stands at a Guard with Envy.

So, Queen Catherine, speaking of her self and the Clearness of her Life and Conduct,

My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a Number,) if my Actions
Were try'd by ev'ry Tongue, ev'ry eye saw them,
Envy and base Opinion set against them;
I know my Life is even.

K. Hen. VIII.

And much to the Tenour of our Poet's Sentiment, as I have corrected it, Ausonius speaks of Chastity.

Quæ casta est? De quâ mentiri Fama veretur.

learn

learn of him, Emilia, who he be thy husband. (24) How say you, Cassio, is he not a profane and liberal censurer?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [Aside.] He takes her by the palm, say, well said—whisper—With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do—I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed—. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good—well kiss'd and excellent courtesie—'tis so, indeed—Yet again—your fingers to your lips? would, they were clister-pipes for your sake.

[Trumpet.
The Moor,——I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

(24) How say you, Cassio? Is he not a most profane and liberal Counsellor? But in what Respect was Iago a Counsellor? He caps Sentences, indeed; but they are not by way of Advice, but Description: what he says, is, Reflexions on Character and Conduct in Life. For this Reason, I am very apt to think, our Author wrote *Censurer*.

Des.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should encrease,
Ev'n as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here : it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
[Kissing her.
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. Oh, you are well-tun'd now; but I'll let down
the pegs that make this musick, as honest as I am. [Aside.

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?

Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongst them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :
Bring thou the master to the cittadel,
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

Manent Iago and Rodorigo.

Iago. Do you meet me presently at the harbour. Come
thither, if thou be'st valiant; (as, they say, base men,
being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more
than is native to them)—list me; the lieutenant to night
watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee,
this *Desdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible?

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy soul be instruct-
ed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the
Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies.
And will she love him still for prating? let not thy dis-
creet heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what
delight

delight shall she have to look on the Devil? (25) When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be again to inflame it, and to give Satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties ; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find it self abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor ; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does ? a knave very voluble ; no further conscionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane Seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection ; a slippery and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never present it self. A devilish knave ! besides, the knave is handsom, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent compleat knave ! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd figs' end ! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor : bless'd pudding ! didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand ? didst not mark that ?

(25) *When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a Game to inflame it, and to give Satiety a fresh Appetite ; loveliness in Favour, Sympathy in Years, Manners, and Beauties.* This, 'tis true, is the Reading of the Generality of the Copies : but, methinks, 'tis a very peculiar Experiment, when the Blood and Spirits are dull'd and exhausted with Sport, to raise and recruit them by Sport : for Sport and Game are but two Words for the same thing. I have retriev'd the Pointing and Reading of the elder *Quarto*, which certainly gives us the Poet's Sense ; that, when the Blood is dull'd with the Exercise of Pleasure, there should be proper Incentives on each side to raise it again, as the Charms of Beauty, Equality of Years, and Agreement of Manners and Disposition, which were wanting in *Othello* to rekindle *Desdemona's* Passion.

Rod.

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesie.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, *Rodorigo!* when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, th' incorporate conclusion, pish—But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler: and, happily, may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause those of *Cyprus* to mutiny: whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them: And the impediments most profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe: That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit. The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Desdemona* A most dear Husband. Now I love her too, Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin;)

But

But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect, the lusty Moor
Hath leapt into my seat. The thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, or shall, content my soul,
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife:
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, (26)
If this poor brach of Venice, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb;
(For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too,)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me;
For making him egregiously an ass;
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here—but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [Exit.]

SCENE, the STREET.

Enter Herald with a Proclamation.

Her. IT is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant
General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd,
importing the meet perdition of the Turkish fleet, every

(26) —Which thing to do,

If this poor Traff of Venice, whom I trace

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on.] A trifling, insignificant Fellow may, in some Respects, very well be call'd *Traff*; but what Consonance of Metaphor is there betwixt *Traff*, and *quick hunting*, and standing the putting on? The Allusion to the Chase SHAKESPEARE seems to be fond of applying to *Roderigo*, who says of himself towards the Conclusion of this *Act*:

I follow her in the Chase, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that fills up the Cry.

I have a great Suspicion, therefore, that the Poet wrote:

If this poor Brach of Venice,

which, we know, is a degenerate Species of Hound, and a Term generally us'd in Contempt: and this compleats and perfects the metaphorical Allusion, and makes it much more Satirical. Mr. Warburton,

man put himself into triumph: some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his mind leads him. For, besides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure, should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell have told eleven. Bless the 'ile of Cyprus, and our noble General Othello! [Exit.]

SCENE, the CASTLE.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. **G**OOD Michael, look you to the guard to night. Let's teach our selves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do:
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest:
Michael, good night. To morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th' clock. Our General cast us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona*: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady,

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago.

Iago. What an eye she has? methinks, it sounds a parley to provocation.

Caf. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Caf. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets: come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black *Othello*.

Caf. Not to night, good *Iago*: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish, courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends: but one cup, I'll drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not talk my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Caf. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Caf. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence, As my young mistress' dog.—

Now, my sick fool, *Roderigo*, Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out, To *Desdemona* hath to night carous'd Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch. Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits, (That hold their honours in a wary distance, The very elements of this warlike isle,) Have I to night fluster'd with flowing cups, And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our *Cassio* in some action That may offend the isle. But here they come.

If

If consequence do but approve my Deem, (27)
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one : not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho !

[*Iago sings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man ; oh, man's life's but a span ;

Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England* : where, indeed, they are most potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your swag-belly'd *Hollander*,——Drink, ho !——are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his drinking ?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk. He sweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you justice.

Iago. Oh sweet *England*.

King Stephen was an a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown ;

He held them six pence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown.

(27) *If Consequence do but approve my Dream.*] All the printed Copies concur in this Reading, but, I think, it does not come up to the Poet's Intention ; I rather imagine that he wrote,

If Consequence do but approve my Deem.

i. e. my Opinion, the Judgment I have form'd of what must happen. So, in *Troil.* and *Cressida* ;

Cres. *I true? how now? what wicked Deem is this?*

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree;
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Them take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho !

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again ?

Cas. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place,
that does those things. Well——Heaven's above all ;
and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls
must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, (no offence to the General,
nor any man of quality ;) I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The
Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have
no more of this ; let's to our affairs. Forgive our sins—
gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gen-
tlemen, I am drunk : this is my Ancient ; this is my right
hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now ; I can
stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then : you must not think then
that I am drunk. [Exit.

Manent Iago and Montano.

Mont. To the platform, masters, come, let's set the
Watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before ;
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar,
And give direction. And do but see his vice ;
'Tis to his virtues a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him ;
I fear, the Trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.

He'll watch the horologue a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The General were put in mind of it :
Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his evils : is not this true ?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo* !
I pray you, after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit Rod.*]

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a Place as his own Second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity ;
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island ;
I do love *Cassio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noise ?
[*Within, help ! help !*]

Re-enter Cassio, pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !——

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty ! I'll beat the knave
into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me——

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant ; [*Staying him.*]
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the maz-
zard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk ?—— [*They fight.*]

Iago. Away, I say, go out and cry a mutiny.

[*Exit Rodorigo.*]

Nay, good lieutenant——Alas, gentlemen——
Help, ho !——Lieutenant——Sir——*Montano*——
Help, masters ! here's a goodly watch, indeed——

Who's

Who's that, who rings the bell——diablo, ho !

[Bell rings.]

The town will rise. Fie, fie, lieutenant ! hold :

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, ho ! lieutenant——Sir——*Montano*——
Gentlemen——

Have you forgot all place of sense and duty ?

The General speaks to you——hold, hold, for shame——

Oth. Why, how now, ho ? from whence ariseth this ?

Are we turn'd *Turks* ? and to our selves do That,

Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites* ?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl ;

He, that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light : he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell ; it frights the isle

From her propriety. What is the matter ?

Honest *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know ; friends all, but now, even now

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Divesting them for bed ; and then, but now——

(As if some planet had unwitted men,)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breasts,

In opposition bloody. I can't speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds,

And, would, in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil:

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted : And your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, *Iago*, can inform you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I ought
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selves it be a sin,
When violence affails us.

Oth. Now, by heav'n,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began; who set it on;
And he, that is approv'd in this offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrel?
In night, and on the Court of Guard and Safety? (28)
'Tis monstrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?

Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

(28) *In night, and on the Court and Guard of Safety?* This is spoken by *Othello*; but *Guard of Safety*, tho' coupled with a Word of Synonymous Construction, was never Soldier's Language. I have ventur'd to make the *Conjunction*, and *Sign* of the *Genitive Case* change Places: and so the Phrase in Use is restor'd, tho' against the Authority of the printed Copies.

In Night, and on the Court of Guard and Safety?
So, before;

The Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard.
And, again;

Good Michael, look you to the Guard to Night.
And so in *Anto.* and *Cleop.*

Let's bear him to the Court of Guard; he is of Note.

Iago. Touch me not so near :

I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio* :
Yet I perswade my self, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General :
Montano and my self being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Cassio* following with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause ;
My self the crying fellow did pursue,
Left by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose : I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath ; which 'till to night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together
At blow and thrust ; even as again they were,
When you your self did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men ; the best sometimes forget ;
Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet, surely, *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him, that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up :
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter ?

Oth. All is well, Sweeting, come, away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, my self will be your surgeon.
Lead him off ;

Iago, look with care about the town,

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! *Iago*, my reputation——

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought, you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in That than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute your self such a loser. What, man,——there are ways to recover the General again. You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk, and speak? Parrot, and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with ones own shadow? oh thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform our selves into beasts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Cas.

Caf. It has pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath ; one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen : but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my Place again ; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard !—— had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast !—— Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd : exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk !

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do : our General's wife is now the General. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces (29). Confess your self freely to her : importune her help, to put you in your Place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested.

(29) *For that he hath devoted, and given up himself to the Contemplation, Mark, and Devotement of her Parts and Graces.*] I remember, it is said of *Antony*, in the Beginning of his Tragedy, that He, who used to fix his Eyes altogether on the dreadful Ranges of War,

—————now bends, now turns,

The Office and Devotion of their View

Upon a Strumpet's Front.

This is finely express'd ; but I cannot persuade my self that our Poet would ever have said, any one devoted himself to the *Devotement* of any thing. All the Copies agree ; but the Mistake certainly arose from a single Letter being turn'd upside-down at Press. I read ;

—————to the Contemplation, Mark, and Denotement of her Parts and Graces.

The three Words are, indeed, in some degree *tautological* ; but the Practice is allow'd to add an *Energy* to the thing it would express.

This broken joint, between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cas. Good night, honest *Iago*.

[Exit Cassio.]

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that says, I play the villain? When this advice is free I give, and honest, Likely to thinking, and, indeed, the course To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easie Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, His soul is so enfetter'd to her love That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the God With his weak function. Am I then a villain, To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course, Directly to his Good? Divinity of Hell! When Devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heav'nly Shews, As I do now.—For while this honest fool Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortune, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor; I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, That she repeals him for her body's lust: And by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into Pitch;

And

And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all. How now, *Rodorigo*!

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My mony is almost spent ; I have been to night exceedingly well cudgelled ; and, I think, the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains ; and so with no mony at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience ?
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft ;
And wit depends on dilatory time :
Does't not go well ? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd *Cassio*.
Tho' other things grow fair against the Sun,
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe :
Content thy self a while. In troth, 'tis morning ;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :
Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rodorigo.*

Two things are to be done ; (30)
My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her mistress :
I'll set her on : —
My self, the while, to draw the Moor apart,

(30) *Two Things are to be done ;*

My Wife must move for Cassio to her Mistress :

I'll set her on to draw the Moor apart.] Mr. Pope has falsified the Text, because it wanted a little Help : so that, in the first place, we don't see what were the two things to be done : and, then, it was *Iago*, not his Wife, that was to draw the Moor apart. The old Books read ;

— *Two things are to be done ;*

My Wife must move for Cassio to her Mistress,

I'll set her on my self, a while, to draw the Moor apart.

This unreasonable long *Alexandrine* was certainly a Blunder of the Editors : a slight Transposition and Change will regulate it, as the Poet intended.

My Wife must move for Cassio to her Mistress :

I'll set her on. —

My self, the while, to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump, &c.

And

And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find
 Solliciting his Wife : ay, that's the way :
 Dull not, Device, by coldness and delay.

[Exit.



ACT III.

SCENE, before Othello's Palace.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

CASSIO.



MASTERS, play here, I will content your
 pains,
 Something that's brief ; and bid, good mor-
 row, General.

[*Musick plays ; and enter Clown
 from the House.*

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been in
Naples, that they speak i'th' nose thus ?

Mus. How, Sir, how ?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments ?

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tail.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir ?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind-instrument that I
 know. But, Masters, here's money for you : and the
 General so likes your musick, that he desires you for loves
 sake to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not be heard,
 to't again : But, as they say, to hear musick, the Gene-
 ral does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll
 away. Go, vanish into air, away.

[*Exeunt Mus.
 Cas.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend? (31)

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman, that attends the General's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, Sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit Clown.]

Cas. Do, my good friend.

To him, enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke, before we parted. I have made bold to send in to your wife; My suit is, that she will to *Desdemona* Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free. [Exit.]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

To him, enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow, good lieutenant, I am sorry For your displeasure; but all will, sure, be well. The General and his wife are talking of it: And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,

(31) Cas. Dost thou hear me, mine honest Friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest Friend; I hear you.] Tho' the Clown has his Design of playing at cross-purposes here, he has no Design to make such an absurd answer. But, for this, the Inattention of our Editors is only accountable: 'Tis plain, to make the low Joak intelligible, we must expunge [me] out of *Cassio's* Speech; as both Mr. Warburton and Dr. Thomas Bentley observ'd to me: and their Observation happens to have the Sanction of the elder Quarto.

That

That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity ; and that in wisdom
He might not but refuse you. But he protests, he loves
you ;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in ;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I'm much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate ;
That done, I will be walking on the Works ;
Repair there to me.

Iago. My good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't ?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment, in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilja.

Des. **B**E thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, do : I know, it grieves my
husband

As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh, that's an honest fellow ; doubt not, *Cassio*,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,

He's

He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you; you do love my lord,
You've known him long; and, be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed it self so out of circumstances,
That I being absent, and my Place supply'd,
My General will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy Place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio's* suit: therefore be merry, *Cassio*;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago, at distance.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. Hah! I like not that.—

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio*, parted from my wife?

Iago. *Cassio*, my lord?—no, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe, 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,

A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pre'thee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. I, sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, Sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to night at supper?

Oth. Not to night.

Des. To morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home :
I meet the Captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to morrow night, or *Tuesday* morn,
Or *Tuesday* noon, or night, or *Wednesday* morn,
I pr'ythee, name the time ; but let it not
Exceed three days ; in faith, he's penitent :
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
T'incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or stand so mutt'ring on? what? *Michael Cassio*!——
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in? trust me, I could do much——

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more ; let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon :
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm ;
Or sue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my self.

Des. Shall I deny you ? no : farewel, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Desdemona*, I'll come strait.

Des. *Æmilia*, come ; be, as your fancies teach you :
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exeunt.

Manent Othello, and Iago.

Oth. Excellent Wench !—Perdition catch my soul, (32)
But I do love thee ; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,——

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did *Michal Cassio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love ?

(32) *Excellent Wretch ! Perdition catch my Soul,*

But I do love thee ; &c.] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in
this Reading, I think, it is very reasonably to be suspected. *Othello* is
exclaiming here with Admiration and rapturous Fondness : but *Wretch*
can scarce be admitted to be used, unless in Compassion or Contempt. I
make no question, but the Poet wrote ;

Excellent Wench !——Perdition catch my soul, &c.

It is to be observ'd, that, in SHAKESPEARE's time, *Wench*, *Lass*, and
Girl were not used in that low and vulgar Acceptation as they are at this
time of day ; but very frequently with Dignity. To appeal to a few
Instances.

——— *Oh ill-farr'd Wench !*

Pale as thy Smock !

Othello.

Agrip. —— *Royal Wench !*

She made great Cæsar lay his Sword to bed ; &c.

Anto. and Cleop.

Now boast thee, Death, in thy Possession lies

A Lass unparagon'd.

ibid.

——— *What, Girl ! tho gray*

Do something mingle with our younger brown, &c.

ibid.

Oth.

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think, he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest? ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What doest thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!——

Oth. Think, my lord! why, by heaven, thou echo'st
me;

As if there were some monster in thy thought,
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now, *thou lik'dst not that*,——
When *Cassio* left my Wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing; thou cry'dst, *indeed*?
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know, I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost:

And for I know, thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They're cold dilations working from the heart, (33)
That passion cannot rule.

Iago.

(33) ————*but, in a Man that's just,*

*They're close denotements working from the heart,
That Passion cannot rule.]* I cannot see, why this Reading should
be prefer'd into the Text; and another degraded, which makes the
Sentiment admirably fine.

They're

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem.
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think, *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me.
Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that, all slaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts!—Why, say, they're vile and false;
As where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance, am vicious in my Guess,—
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spie into abuse; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not;) I intreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Your wisdom would not build your self a trouble
Out of my scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,

*They're cold Dilations working from the Heart,
That Passion cannot rule.*

" These Stops and Breaks, which thou mak'st, (says *Othello*) are cold
" Dilations, or the cold keeping back a Secret, which Men of phlegma-
" tick Constitutions, whose Hearts are not ruled or govern'd by their
" Passions, we find, can do; while more sanguine Tempers reveal them-
" selves at once, and without Reserve. *Mr. Warburton.*

To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, no-
thing ; (34)

'Twas mine, 'tis his ; and has been slave to thousands ;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of That, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts——

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth. Oh misery !

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;
But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven ! the souls of all my tribe defend

(34) *Who steals my Purse, steals Trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his ; and has been Slave to thousands.]*

Of Riches, and other temporal Possessions, being uncertain, and often
changing their Masters, we meet with several Passages in the Classics,
which might have given our Author a Hint for this Sentiment.

Nunc ager Umbreni sub Nomine, nuper Ofelli

Dictus, erit nulli proprius ; sed cedit in usam

Nunc mihi, nunc alii.

Horat. Serm. lib. ii. 2.

This *Lucian* seems to have imitated in an Epigram.

Ἀγρὸς Ἀχαιμενίδου γινόμενον πόλιν, νῦν δὲ Μενίππῳ,

καὶ πάλιν ἐξ ἑτέρου βήσονται εἰς ἕτερον.

καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνῳ ἔχειν μὲ πόλιν ὥσπερ, καὶ πάλιν ἕτερος

οἰσάται, εἰμὶ δ' ὅπως ἐδένος ἀλλὰ τύχης.

Nil proprium ducas, quod mutarier potest.

Publ. Syrus.

Οὐκ διδὼν ὅτι πέποιθας ἀργυρεῖν, πάτερ.

Ὁ καίρεός τοι τυχῶν τοῖς μὲν ἐκκλημένοις

ἔδωκε, τῶν κεκλημένων δ' ἀφείλετο.

Apollodorus.

Χρημαῖα δ' ἀνθρώπων ἀλλοίε ἄλλος ἔχει.

Solon.

From jealousie !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousie ?

To follow still the changes of the moon

With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt,

Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,

When I shall turn the business of my soul

To such exufflicate and blown surmises,

Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,

To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;

Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.

Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw

The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;

For she had eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago*,

I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;

And, on the proof, there is no more but this,

Away at once with love, or jealousie.

Iago. I'm glad of this ; for now I shall have reason

To shew the love and duty that I bear you

With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,

Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.

Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio* ;

Wear your eye, thus ; not jealous, nor secure ;

I would not have your free and noble nature

Out of self-bounty be abus'd ; look to't.

I know our country disposition well ;

In *Venice* they do let heav'n see the pranks,

They dare not shew their husbands ; their best conscience

Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;

And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,

She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to then ;

She, that, so young, could give out such a Seeming

To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak——

He thought, 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame :

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,

For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear, it has :

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love. But, I do see, you're mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord, (35)
My speech would fall into such vile Success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Cassio's* my worthy
friend.

My lord, I see, you're mov'd—

Oth. No, not much mov'd—

I do not think, but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from it self—

Iago. Ay, there's the point ;—as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we see in all things Nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her ; tho' I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, so repent.

(35) *Should you do so, my Lord,*

My Speech would fall into such vile excess,

Which my thoughts aim not at.]

This is Mr. Pope's Reading, and, I am afraid, as erroneous as it is unauthoriz'd. For, suppose, *Othello* were to believe all that *Iago* told him on Suspicion, how would *Iago's* Speech fall into the worse Excess thereupon? All the old Copies, that I have seen, read, *Success*: and this is certainly the Author's Meaning. "If you should believe all I have said, my Speech would succeed worse, have more vile Consequences in your Resentment against your Wife, than I had any Aim, or Purpose, to excite."

Oth.

Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t'observe. Leave me, *Iago*.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave.

[Going.

Oth. Why did I marry?—

This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your Honour
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his Place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in That. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busie in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear, I am;)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[Exit.

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much—
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loath her. Oh the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others use. Yet 'tis the plague of Great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;

'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.
 Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
 When we do quicken. *Desdemona* comes!

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

If she be false, oh, then heav'n mocks it self:
 I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello*?
 Your dinner, and the generous Islanders,
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
 Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again;
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[She drops her handkerchief.]

Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry, that you are not well. *[Exeunt.]*

Manet Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the token,
 (For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)
 That she reserves it evermore about her,
 To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
 And give't *Iago*; what he'll do with it,
 Heav'n knows, not I:
 I nothing, but to please his fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you,

Iago.

Iago. You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing——

Æmil. Ha?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now

For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?——

Why, That the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*;

That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by negligence;

And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up:

Look, here 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [Snatching it,

Æmil. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't:

I have use for it. Go, leave me—— [Exit Æmil.

I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,

And let him find it. Trifles light as air

Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong

As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something.

The Moor already changes with my poisons:

Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poisons, (36)

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;

But, with a little act upon the blood,

Burn-like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so.

(36) *Dang'rous Conceits are in their Nature poisons,*] I cannot possibly account for Mr. Pope's Ostentation of Industry upon this Passage. This Line, says he, *restor'd from the first Edition, compleats the Sense.* But, pray, let us observe the Accuracy of this wonderful Restorer. The Line, 'tis true, is in the first Edition; but 'tis likewise in the first and second Impressions in Folio; 'tis in the Quarto, of 1630; and 'tis in the Editions put out by Mr. Rowe; how then is it restor'd? *Huic mandes, si quid recte curatum velis.*

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes ! Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsie Sirups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet Sleep,
Which thou hadst yesterday.

Oth. Ha ! false to me !

Iago. Why, how now, General ? no more of that.

Oth. Avant ! be gone ! thou'st set me on the rack ;
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my lord ?

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust ?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me ;
I slept the next night well ; was free, and merry ;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips :
He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general Camp,
(Pioneers and all,) had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind ! Farewel content !
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue ! oh, farewell !
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
And, oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove's* dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel ! *Othello's* Occupation's gone !

Iago. Is't possible, my lord ?

Oth. Villain, be sure, thou prove my love a whore ;
Be sure of it : give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold on him,*
Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath,

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't ; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on : or, woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord——

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;
On horrors head, horrors accumulate ;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd ;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace ! oh heav'n defend me !
Are you a man ? have you a soul ? or sense ?
God be w' you ; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !
Oh monstrous world ! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay——thou should'st be honest——

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses what it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think, my wife is honest ; and think, she is not ;
I think, that thou art just ; and think, thou art not ;
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As *Dian's* visage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure't——Would, I were satisfied !

Iago. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion ;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ? nay, and will.

Iago. And may ; but how ? how satisfied, my lord ?
Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on ?
Behold her tupp'd ?

Oth. Death and damnation ! oh !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect : damn them then,

If ever mortal Eyes do see them bolster,
 More than their own. What then? how then?
 What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
 It is impossible you should see this,
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
 As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
 If imputation and strong circumstances,
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,
 Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
 But sith I'm entred in this cause so far,
 Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
 I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
 And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
 I could not sleep.—
 There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
 One of this kind is *Cassio*:
 In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet *Desdemona*,
 "Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
 And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
 Cry—"oh sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
 As if he pluckt up kisses by the roots,
 That grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
 Over my thigh, and sigh and kiss, and then
 Cry, "curfed fate! that gave thee to the Moor."

Oth. Oh monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion;
 'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
 That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
 She may be honest yet.—Tell me but this,
 Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
 Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago.

Iago. I know not that ; but such a handkerchief,
(I'm sure, it was your wife's,) did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that——

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives !
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge.

Now do I see, 'tis true.——Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n :

'Tis gone ;——

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell !
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood——

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind, perhaps, may
change.

Oth. Never, *Iago*. Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellepont* :

Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up——Now, by yond marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a sacred vow [He kneels.

I here engage my words——

Iago. Do not rise yet :

[*Iago* kneels.

Witness, you ever-burning lights above !

You elements, that clip us round about !

Witness, that here *Iago* doth give up

The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To wrong'd *Othello*'s service. Let him command, (37)

Nor,

(37) —— Let him command,

And to obey shall be in me Remorse,

What bloody Business ever.] Thus all the old Copies, to the

manifest Depravation of the Poet's Sense. Mr. *Pope* has attempted an
Emendation, but with his old Luck and Dexterity.

Not

Nor, to obey, shall be in me Remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; (38)
'Tis done at your request. But, let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd Minx! oh, damn her, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.—

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. DO you know, firrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio*
lyes?

Not to obey shall be in me Remorse, &c.

I read, with the Change only of a single Letter;

Nor, to obey, shall be in me Remorse, &c.

i. e. Let your Commands be ever so bloody, Remorse and Compassion
shall not restrain me from obeying them. Much to the same Tenour
Lady *Macbeth* says;

Stop up th' Access and Passage to Remorse,

That no compunctious Visitings of Nature

Shake my fell Purpose.

38. Iago. My Friend is dead.] i. e. I am so firmly resolv'd to obey
your Commands, that you may conclude *Cassio* already dead. Ben
Jonson, I remember, in a like Circumstance, in his *Catiline*, has finely
express'd the Impetuosity of *Cethegus's* Character; the Dialogue is about
making away with *Cicero*.

—— He shall die;

Shall was too slowly said: —— He's dying; That

Is yet too slow: —— He's dead.

But this, by the Bye, is a Copy from *Seneca* the Tragedian, in his *Her-
cules Furens*;

Diuus Caeonai dehis pamas dabit:

Lentum est, dabit; dat: hoc quod; est lentum; dedit.

Clown.

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clown. He's a foldier; and for me to say, a foldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lyes here, or he lyes there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and bid them answer. (39)

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it. [Exit Clown.]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the Sun, where he was born, Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till *Cassio* be Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

(39) Clown. *I will catechize the World for him;*

That is, make Questions, and by them answer.

This Clown is a Fool to some purpose. He was to go seek for One; he says, he will ask for him, and by his own Questions make Answer. Without doubt, we should read;

and bid them answer.

i. e. the World; those, whom he questions. Mr. Warburton.

Enter

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. Oh, hardness to dissemble!
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my Lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist——this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty; fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts, of old, gave hands; (40)
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this; come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

(40) ————*The Hearts of old gave Hands;*

But our new Heraldry is Hands not Hearts.]

The Sense of the Sentence here is very clear; but, notwithstanding, I have a Suspicion, that a Point of History is obliquely alluded to. Soon after King *James the First* came to the Crown, in order to raise a Sum, he created the new Dignity of *Baronets*: each Man was to pay so much for his Title. Amongst their other Prerogatives of Honour, they had this, *viz.* an Addition to their paternal Arms of a *HAND*, *gules*, in an *Escutcheon argent*. And we are not to doubt, but this was the new Heraldry hinted at by our Author: and the Satire is most exquisite, plainly insinuating that some, then created, had *Hands*, indeed; but no *Hearts*: that is, *Money* to pay for the *Creation*, but no *Virtue* to purchase the *Honour*. But the finest part of the Poet's Address in this Allusion, is, the Compliment he paid by it to his old Mistress, *Elizabeth*. For *James's* Pretence for raising this Sum, by the new Creation, was the Reduction of *Ulster*, and other Provinces in *Ireland*; the Memory of which he would perpetuate by this Addition to the Arms, which is the Arms of *Ulster*. Now the Methods used by *Elizabeth* in the Conquest of that Kingdom were so different from this, (the Dignities, she confer'd, being on those who had employ'd their *Steel*, not their *Gold* in that Service;) that nothing could more add to her Glory than being compared to her Successor in this Point of View.

Mr. Warburton.

Des.

Des. I've sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and lorry Rheum offends me ;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That, which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not? —

Des. No, indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief (41)

Did an *Egyptian* to my mother give ;
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father
Intirely to her love ; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me ;

And

(41) ——— That Handkerchief

Did an *Egyptian* to my Mother give ;] Because this Episode of the *Handkerchief* has been attack'd by Snarlers and Buffoon-Criticks, I am tempted to subjoin an Observation or two in Justification of our Author's Conduct. The Poet seems to have been aware of the Levity of such Judges, as should account the giving away an *Hankerchief* too slight a Ground for Jealousy. He therefore obviates this, upon the very Moment of the *Handkerchief* being lost, by making *Iago* say ;

*Trifles, light as Air,
Are, to the Jealous, Confirmations strong
As Proofs of holy Writ.*

Besides this, let us see how finely the Poet has made his *Handkerchief* of Significancy and Importance. *Cinthio Giraldi*, from whom he has borrowed the Incident, only says, that it was the *Moor's* Gift, upon his Wedding, to *Desdemona* ; that it was most curiously wrought after the *Moorish* Fashion, and very dear both to him and his Wife ; *il quel Pannicello era lavorato alla Moreasca sottilissimamente, et era carissimo alla Donna & parimente al Moro*. But our Author, who wrote in a superstitious Age, (when *Philtres* were in Vogue for procuring Love, and *Amulets* for preserving it ;) makes his *Handkerchief* deriv'd from an *Incantress* ; *Magick* and *Mystery* are in its *Materials* and *Workmanship* ; its *Qualities* and *Attributes* are solemnly laid down ; and the Gift recommended to be cherish'd by its Owners, on the most inducing Terms imaginable, viz. the making the Party amiable to her Husband, and the keeping his Affections steady. Such Circumstances, if I know any thing of the Matter, are the very Soul and Essence of Poetry : Fancy here exerts its great
creating

And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so ; and take heed on't ;—
Make it a darling, like your precious eye ;
To lose't, or giv't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true ; there's magick in the web of it ;
A *Sybill*, that had numbred in the world
The Sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury sow'd the Work :
The worms were hallowed, that did breed the silk ;
And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the skillful
Conserv'd of Maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed ! is't true !

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to heav'n, that I had never seen't !

Oth. Ha ? wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly, and rash ?

Oth. Is't lost ? is't gone ? speak, is it out o'th' way ?

Des. Bless us !—

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost ; but what, and if it were ?

Oth. Ha !

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, Sir ; but I will not now :

creating Power, and adds a Dignity, that surprizes, to its Subject. After this, let us hear the coarse Pleasantries of Mr. Rymer. " So much ado, so much Stress, so much Passion, and Repetition, about an Handkerchief ! Why was not this call'd the *Tragedy of the Handkerchief* ? " What can be more absurd, than (as *Quintilian* expresses it,) *in parvis libris has Tragedias movere* ? We have heard of *Fortunatus's Purse*, and of the *invisible Cloak*, long ago worn thread-bare, and stow'd up in the Wardrobe of obsolete *Romances* : One might think, that were a fitter Place for this Handkerchief, than that it, at this time of day, be worn on the Stage, to raise every where all this Clutter and Turmoil. Had it been *Desdemona's Garter*, the sagacious *Moor* might have smelt a Rat : but the Handkerchief is so remote a Trifle, no Booby, on this side *Mauritania*, could make any Consequence from it."—Whether this be from the Spirit of a true Critic, or from the Licence of a Railer, I may be too much prejudiced to determine : I leave it to every indifferent Judgment.

This is a trick to put me from my suit,

Pray you, let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief——my mind mis-gives——

Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief——

Des. A man, that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love ;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief——

Des. Insooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away !—— [Exit Othello.

Manent Desdemona and Æmilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a year, or two, shews us a man ;
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they're full,
They belch us. Look you ! *Cassio*, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't ;
And lo, the happiness ! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love ;

Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd ;

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That not my service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,

Can ransom me into his love again ;

But to know so, must be my benefit.

So shall I cloath me in a fore'd content,

And shut myself up in some other course, (42)
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle *Cassio*,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for myself I dare. Let That suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the Devil, from his very arm
Pust his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. *[Exit.]*

Manent Desdemona, Æmilia, and Cassio.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some unhatch'd practice,

(42) *And shut myself up in some other Course,
To Fortune's Arms.]* i.e. to be embraced by Fortune: which was a
greater Happiness than *Cassio* yet dreamt of. I don't know whether
we are to dispute here with Mr. Pope's Eyes, or his Understanding, for
departing from all the old Copies, which read as they should do;

*And shut myself up in some other Course,
To Fortune's Alms.*

i. e. To Chance, and Casualty. So before, in this Play;
*I'd whistle her off, and let her down the Wind
To prey at Fortune.*

i. e. at Random. And so, in *King Lear*;

————— *Let your study*

*Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At Fortune's Alms.*

i. e. a Beggar; stript of the Indulgence of Fortune.

Made here demonstrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and, in such cases,
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n so,
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think, Men are not Gods ;
Nor of them look for such observance always,
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (unhandsome warrior, as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heav'n, it be
State-matter, as you think ; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Des. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;
They are not ever jealous for a cause ;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monster
Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Des. Heav'n keep that monster from *Othello's* mind !

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout ;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

[*Ex. Desdem. and Æmil. at one door ; Cassio, at the other.*]

SCENE changes to the Street before the Palace.

Re-enter Cassio, meeting Bianca.

Bian. 'SAVE you, friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What makes you from home ?
How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca* ?

Indeed, sweet Love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Cassio*.
What ? keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?

Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightscore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!

Caf. Pardon me, *Bianca*:

I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest;
But I shall in a more convenient time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*,

[*Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief.*

Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? well, well.

Caf. Go to, woman:

Throw your vile guesses in the Devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance?
No, in good troth, *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Caf. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber;
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Caf. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me wontan'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Caf. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me;
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

Caf. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd. [*Exe.*



ACT IV.

SCENE, a Court before the Palace.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

IAGO.

ILL you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What, to kifs in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kifs?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,

An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm? (43)

It is hypocrisy against the Devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief——

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't it on any man.

(43) Naked in bed, Iago, and mean no harm?

It is Hypocrisie against the Devil.] This Passage puts me in mind of a singular Set of Devotees in the primitive Church of both Sexes, (whom S. Cyprian condemns in one of his Epistles) and which had continued a considerable time, as we may see from Dodavell's Cyprianic Dissertations, where we have a full Account of them. There were several of both Sexes, who had made their Vows and Professions of Chastity; and, as the extreamest Trial of their Virtue, scrupled not to lie naked together in Bed. Some had been excommunicated for it of the female Sex, who yet stuck to their Innocence, and offer'd to undergo any Trials of their Virginity. Whether our Author had these dissembling Devotees in his Mind or no, I dare not pretend to Say: but some of the Sect, if I remember right, were detected and brought to Punishment in his Time.

Mr. Warburton.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too ;
May she give That ?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not :
But for the handkerchief—

Oth. By heav'n, I would most gladly have forgot it ;
Thou saidst,——oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the Raven o'er th' infected house,
Boading to ill,——he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that ?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I said, I'ad seen him do you wrong ?
Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad, (44)
Who having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinc'd or suppl'd them, they cannot chuse
But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iago. He hath, my lord ; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he did—

Oth. What ? what ?

Iago. Lye——

Oth,

(44) ——— as Knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate Suit,
Or voluntary Dotage of some Mistress,
Convinc'd or suppl'd them, cannot chuse

But they must blab.] I alter'd this, as I have now reform'd the
Text, in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE restor'd. I cannot under-
stand the vulgar Reading, which possesses the Copies. My Emendation
makes the Sense of the Passage easy and intelligible : that there are
some such long-tongued Knaves in the World, who, if they thro' the
Force of Importunity extort a Favour from their Mistress, or if thro' her
own Fondness they make her pliant to their Desires, cannot help boasting
of their Success. To convince, here, is not, as in the common Accep-
tation, to make sensible of the Truth of any thing by Reasons and Ar-
guments ; but to overcome, get the better of, &c.

So, in Macbeth ;

—— his two Chamberlains

Will I with Wine and Wassel so convince, &c.

And,

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her ; on her—what you will—

Oth. Lye with her ! lye on her ! lye with her ! that's
falsom : handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief—
handkerchief—to confess, and be hang'd for his labour—
First, to be hang'd, and then—to confess !—I tremble at
it—Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing
without some instruction. It is not words, that shake
me thus—pish—noses, ears, and lips—is't possible !—
confess !—handkerchief !—oh devil—

[Falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work ! thus credulous fools are caught ;
And many worthy and chaste Dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach. What hoa ! my lord !
My lord, I say, Othello,—

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio ?

Cas. What's the matter ?

And, again :

—— their Malady convinces

The great Assay of Art.

And, so, in Cymbeline ;

Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the Honour
of my Mistresses.

To supple, (a Verb form'd from the Adjective,) tis well known, signifies, to make pliant and flexible : and is, particularly, a Term in Surgery, when any part swollen and stiff is, by Fomentations, &c. reduced, and made soft and pliable. I find the word used in our Author's time, in the Sense that I here make it bear.

Fit. ——— And you, Mas Broker,
Shall have a Feeling.

Bro. ——— So it supple, Sir,
The Nerves.

Staple of News.

He's monstrous vex'd, and musty at my Chess-play,
But this shall supple him, when he has read it.

Spanish Curate.

Cypr. Thought and Affection cannot be controll'd.

Phil. Yet may't be bent and supplied with Extrems.

Dumb Knight.

Iago. My lord is fell into an Epilepsie,
This is the second Fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear,
The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness: look, he stirs,
Do you withdraw your self a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit Cassio.*
How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man:
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lye in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is better.
O, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a Wanton in a secure couch;
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your self but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,
(A passion most unsuited such a man,)

Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuses on your ecstasie;
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your self,
And mark the sneers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.

For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,

He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Iago*?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But, dost thou hear, most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello withdraws.*

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A huswife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys her self bread and cloth. It is a creature,
That dotes on *Cassio*; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter.—Here he comes—

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor *Cassio*'s smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this sute lay in *Bianca*'s power,

[*speaking lower.*

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already.

[*aside.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue, I think, indeed, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out. [*aside.*

Iago. Do you hear, *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: go to, well said, well said.

[*aside.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Cas.

Caf. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do you triumph, *Roman*? do you triumph? [*aside.*

Caf. I marry her!—What? a customer? pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit, do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so: they laugh, that win. [*aside.*

Iago. Why, the Cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Caf. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scoar'd me? well. [*aside.*

Caf. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is perswaded, I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me: now he begins the story. [*aside.*

Caf. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck——

Oth. Crying, “oh dear *Cassio*, as it were:” his gesture imports it. [*aside.*

Caf. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, so shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha——

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*aside.*

Caf. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caf. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one:——

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Dam haunt you! what did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I must take out the work? A likely peice of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minxe's token, and I must take out the work? there——give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caf.

Caf. How now, my sweet *Bianca*? how now? how now?

Oth. By heav'n, that should be my handkerchief. [*aside.*

Bian. If you'll come to supper to night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.——

Caf. I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

Iago. Will you Sup there?

Caf. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, come, will you?

Iago. Goto, say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

Manent Othello, and Iago.

Oth. How shall I murther him, *Iago*?

Iago. Did you perceive, how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*!——

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife——She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget That.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature——She might lye by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is——so delicate with her needle——An admirable musician.——Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:

And

And then of so gentle condition!—

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, *Iago*—Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*—

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*, this night; I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed, Even in the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good;

The justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker:

You shall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good:—what Trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from *Venice*, sure. 'Tis *Lodovico* Come from the Duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants, from the Palace.

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and the Senators of *Venice* greet you.

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good Cousin *Lodovico*?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior.

Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

[*aside.*]

Des.

Des. My lord,——

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will——

[Reads.

Lod. He did not call ; he's busie in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio ?

Des. A most unhappy one ; I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone !

Des. My lord !

Oth. Are you wise ?

Des. What, is he angry ?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him.

For, as I think, they do command him home, (45)
Deputing Cassio in his Government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed !

[aside.

Des. My lord !

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello ?

Oth. Devil !——

[Striking her.

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear, I saw't. 'Tis very much ;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop, she falls, would prove a crocodile :

(45) For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his Government.] Had Mr. Rymer intended, or known how, to make a serious and sensible Critic on this Play, methinks, here is a fair Open given for Enquiry and Animadversion. Othello is, as it were, but just arriv'd at Cyprus upon an Emergency of defending it against the Turks ; the Senate could hardly yet have heard of the Ottoman Fleet being scatter'd by Tempest ; and Othello is at once remanded home, without any Imputation suggested on his Conduct, or any Hint of his being employ'd in a more urgent Commission. 'Tis true, the Deputation of Cassio in his Room seems design'd to heighten the Moor's Repentment : but some probable Reason should have been assign'd, and thrown in to the Audience, for his being recall'd. As to what Iago says afterwards, that Othello is to go to Mauritania, This is only a Lye of his own Invention to carry a Point with Rodorigo.—— It is in little Omissions of this Sort that Shakespeare's Indolence, or Neglect of Art, is frequently to be censur'd.

Out

Out of my sight——

Des. I will not stay t' offend you.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:

[*going.*]

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,——

Des. My lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Des. Who I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient: as you say, obedient;
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—
Concerning this, Sir,—oh well-painted passion!——
I am commanded home—get you away,
I'll send for you anon——Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice*——Hence, avant!——

[*Exit Desd.*]

Cassio shall have my Place. And, Sir, to night
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*——
Goats and Monkeys!

[*Exit.*]

Manent Lodovico, and Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? this the Nature,
Which passion could not shake? whose solid virtue (46)
The shot of accident, nor dart of change,
Could

(46)———whose solid Virtue

The Shot of Accident nor Dart of Chance

Could neither graze nor pierce.] But 'tis no Commendation to the
most solid Virtue to be free from the Attacks of Fortune: but that it
is so impenetrable as to suffer no Impression. Now, to *graze*, signifies,
only to *touch the Superficies* of any thing. That is the Attack of For-
tune: And by That Virtue is try'd, but not discredited. We ought
certainly therefore to read,

Can neither raze nor pierce.

i. e. neither lightly touch upon, nor pierce into. The ignorant Trans-
scribers being acquainted with the Phrase of a *Bullet grazing*, and *Shot*
being

Could neither raze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven, he were!

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And

being mention'd in the Line before, they corrupted the true Word. Besides, we do not say, graze a Thing; but graze on it.

Mr. Warburton.

The same Distinction, betwixt raze and pierce, our Author has mark'd, I remember, in his Translation of *Paris's* Epistle to *Helen*.

My Wound is not a slight Raze with an Arrow,

But it hath pierc'd my Heart, and burn'd my Marrow.

In the same manner the French us'd their Word *razer*, which sometimes signifies, brushing over, touching a Thing but lightly. *Il se dit des corps qui passent fort près de quelques autres, & ne les touchent que légèrement*; says *RICHELET*. So, with them, *razer les eaux*, means, to skim lightly over the Water. And in the same Manner, the best Latin Poets us'd their Verb, *radere*; to skim along by, run gently over.

——— *ripas radentia flumina rodunt.*

Lucret. V. 257.

Fit quoque enim interdum, ut non tam concurrere nubes

Frontibus adversis possint, quam de latere ire

Diverso motu radentes corpori tractum.

Idem VI. 117.

Ille inter navemq; Gyæ, scopulosq; sonanteis,

Radit iter lævum interior.

Vir. Æn. V. 170.

——— *Projectaq; Saxa Pachini*

Radimus.

Idem Æn. III. 699.

Proxima Circææ raduntur littora terræ.

Id. Æn. VII. 10.

&c. &c. But, to return to our Author. I have ventur'd to attack another Part of this Sentence, which my ingenious Friend slip'd over.

And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Othello and Æmilja.

Oth. YOU have seen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and her together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What? did they never whisper?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

I cannot see, for my Heart, the Difference betwixt the Shot of *Accident* and Dart of *Chance*. The Words, and Things they imply, are purely Synonymous; but that the Poet intended two different Things, seems plain from the *discretive* Adverb. *Chance* may afflict a Man in some Circumstances; but other Distresses are to be accounted for from a different Cause. I am perswaded, our Author wrote;

The Shot of Accident, nor Dart of Change, &c.

And, in several other Places, our Poet industriously puts these two Words in Opposition to each other.

Which shackles Accident, and bolts up Change. *Anto. & Cleop.*

How Chances mock,

And Changes fill the cup of Alteration;

2 Hen. IV.

Tho' Chance of War hath wrought this Change of Cheer.

Tit. Andron.

So, *Milton*, a very studious Imitator of *Shakespeare's* Manner and Expression;

Besides, what Hope the never-ending Flight

Of future days may bring, what Chance, what Change,

Worth waiting:

Par. lost. Bo. II.

In brief sententious Precepts while they treat

Of Fate, and Chance, and Change in human Life.

Par. reg. Bo. IV.

Æmil.

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange!

Æm. I durst, my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the serpent's curse!
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit Æmilia.*
She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray: I've seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress;
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,
Cough, or cry, hem, if any body come.
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, dispatch.

[*Exit Æmilia.*

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not your words.

Oth. Why? what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thy self; lest, being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee:
Therefore be double-damn'd; swear, thou art honest.

Des. Heav'n doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord?

With whom? how am I false?

Oth. Ah, Desdemona! away, away, away—

Des. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n

To try me with affliction, had he rain'd

All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience. But, alas, to make me

A fixed figure for the hand of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at—

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in: Turn thy complexion there, (47)

Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubin;

Ay, there look grim as hell.

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. Oh, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That the sense akes at thee—

(47) ——— Turn thy Complexion there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd Cherubin;

I here look grim as Hell.]

The Poet makes an Apostrophe to Patience as a Goddess; and is suppos'd to make Othello bid her turn her Complexion and Cherubin's Looks, because he looks as grim as Hell upon the Occasion. But I am perswaded, the Text has been all along slightly corrupted, by mistaking *I* in the last Verse for the Pronoun of the first Person: whereas, in our Author's days, it likewise stood for the Adverb of affirming. As I have reform'd the Text, a proper Contrast is restor'd; and Patience is urg'd not only to turn her Complexion, to drop the rosy Looks of a Cherub, but to put on the grim Aspect of a Fiend.

Would

Would, thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? what, what committed?
Committed? — oh, thou publick commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cynders burn up modesty,
Did but I speak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't. What committed? — Impudent
Strumpet!

Des. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other, foul, unlawful, Touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh, heav'n forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello* —

Enter Emilia.

You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to *St. Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course, there's mony for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam?

Des. Who is thy lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none ; do not talk to me, *Æmilia*.
I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pray, to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember ;
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed ! *[Exit.]*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet :
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion of my least misuse ?

Enter Iago, and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam ? how is't with you ?

Des. I cannot tell ; those, that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easie tasks ;
He might have chid me so : for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady ?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, *Iago* ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such, as, she said, my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore ; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know ; I'm sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep ; alas, the day !

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches ?
Her father ? and her country ? and her friends ?
To be call'd whore ? would it not make one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't ! how comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, heav'n doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,

Some

Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heav'n pardon him!

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likely-hood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the east to th' west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. Oh, fie upon them! Some such 'squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without;
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't say, *whore*;
It do's abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the State do's him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets.*
Hark,

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messenger of Venice stays the meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter Roderigo, to Iago.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost't me with some device,
Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from
me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least ad-
vantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it.
Nor am I yet perswaded to put up in peace what already
I have foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; and your words
and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With naught but truth: I have wasted my self
out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to
deliver to *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a Vota-
rist. You have told me, she hath receiv'd them, and
return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect
and acquittance; (48) but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor
'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is scurvy, and begin to
find my self fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

(48) You have told me, she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me Ex-
pectations and Comforts of sudden Respect and Acquittance.] This was,
first, the Reading of the Player-Editors, who, I presume, did not un-
derstand the Reading of the old *Quarto*, which I take to have been the
Poet's Word, *Acquittance*; i. e. a Requital, a proper Return of her
Favours.

So, in *Henry V.*

*And shall forget the Office of our Hand,
Sooner than Quittance of Desert and Merit,
According to the Weight and Worthiness.*

Rod.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to *Desdemona*: If she will, return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation: if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now—

Rod. Ay, and said nothing, but what, I protest, intending of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I see, there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast That in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpose, courage, and valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial Commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be lingred here by some accident: Wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* Place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take

him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time; and the night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh Desdemona! —

Des. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done. [Exit.

Des. I will, my Lord.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent; And hath commanded me to go to bed, And bid me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly Wearing, and adieu. We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns, (Pr'ythee, unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets, you bid me, on the bed.

Des. All's one: good father! how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of these same sheets,

Emil.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love; and he, the lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of *willow*,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune;
And she dy'd singing it. That song to night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor *Barbara*. Pr'ythee, dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here;
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsom man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in *Venice* would have walk'd bare-foot to *Palestine* for a touch of his neither lip.

Des. The poor soul sat singing by a *sycamore-tree*,
Sing all a green willow: [singing.

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soft'ned the stones;

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow, &c. (Pr'ythee, hie thee, he'll come anon)

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.

Nay, that's not next——Hark, who is't that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So, get thee gone, good night; mine eyes do itch,

Doth that boad weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so; oh these men, these men!

Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, *Æmil*,

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

Æmil.

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heav'nly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heav'nly light;
I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing,
It is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think, thou would'st not.

Æmil. In troth, I think, I should; and undo't when I
had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a
joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, pet-
ticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all
the whole world; why, who would not make her hus-
band a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should ven-
ture purgatory for't.

Des. Bestrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world;
and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your own world, and you might quickly make it
right (49).

Des. I do not think, there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage,
As would store the world they plaid for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands faults,
If wives do fall: say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint on us; or say, they strike us,
Or scant our former Having in despight;
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,

(49) *And, having the World for your Labour, 'tis a Wrong in your own
World, and you might quickly make it right.]* I am mistaken, if by
this Sentiment the Author did not intend to ridicule the Opinion of those
Philosophers, who hold, that *Right* and *Wrong* are of so arbitrary Na-
tures, that God, consistently with his *Attributes*, may authorize *Injustice*.
For, because it becomes *Injustice* only by his *Will*, it ceases to be so when
that Will is alter'd.

Mr. Warburton.

Yet

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them ; they see and smell,
And have their palats both for sweet and sower,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others ? is it sport ?
I think, it is ; and doth affection breed it ?
I think, it doth : is't frailty, that thus errs ?
It is so too. And have not we affections ?
Desires for sport ? and frailty, as men have ?
Then let them use us well ; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night ; heaven me such uses
send,
Not to pick bad from bad ; but by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V.

SCENE, *a Street before the Palace.*

Enter Iago and Rodorigo.

IAGO.



ERE, stand behind this bulk. Straight
will he come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it
home ;

Quick, quick, fear nothing ; I'll be at thy
elbow.

It makes us, or it mars us : think on That,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand ; be bold and take thy sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath giv'n me satisfying reasons ;

'Tis

'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword; he dies.
[Stands apart.]

Iago. I've rubb'd this young Knot almost to the sense, (50)
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*.
It must not be.—If *Cassio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in peril;
No, he must die. Be it so; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain, thou dyest.

[He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.]

Cas. That Thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine. [Fight. *Iago* cuts *Cassio* be-
hind in the Leg, and exit. Then *Rod.* and *Cassio* fall.
Rod. Oh, I am slain.

(50) *I've rubb'd this young Gnat almost to the Sense,*

And he grows Angry.] The rubbing a Gnat to Sense, is, I believe,
an Experiment that never was communicated even to the Royal Society.
The least Frication, on the contrary, would not only rub him out of all
Sense, but out of Life into the Bargain. The old *Quarto's* have it, *Quat*:
a Word, which, I confess, I am absolutely a Stranger to: I have ven-
tur'd to conjecture,

I've rubb'd this young Knot, &c.

The Knot, or Knot, is a small Bird, plentiful with us, in *Lincolnshire*
and *Lancashire*; which took its Name, as *Cambden* says, from its being a
delicious Morsel with King *Camute*, who was likewise call'd *Knout*.
This Bird, being once taken, as *Gesner* tells us, is above all others
tame and tractable. In this respect it sorts with *Rodorigo's* Character,
an easy, manageable Cully. And, again, as he is amorous in his Pur-
suit, so this Bird is of the Species of those *quæ Clunet agitant*. It is call'd
by some of the Latin Writers, *Cinclus*.

Cas.

Caf. I'm maim'd for ever; help, ho! murther, murther! (51)

Enter Othello above, at a Window.

Oth. The voice of Cassio,— Iago keeps his word.

Rod. Oh, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Caf. Oh, help, ho! light! a surgeon!—

Oth 'Tis he! oh brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me—Minion, your Dear lies dead;
And your fate hies apace.—Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance.

Caf. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murther, murther!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.

Caf. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched villain!

(51) Caf. *I'm maim'd for ever.*] None of the Editions hitherto have by any marginal Direction accounted for what Cassio here says, and likewise for what he afterwards says, *My Leg is cut in Two*. We are not to suppose, he receiv'd this violent Hurt in fencing with his Opposite; but as Rodorigo and He are engaged, Iago with a broad Sword hacks at him behind. In this Incident our Author precisely copies his Italian Novelist: *Uscendo una Sera il Capo di Squadra di casa d'una Meretrice colla quale egli si solazzava, essendo la notte buia, gli si accosta l'Assiere con la Spada in mano, & gli dirizzò un colpo alle gambe, per farlo cadere: & avvenne, ch'egli gli tagliò la destra coscia à traverso, onde il Misero cadde.* "The Captain (Cassio) coming one Night from the House of a Harlot, (with whom he entertain'd himself) it being very dark, the Assiere with his Sword ready drawn attack'd him, and let drive a Blow at his Legs with Design to cut him down: And he happen'd to cut him across the right Thigh in such a manner, that with the Wound the miserable Gentleman fell to Earth."

Lod.

Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night ;
These may be counterfeits : let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, in his shirt, with a Light and Sword.

Lod. Hark——

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries out murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here : for heav'n sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's Antient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? oh I'm spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout;
And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous villains!

What are you there? come in and give some help.

[To Lod. and Gra]

Rod. Oh, help me there.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murderous slave! oh villain! [Iago stabs him.]

Rod. Oh damn'd Iago! oh inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i'th' dark? where be these bloody thieves!

How silent is this town? ho, murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy! here's Cassio, hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago.

Iago. How is't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho, who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my dear *Cassio*,
My sweet *Cassio*, oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. Oh notable strumpet! *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I'm sorry to find you thus:
I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So——Oh for a chair,
To bear him easily hence.

Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this Injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*; come, come:

Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?

Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman

Rodorigo? no: Yes, sure: yea, 'tis *Rodorigo*.

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ah!

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, *Cassio*? oh a chair, a chair.

Gra. *Rodorigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh that's well said, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mistress,

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, *Cassio*,

Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago.

Iago. What, look you pale?—oh, bear him out o'th' air.
 Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?
 Do you perceive the gashness of her eye? [*To Bianca.*
 Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
 Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
 Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness
 Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
 What is the matter, husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath there been set on in the dark
 By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are 'scap'd:
 He's almost slain, and *Rodorigo* dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Cassio*!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring—Pray, *Æmilia*,
 Go know of *Cassio* where he sapt to night.
 What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He sapt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. Oh, did he so? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
 As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I? fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's see poor *Cassio* drest.
 Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Æmilia, run to the citadel,
 And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd:
 Will you go on afore?—This is the night,
 That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

[*Exeunt, Iago following.*

SCENE, *A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her bed.*

Enter Othello, with a Light and a Sword.

Oth. **I**T is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;—
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste Stars!
 It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her Blood,

Nor

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster ;

[Lays down the sword.

Yet she must die ; else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and, then, put out the light ; (52)

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent : but once put out thy light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,

That can thy light re-lumine. — [Sets down the taper.

When I have pluck'd thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again ;

It needs must wither. — I'll smell thee on the tree ;

[Kissing her.

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword ! — One more ; one more ;

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after. — one more, that's the last ;

So sweet, was ne'er so fatal ! I must weep,

But they are cruel tears : this Sorrow's heav'nly

It strikes, where it doth love. — she wakes —

(52) *Put out the light, and then put out the light.* The *Players*, in all the Companies wherever I have seen this Tragedy perform'd, commit an Absurdity here, in making *Othello* put out the Candle, which 'tis evident, never was the Poet's Intention. *Desdemona* is discover'd in her Bed, in the dark ; and *Othello* enters the Chamber with a single Taper. If there were any other Lights burning in the Room, where would be the Drift of putting out his ? If there were no others, and that he puts his out, how absurd is it for *Desdemona*, in the Dark to talk of his *Eyes rowling*, and his *gnawing his nether Lip* ? — This, I conceive, to have been the Poet's Meaning. *Othello*, struck in part with Remorse at the Murder he's going to do, thinks it best to do it in the Dark ; this compunction of Nature, in the hurry and perturbation of thought, and those Remains of Tenderness still combating in his Bosom, strikes him into an instant Reflexion, that if he puts out the light, he can rekindle it ; but if he once puts out the Light of her Life, that will be extinguish'd for ever. While he is busied in this Contemplation, he throws his Eyes towards her ; and then sooth'd with her beauteous Appearance, sets down the Light, to go and kiss her. Upon this, *Desdemona* wakes ; and they continue in Discourse together till he stifles her.

Des. Who's there, *Othello*?

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to night, *Desdemona*?

Des. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by That?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, (heav'ns forefend!) I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope, you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl so. Why I should fear, I know
not,

Since guilt I know not: yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They're Loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for That thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;

These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so: what's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and soul: send for the man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Presently ;

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin :
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too !—I never did
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such general warrantry of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heav'n, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart ;
And make'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;
I never gave it him ; send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confest.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath——us'd thee——

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;
Honest *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then—What, is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet ! weep'st thou for him to my face ?

Des. Oh banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.

[He smothereth her.]

Æmilia, at the door.

Æmil. My lord, my lord ! what ho ! my lord, my lord !

Oth. What noise is this ? not dead ? not yet quite dead ?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful ;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, so.

Æmil. within.] What ho ! my Lord, my Lord !

Oth. Who's there ?

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*—by and by—she's dead.
'Tis like, she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death ;
The noise was high.—Ha, no more moving ?
Still as the Grave. Shall she come in ? were't good ?
I think, she stirs again—No—what's the best ?
If she come in, she'll, sure, speak to my wife ;
My wife ! my wife ! what wife ? I have no wife.
Oh insupportable ! oh heavy hour !
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse (53)
Of Sun, and Moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration—

Æmil. I beseech you,
That I may speak with you. Oh, good my lord !—

Oth. I had forgot thee ; oh, come in, *Æmilia*.
Soft,

(53) *Methinks, it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sun and Moon ; and that th' affrighted Globe*

Should yawn at Alteration.—] Mr. Rymer is so merry, as he thinks, upon this Passage, that I can't help transcribing his wonderful Criticism—“ This is wonderful. Here is Poetry to elevate and amuse. “ It would be uncivil to ask *Flamstead*, if the Sun and Moon can both “ together be so hugely eclipsed, in any heavy hour whatsoever. Nor “ must the Spectators consult *Gresham-Colledge*, whether a Body is naturally frighted till he yawn again.”—Such are the Judicious Criticisms of your Wits ! But is the Word *Eclipse* absolutely restrain'd to that natural Phenomenon which we understand by it ? If *Othello* thought his Deed so horrid, that the Sun and Moon ought to start from their Spheres at it, and cease to enlighten this under-Globe, might not such a Defection

Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

[Unlocks the door.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moon;
She comes more near the Earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Æmil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd Rodorigo.

Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and Cassio kill'd?

Æmil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. Oh, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! oh lady, speak again;
Sweet Desdemona! oh sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Des. No body, I my self, farewell;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh, farewell. [Dies.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

be call'd an Eclipse, with a Vengeance? Well; but, then, can a Body be frighted till it yawn? Here again, yawn is restrain'd to the Oscitation of a Man ready to fall asleep; and, for the Joak's sake, must mean no other kind of gaping. This Gentleman must have known, sure, that yawn (as well as yawer, from which it is deriv'd) was oftner apply'd to the gaping of the Earth, than employ'd to signify the *σῶμα κεχάρυε*, the yawning, for instance, of a Critick gaping after a feeble jest. But, I am afraid, Mr. Rymer was not too diligent a Reader of the Scriptures. Let the Poet account for the Prophanation, if he has committed any: but it is very obvious to me, his Allusion is grounded on a certain solemn Circumstance, when Darkness is said to have cover'd the whole Face of the Land; when Rocks were rent, and Graves open'd.

Æmil. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her say, her self, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so, I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell;

'Twas I, that kill'd her.

Æmil. Oh, the more Angel she, and you the blacker Devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a Devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false. Oh, she was heav'nly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did tup her; ask thy husband else.

Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with *Cassio*: had she been true,

If heav'n would make me such another World,

Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?

I say, thy husband.

Æmil. Oh mistress! villany has made mocks with love.
My husband say, she was false!

Oth. He, woman;

I say, thy husband; do'st understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

Æmil. If he says so, may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to th' heart.

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Hah!

Æmil. Do thy worst;

This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt : oh gull ! oh dolt !
As ignorant as dirt ! thou'st done a deed——
I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives——Help ! help, ho ! help !
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murther, murther !

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter ? how now, General ?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, Iago ? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Æmil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man ;
He says, thou toldst him that his wife was false :
I know, thou didst not ; thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought ; and told no more,
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false ?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie ; an odious, damned, lie :
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie.
She false with Cassio ? did you say, with Cassio ?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress ; go to, charm your tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue ; I'm bound to speak ;
My mistress lies here murther'd in her bed.

All. Oh heavens forefend !

Æmil. And your reports have set the murther on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. Oh monstrous act !

Æmil. Villany ! villany ! villany !
I think upon't——I think——I smell't——Oh villany !
I thought so then ; I'll kill myself for grief ;——
Oh villany, villany !

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak; 'Tis proper I obey him, but not now: Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [*Othello falls on the bed.*]

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar: For thou hast kill'd the sweetest Innocent, That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh, she was foul! I scarce did know you, Uncle; there lyes your Niece, Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stop'd; I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Desdemona*! I'm glad, thy father's dead; Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now, This sight would make him do a desp'rate turn; Yea, curse his better Angel from his side, And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Iago* knows, That she with *Cassio* had the act of shame A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it; And she did gratifie his amorous works; With that recognizance and pledge of love Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand; It was an handkerchief, an antique token My father gave my mother.

Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly Powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out, — I, peace! No, I will speak as liberal as the air; Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all, All, all cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife.*]

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman?

Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou speak'st of, I found by fortune, and did give my husband; For often, with a solemn earnestness, (More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,) He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Æmil. She gave it *Cassio*? alas, I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

Iago breaks through and wounds his wife, then runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heav'n,
But what serve for the thunder? precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; oh, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. *[Exeunt Mon. and Gra.]*

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy Song boad, lady?
Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick; *Willow, Willow, Willow*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. *[Æmilias dies.]*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a sword of *Spain*, the *Ebro's* temper;
Oh, here it is: Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. *within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain

Upon

Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
 That with this little arm, and this good sword,
 I've made my way thro' more impediments,
 Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!
 Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
 Be not afraid, tho' you do see me weapon'd;
 Here is my journey's end, here is my Butt,
 The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back, dismay'd? 'tis a loft fear:
 Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
 And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
 Now——how dost thou look now? oh ill-starr'd Wench!
 Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl?
 Ev'n like thy chastity. Oh cursed slave!
 Whip me, ye Devils,
 From the possession of this heav'nly sight;
 Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire——
 Oh *Desdemona*! *Desdemona*! dead, dead! oh, oh!

Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded, Montano, and Iago prisoner, with officers.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was *Othello*: here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet;—but That's a fable. (54)
 If that thou beest a Devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

(54) *I look down towards his Feet: but That's a Fable.* I wont pretend to affirm, but *Ben. Jonson* seems to me to be sneering at *Shakespeare*, for hinting at a Notion, inculcated, by the Foppery of Painters, and Superstition of Zealots, into the Vulgar, that the Devil has cloven Feet.

I look'd o' your Feet afore, you cannot cozen me;

Your Shoe's not cloven, Sir, you are whole-hoof'd.

Devil's an Ass.

Oth.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, tis happiness to die.

Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that wast once so good,
Fal'n in the practice of a curst slave,—
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villany:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you Cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you
know;

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain *Rodorigo*,
And, here, another; one of them imports
The death of *Cassio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. Oh villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Rodorigo meant t'have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in and satisfy'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Cassio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,

Which

Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

Caf. There is, besides, in *Rodorigo's* letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your Pow'r and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I've done the State some service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unhappy deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extremity of one, whose hand, (55)
Like the base *Judian*, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes,

Albeit

(55) ——— of One, whose hand,

Like the base *Judian*, threw a Pearl away

Richer than all his Tribe, I have restor'd, *Judian*, from the Elder

Quarto, as the genuine and more eligible Reading. Mr. Pope thinks, this was occasion'd probably by the Word *Tribe* just after. I have many Reasons to oppose to this Opinion. In the first Place, the most ignorant *Indian*, I believe, is so far the Reverse of the *Dungel Cock* in the *Fable*, as to know the Estimation of a Pearl, beyond that of a Barley-Corn. So that, in that Respect, the Thought itself would not be just. Then, if our Author had design'd to reflect on the ignorance of the *Indian* without any farther Reproach, he would have call'd him *rude*, and not, *base*. Again, I am persuad'd, as my Friend Mr. Warburton long ago observ'd, the Phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*: and, by his *Pearl*, our Author very properly means a *fine Woman*. To instance only in two Passages from his *Troilus*, of the like Usage;

Her

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus. *[Slaps himself.]*

*Her Bed is India; there she lies, a Pearl;
Is She worth keeping? why, She is a Pearl,
Whose Price hath launch'd above a thousand Ships,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to Merchants.*

But Mr. Pope objects farther to reading *Judian*, because, to make Sense of This, we must presuppose some particular Story of a Jew alluded to, which is much less obvious: But has *Shakespeare* never done this, but in this single Instance? Let us turn back, for Proof, to his *Twelfth-night*:

*Why should I not, had I the Heart to do't,
Like to th' Egyptian Thief, at point of Death,
Kill what I love?*

Here is a particular Story hinted at, (which I have explain'd in the proper place,) much less obvious than the Story above presuppos'd. But this we are to observe of *Shakespeare*, that tho both his Stories are introduc'd *tacito nomine*, his Allusion and Similie are as clear, as if he had given us the express History. *Ben Jonson*, I am sure, does not always convey his Allusions in the same Clearness:

*I have a Husband, and a two-legg'd one,
But such a Moonling, as no wit of Man,
Or Roses, can redeem from being an Ass.*

Here is a Story presuppos'd, but so darkly couch'd, that, I dare warrant, scarce one Reader in five hundred of this Poet ever guess'd at it. Nor can Any One know what he would be at, who has not read either *Lucian* or *Apuleius*: and observ'd, that when *Lucius* by a magical Unguent was converted into an *Ass*, the only Means of recovering his own Form was for him to brouse on fresh *Roses*. I hope, the Explication of this obscure Passage will compensate for the Digression. But, to return to my Author. I am satisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to *Herod*; who, in a Fit of blind Jealousie, threw away such a Jewel of a Wife as *Mariamne* was to him. What can be more parallel in Circumstance, than the Conduct of *Herod* and *Othello*? Nor was the Story so little obvious, as Mr. Pope seems to imagine: For, in the Year 1611, the Lady *Elizabeth Carew* publish'd a Tragedy, call'd *MARIAM, the fair Queen of JEWRY*. I shall only add, that our Author might write *Judian*, or *Judean*, (if that should be alledg'd as any objection) instead of *Judian*, with the same License and Change of Accent, as, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, he shortens the second Syllable of *Euphrates* in Pronunciation.

Lod.

Lod. Oh bloody period !

Gr. All that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee.—No way but this,
[To Desdem.

Killing my self, to die upon a kiss. [dies.

Caf. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Spartan dog ! [To Iago.

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !
Look on the tragick loading of this bed ;
This is thy work ; the object poisons sight,——
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you. To you, lord Governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain :
The time, the place, the torture, oh ! inforce it.
My self will straight aboard ; and to the State
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [Exeunt.

The End of the Seventh Volume.



ERRATUM.

VOL. I. p. 249. l. 14, instead of, *On his wife's Frailty*,
read, On his wife's Fealty.——If any other slight
Errors have escap'd observance, or been committed at
Press, it is hop'd, They are so very few that they will be
easily pardon'd by the Readers.

T A B L E
O F
The several EDITIONS
O F
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

a **Collected by the EDITOR.**

EDITIONS of *Authority.*

MR. *William Shakespeare's* Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Publish'd according to the true Original Copies. London, Printed by *Isaac Jaggard* and *Ed. Blount*, 1623. (*Folio.*)

Mr. *William Shakespeare's* Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. Publish'd according to the true Original Copies. The *Second Impression*. London. Printed by *Thomas Cates*, for *Robert Allott*, and are to be sold at the Signe of the Black-Beare in Paul's-Churchyard. 1622. (*Folio.*)

A Midsummer Night's dreame. As it hath been sundry Times publickly acted, by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare.* Imprinted at London for *Thomas Fisher*, and
are

are to be sould at his Shoppe at the Signe of the White Hart in Fleetstreete, 1600. (Quarto.)

The Same. Printed by James Roberts, 1600. (Quarto.)

A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie of Syr *John Falstaffe*, and the merry Wives of *Windsor*. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors of Syr *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Justice *Shallow*, and his wife Cousin M. *Slender*. With the swaggering Vaine of Auncient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. By *William Shakespeare*. As it hath bene divers times acted by the right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's Servants: both before her Majestie, and elsewhere. London: Printed by T. C. for *Arthur Iohnson*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Powles Churchyard at the Signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne, 1602. (Quarto.)

A most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy, of *Sir John Falstaffe*, and the Merry Wives of *Windsor*. With the swaggering Vaine of Auncient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. Printed for *Arthur Iohnstone*, 1619. (Quarto.)

Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath beene fundrie times publicly acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. London: Printed by V.S. for *Andrew Wise* and *William Aspley*, 1600. (Quarto.)

The most excellent Historie of the *Merchant of Venice*. With the extreame Crueltie of *Shylocke* the Jew towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of *Portia*, by the choyse of three Chests. As it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlayne his Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. At London, Printed by J. R. for *Thomas Heyes*, and are to be sold in *Paules Churchyard* at the Signe of the Greene Dragon, 1600. (Quarto.)

The excellent History of the *Merchant of Venice*. With the extreme Cruelty of *Shylocke* the Jew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a iust Pound of his Flesh. And the obtaining of *Portia* by the choyse of three Caskets.

Caskets. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600. (*Quarto*.)

The first Part of the troublesome Reign of *John King of England*, with the Discovery of *Richard Cordelion's* Base Son, vulgarly call'd the Bastard *Fawconbridge*. Also the Death of King *John* at *Swinstead-Abbey*; as it was sundry times publicquely acted by the Queen's Majesty's Players in the honourable Citty of *London*. Imprinted at *London* for *Sampson Clarke*, sold at his Shop the Backside of the Royal Exchange, 1591. (*Quarto*.)

The second Part of the troublesome Reign of *John King of England*, conteyning the Death of *Arthur Plantagenet*, the landing of *Lewis*, and the poysoning of King *John* at *Swinstead-Abbey*. As it was &c. Imprinted &c. 1591. (*Quarto*.)

The first and second Part of the troublesome Raigne of *John King of England*. With the discoverie of King *Richard Cordelion's* Base Sonne (vulgarly named, the Bastard *Fawconbridge*;) also, the Death of King *John* at *Swinstead-Abbey*. As they were (sundry times) lately acted by the Queenes Majesties Players. Written by *W. Sh.* Imprinted at *London* by *Valentine Simmes* for *John Helme*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstons Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, 1611. (*Quarto*.)

The Same. As they were (sundry times) lately acted. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. *London*, Printed by *Aug. Mathewes* for *Thomas Dewe*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstones Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, 1622. (*Quarto*.)

The Tragedie of King *Richard* the Second. As it hath been publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. By *William Shakespeare*. *London*, Printed by *Valentine Simmes* for *Andrew Wise*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *Paules Churchyard* at the Signe of the Angel, 1598. (*Quarto*.)

The History of *Henrie* the Fourth; with the Battell at *Shrewsburie*, betweene the King and Lord *Henry Percy*,

Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe. Newly corrected by W. Shakespeare. At London, printed by S. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Pauls Churchyard at the Signe of the Angell, 1599. (Quarto.)

The Same. London, Printed by T. P. and are to be sold by Mathew Lowe, dwelling in Pauls Churchyard, at the Sign of the Foxe neere S. Austine's Gate, 1622. (Quarto.)

The second Part of *Henrie the Fourth*, continuing to his Death, and Coronation of *Henrie the Fifth*. With the Humours of *Sir John Falstaffe*, and swaggering *Pistoll*. As it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by V. S. for *Andrew Wise*, and *William Aspley*, 1600. (Quarto.)

The Chronicle History of *Henry the Fifth*, with his Battell fought at *Agin Court* in France. Together with *Ancient Pistoll*. As it hath been fundry times play'd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Printed for T. P. 1608. (Quarto.)

The whole Contention betweene the two famous Houses, LANCASTER and YORKE. With the Tragical Ends of the good Duke *Humfrey*, *Richard Duke of Yorke*, and King *Henrie the Sixth*. Divided into two Parts. And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shakespeare*, Gent. Printed at London, for T. P. (Quarto.)

The Same. With the true Tragedy of *Richard Duke of Yorke*, and the Death of good King *Henrie the Sixth*. Acted by the Earl of *Pembroke's* Servants, at London. Printed by *W. W.* for *Tho. Millington*, 1600. (Quarto.)

The Tragedy of King *Richard the Third*. Containing his treacherous Plots against his Brother *Clarence*: the pittiefull Murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Usurpation: with the whole Course of his detested Life, and most deserved Death. As it hath beene

beene lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, at London. Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paule's Churchyard, at the Signe of the Angell, 1597. (Quarto.)

The Same. By *W. Shakespeare*. Printed by *Tho. Creed*, for *Andrew Wise*, 1598. (Quarto.)

The Same. Newly augmented, by *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by *Thomas Creede*, &c. 1602. (Quarto.)

M. William Shakespeare, his true Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King *Lear*, and his Three Daughters. With the unfortunate Life of *Edgar*, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of *Glocester*, and his fullen and assumed humour of *Tom of Bedlam*. As it was plaid before the King's Majesty at *Whitehall*, upon *St. Stephens* night in *Christmas* Hollidaies. By his Majesties Servants, playing usually at the Globe on the Bancke-side. Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*, 1608. (Quarto.)

The most lamentable Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*. As it hath sundry times beene plaide by the King's Majesties Servants. London, printed for *Eedward White*, and are to be solde at his Shoppe, nere the little North dore of *Pauls*, at the Signe of the Gun, 1611. (Quarto.)

An excellent conceited Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. As it hath been often with great Applause play'd publickly by the Right Honourable the Lord of *Hunsdon* his Servants. London, printed by *John Danter*, 1597. (Quarto.)

The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie of *Romeo and Juliet*; newly corrected, augmented, and amended. As it hath been sundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine's Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede*, for *Cuthbert Burby*, 1599. (Quarto.)

The Tragical Historie of *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmarke*. By *William Shakespeare*. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London: Printed

by J. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his Shoppe under St. Dunston's Church in Fleetstreet, 1605. (Quarto.)

The Tragedy of *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmarke*. By *William Shakespeare*. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppy. At *London*; printed for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shoppe in St. Dunston's Churchyard in *Fleetstreet*. Under the Diall, 1611. (Quarto.)

The Tragædy of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice*. As it hath beene diverse times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Majesties Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. *London*, Printed by N. O. for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Eagle and Child in *Brittan's Burse*, 1622. (Quarto.)

EDITIONS of middle Authority.

THE Works of Mr. *William Shakespeare*, &c. The Third Impression, 1664. (Folio.)

The Merry Wives of *Windfor*. With the Humours of Sir *John Falstaffe*; as also the swaggering Vaine of Ancient *Pistol*, and Corporal *Nym*. Written by *William Shakespeare*, newly corrected. *London*: Printed by T. H. for R. Meighen, and are to be sold at his Shop, next to the *Middle Temple Gate*, and in St. Dunstan's Churchyard in *Fleetstreet*, 1630. (Quarto.)

The excellent History of the Merchant of *Venice*. With the extream Cruelty of *Shylock* the Jew; and the obtaining of *Portia* by the Choice of three Caskets. As it hath been sundry times publikely acted by the King's Majesties Servants at the *Globe*. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended. *London*: printed by R. Young for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in St. Dunstan's Churchyard in *Fleetstreet*, under the Dyall, 1637. (Quarto.)

Love's Labour's Lost. A wittie and pleasant Comedie ; as it was acted by his Majesties Servants at the *Black-Friers* and the *Globe*. Written by *William Shakespeare*. London: Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint *Dunstones* Churchyard under the Diall, 1631. (*Quarto.*)

A witty and pleasant Comedie called, *The Taming of the Shrew*. As it was acted by his Majesties Servants at the *Blacke-Friers* and the *Globe*. Written by *Will. Shakespeare*. London: Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in St. *Dunstones* Churchyard under the Diall, 1631. (*Quarto.*)

The Life and Death of King *Richard* the Second. With new Additions of the *Parliament Scene*, and the Deposing of King *Richard*. As it hath beene acted by the King's Majesties Servants, at the *Globe*. By *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. (*Quarto.*)

The Historie of *Henry* the Fourth: With the Battel at *Shrewsbury*, betweene the King, and Lord *Henry Percy*, surnamed *Henry Hotspur* of the North. With the humorous Conceits of Sir *John Falstaffe*. Newly corrected, by *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be sold by *Hugh Perry*, at his Shop next to *Ivie-bridge* in the Strand, 1639. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragedie of King *Richard* the Third. Contayning his treacherous Plots against his Brother *Clarence*: The pittifull Murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Usurpation: with the whole Course of his detested Life, and most deserved Death. As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majesties Servants. Newly augmented. By *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by *Thomas Purfoot*, and are to be sold by *Mathew Law*, dwelling in *Pauls* Churchyard at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere St. *Austine's* Gate, 1624. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be sold by *Mathew Law*, &c. 1629. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. (*Quarto.*)
M. William

M. *William Shakespeare*, his true Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King *Lear* and his three Daughters. With the Unfortunat Life of *Edgar*, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of *Glocester*, and his sullen assumed humour of *Tom of Bedlam*. As it was plaide before the King's Majesty at *Whit-ball* upon *S. Stephens* night, in *Christmas* Hollidaies. By his Majesties Servants, playing usually at the *Globe* on the *Bank-side*. *London*, Printed by *Jane Bell*, and are to be sold at the East-end of *Christ-church*, 1655. (*Quarto*.)

The most excellent and Lamentable Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the Kings Majesties Servants at the *Globe*. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended. *London*, printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstons Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, under the *Dyall*, 1637. (*Quarto*.)

The Tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmark*. Newly imprinted and enlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy last printed. By *William Shakespeare*. *London*, printed by *R. Younge* for *John Smethwicke*, &c. 1637. (*Quarto*.)

The Tragædy of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice*. As it hath beene diverse times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Majesties Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. *London*, printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be sold at his Shoppe in *Chancery-Lane*, neere *Serjeants-Inne*, 1630. (*Quarto*.)

EDITIONS of no Authority.

THE Works of Mr. *William Shakespear*, in Six Volumes, adorn'd with Cuts. Revis'd and corrected, with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by *N. Rowe Esq;*. *London*, printed for *Jacob Tonson* within *Grays-Inn Gate*, next *Grays-Inn Lane*, 1709. (*Octavo*.)

The Same. (in 12mo.) 1714.

The Works of *Shakespear*, in Six Volumes. Collated and corrected by the former Editions, by Mr. POPE. London, printed for *Jacob Tonson* in the Strand, 1725. (Quarto.)

The same. (in 12mo.) 1728.

F I N I S.

E R R A T U M.

In the Title of the above *Table*, instead of *Collected* by the EDITOR, read, *Collated* by &c.



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